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THE

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A COLLECTION OF THE BEST LITERATURE, ANCIENT, MEDIÆVAL AND MODERN,
WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND EXPLANATORY NOTES

EDITED BY

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KEEPER OF PRINTED BOOKS AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM, LONDON, 1851 TO 1899

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LIBRARIAN AT THE BIBLIOTHÈQUE NATIONALE, PARIS, SINCE 1871

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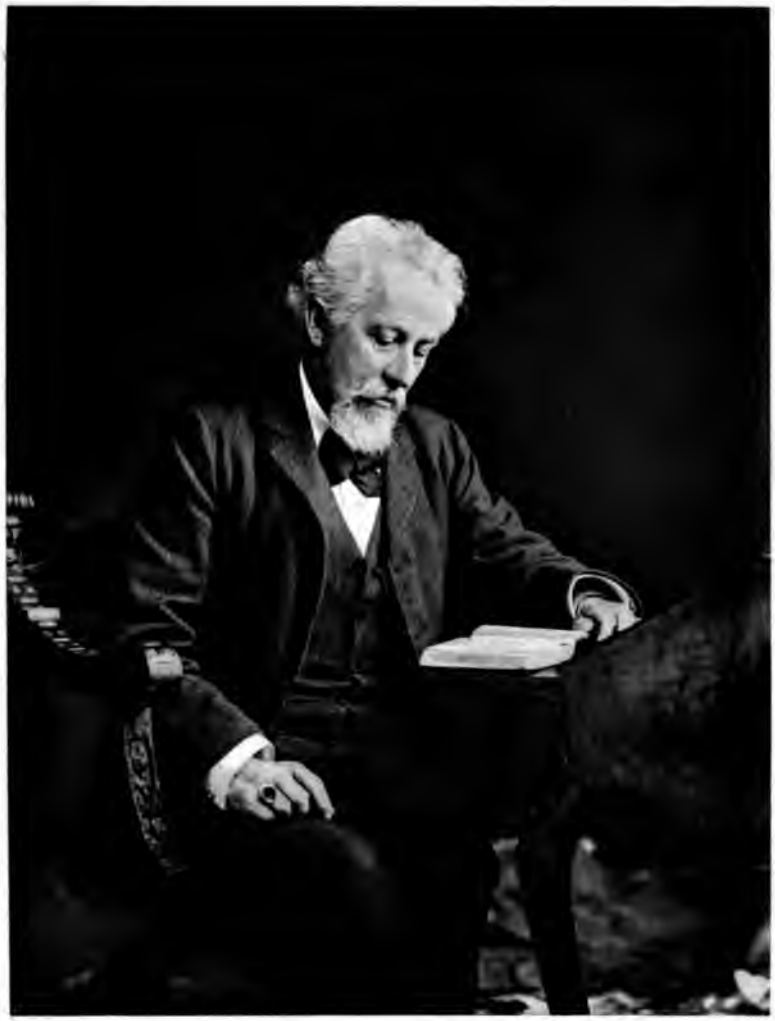

Edward Dowden

CHARACTERISTICS OF ELIZABETHAN LITERATURE

By Professor Dowden

When we name the Elizabethan period of English literature, our imagination runs forward to include those years of the reign of James I. during which the chief formative influences in literature were derived from the preceding reign. We hardly think at all of those earlier years which preceded the advent of Spenser. We grasp at results, and are unjust and ungrateful to a laborious generation, without whose toil those results could never have been attained. If we view the whole tract of time from the accession of Elizabeth to the death of King James as a single epoch, memorable for the erection of great structures of thought and imagination, having a distinctive style and character of their own, we may divide that epoch into three periods, which I would name the Foundations, the Culmination, and last, the Decline and Dissolution. The Decline came gradually and almost imperceptibly; if we date its commencement from the year in which Shakespeare ceased to write, this is only a date of convenience, not of historical precision. But we are fortunate in being able to say exactly when the Foundations were fully laid. During twenty years faithful workmen were hewing the materials, and making the substructure firm. In 1579 the work rose to view; in that year was published the first part of Lyly's *Euphues*, which presented in a popular form the new ideals of culture, of manners, of education; at the same moment appeared the greatest of English prose translations, North's *Plutarch*, which held up before Elizabethan heroism a model in the heroism of Greece and Rome; and again in that fortunate year

the future poet of modern chivalry, of English morals, English patriotism, and Italian visions of beauty was discovered in the author of *The Shepherd's Calendar*.

The work of Elizabeth's earlier years consisted chiefly in the reconstruction of order in Church and State. Dangers from France, dangers from Spain, dangers from Scotland were met or were skilfully warded off. By a series of opportune compromises an ecclesiastical settlement was effected, and the Protestantism of the English nation was secured. Social discontents were allayed; commerce and manufacture flourished, and the desire for new and splendid pleasures followed the increase of wealth. Around a great monarchy gathered great courtiers; and as a banner becomes the rallying-point and centre of enthusiasm for an armed host, so Elizabeth, the truest representative of the people, was uplifted by the hearts and imaginations of her subjects into an emblem of the national unity and the national pride.

The literary work of the period, which I name the Foundations, was in the main that of finding and bringing the materials, and of placing them in order. At the same time, workmen were receiving some training in the processes of art, though as yet their efforts were the tentative endeavours of unskilled hands, and they made those false starts which often precede, and often must precede, ultimate success. The materials were in part historical. With the sense that England was a nation, at one with herself, and holding her own among the powers of Europe, came an awakened interest in the story of her past. The printer Grafton, having retired from his labours at the press, redacted, in a business-like manner rather than a scholarly, the chronicles of England. His rival Stow, who held Grafton in scorn, collected documents, transcribed manuscripts, proved his reverence for our elder poetry by an edition of Chaucer, and, pursuing his antiquarian studies with a zeal which poverty could not diminish, compiled the most faithful of sixteenth-century annals. Foxe, in the spirit which the Marian persecutions had inevitably aroused, recorded the sufferings and the heroisms of the martyrs; dedications to Jesus Christ, and to His servant the Queen of England, are prefixed to the first edition

of his *Actes and Monuments*. Holinshed was unawares laying the bases of the chronicle plays of Shakespeare. Already Camden, encouraged by his fellow-student, Philip Sidney, was gathering that body of knowledge which makes his *Britannia* even still a substantial gift to students. Archbishop Parker, the patron of both Stow and Grafton, found time, amid the duties of the primacy, to save from destruction or loss inestimable treasures of the past, scattered from monastic libraries, and to compile a learned folio on English ecclesiastical history and biography. Even poetry looked to English history for its support and sustenance. That large and ever-expanding series of tragic narratives, *A Mirror for Magistrates*, the co-operative labour of a generation, is an encyclopædia of national history in verse. *Gorboduc*, the first regular tragedy, renders into dramatic form matter which, though not authentic history, was a fragment of the legend of ancient Britain.

But the England of Elizabeth, because it was patriotic in the best sense of the word, was also cosmopolitan. It is a timid spirit of nationality which fears to accept the gifts of other lands. The builders brought material from the Greece and Rome of classical antiquity, and from modern Italy, from France, from Spain. Shakespeare as a boy may have read Ovid in the original; he certainly was acquainted with the *Metamorphoses* in Arthur Golding's translation. The first tragedy in which Shakespeare brought terror into alliance with beauty is founded on Arthur Brooke's rehandling of Bandello's story of Romeo and Juliet as given in a French version. Painter's great collection of tales, chiefly from Italian sources, *The Palace of Pleasure*, became a storehouse for the use of dramatists in search of plots or incidents. Without the work of the earlier years of Elizabeth's reign, the work of the later and greater years could never have been accomplished. It taught the Elizabethan imagination to explore the past and to fare forth in the modern world on courageous adventure; it created a demand for the colour and warmth and passion of the south; it sent the poets abroad as gallant freebooters to ravage foreign shores and bring home their treasures.

And at the same time there was at least a tuning of the instru-

ments preparatory to the great symphony. It may seem as if little progress in the harmony of verse was made since the publication of Wyatt's and Surrey's poems in *Tottel's Miscellany;* and in truth no poet during the interval between the appearance of that volume and the appearance of *The Shepherd's Calendar* was in a high sense an inventor of harmony. But it was necessary that the old forms should be worn out, and that unsuccessful experiments should be made before such nobler forms as the Spenserian stanza or the blank verse of Marlowe's *Doctor Faustus* could be created. George Gascoigne never quite succeeded in anything, but he was versatile in experiment, and opened new avenues for his successors. As he rode from Chelmsford to London, he tells us his brain was beating out the lines of an elegy, but "being overtaken with a dash of rain, I struck over into the *De Profundis.*" Five sundry gentlemen desired him to write in verse something worthy to be remembered, and forthwith he compiled five sundry sorts of metre, upon five sundry themes which they delivered to him. Mr. Gosse has connected the outbreak of later Elizabethan song with the growing cultivation of music, and especially of music for the lute. Probably both developments of lyrical feeling had a common cause in the coalescing of sentiment or passion with that imagination, now refined and educated, which lives within the cells of hearing; and song lying close to music, each could render appropriate service to the other.

Imagine a young man of genius arriving at a consciousness of his adult powers in the years immediately after this preparatory work had been achieved. He would sail with wind astern and tide in his favour, and he might achieve much. He would have in him the pride of England without the insular narrowness and prejudice. He would be politically a member of a powerful and haughty nation, while intellectually the citizen of a commonwealth no less than European. Living in the present day, quick as it was with life and action, he would be the inheritor of all the past—the past of his own people, the illustrious past of Greece and Rome. The Renaissance would have brought him an enthusiasm for beauty, and a delight in the tragic, pathetic, and mirthful play of human

passion. The Reformation would have brought him seriousness, a veneration for conscience, and a sense of the sacred purpose of life. The one tradition would prepare him to pursue new avenues of the expanding intellect of man; the other tradition would reinforce his feeling for the abiding truths of the spirit. Hebraism and Hellenism might meet in his consciousness, and encounter there without opposition. Arthur Golding, the translator of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, was also the translator of Calvin's *Sermons*, and no one belonging to the middle party of wisdom and moderation would have thought of commenting upon the fact as strange.

It is true that there was a considerable body of Puritan opinion which anticipated the coming danger, and viewed with more than distrust the new unbridled appetite for pleasure. It is true that among the dramatists there was a small party of revolters against the doctrine and even the temper of religion. But the higher mind of England held on the middle way, the way of conciliation. And the greatness of Elizabethan literature is in a large measure to be accounted for by the fact that it expressed no fragment of the life and mind of the time, but all the powers of our manhood —the senses, the passions, the intellect, the conscience, the will— co-operating one with another in a harmonious whole. In the period of the Restoration the higher mind of England was directed towards the discoveries of science; the literature of pleasure was dominated by the senses, and wit did brilliant things, but in the service of the senses; pseudo-heroics and overstrained gallantry and honour were poor substitutes for the modesty of right feeling. In the age of Queen Anne, literature was dominated by the understanding, after the violences of the two extreme parties of the nation a reconstruction had been effected, but it was a provisional reconstruction, the result of compromises and good sense, admirable for the uses of the time, but resting on a lower level than that attained in the heroic years which brought the reign of Elizabeth to its close. During the Middle Ages the natural and the supernatural were too often broadly severed, and each made reprisals upon the other; the spirit warred against the flesh, and the flesh against the spirit; some gross *fabliau*, where a priest or monk

beguiles a dotard husband, jostles an ascetic treatise, or the life of a saint decked out with the tinsel of puerile miracles. In the highest examples of Elizabethan literature the senses claim their rights; the *Faerie Queene* is a perpetual feast for the imaginative eye and ear; the uses of the senses are honoured, and their abuses are condemned. The supernatural is found to dwell within the natural; the true miracle is the passion of love in a Cordelia or the malignant craft of an Iago. Genuine heroisms are conceivable, and pseudo-heroics replace these only in the Elizabethan decline. Imaginative reason utters its oracles, which are not at variance with the words of mundane good sense; Shakespeare's Prospero does not discredit for us the prudential wisdom of Shakespeare's Ulysses. The ideal is not, as was that of the age of Swift and Pope and Addison, an ideal of moderation, balance, discretion, but an ideal of humanity developed to the full, attaining its highest points of vision, its highest reaches of passion, and including among its results the intellectual conquest of nature for the service of man.

Was it possible to unite the two streams of tendency, that derived from the Renaissance and that derived from the Reformation? Was not the central idea of the one movement antagonistic to the central idea of the other? Did not the Renaissance proclaim the excellence of the natural man, while the Reformation preached human depravity, and the need of a renewal of man's nature by divine grace? The answer to these questions may partly be found in the facts of history; for one brief period at least, the two streams ran together and made a single current swift and full. A reconciliation of the rival tendencies was attained in Elizabethan literature; afterwards, for a time the streams parted; the tradition of the Reformation, developing to further reforms, belonged in the main to the Puritan party; the tradition of the Renaissance, dwindling from its earlier and higher meanings, belonged in the main to the Cavaliers. Yet such writers as Jeremy Taylor and Donne and Herbert, show that in the Royalist party the serious temper of the religious reform could co-exist with all the learning, the eloquence, the refinement of Renaissance

culture. And, on the other hand, it is a remarkable fact that no loftier conception of a harmonious co-operation of the spirit of religion with the passion for self-development—self-development with a view to public duties—is anywhere to be found than in the writings of the Puritan Milton. Man, he tells us, is fallen; but man was created in the image of God; and it is not by some sudden ingress of divine grace that God's image can now be fully renewed and restored; every art and every science is needed to accomplish that work. Every energy of the intellect, every natural delight of the body, Milton tells us, is pure and sacred. Evil has entered into the world; but virtue is not to be attained by flying from evil into cloistered innocence; let good and evil meet in vigorous conflict; let truth and falsehood grapple. And it was the Puritan Milton who set forth a magnificent conception of the pleasures of England as organised, subsidised, and wisely controlled by an enlightened national government. It is false to assert that a reconciliation between the Renaissance and the Reformation was impossible; it is unquestionably true that the danger of a breach, caused by the extreme parties on either side, was great.

We must remember that the Renaissance influence found entrance into England, not through a literature of licentious pleasure, but in the serious form of the New Learning. Erasmus was erudite, witty, satirical; More was full of a gracious humour, a lover of domestic joys, a lover of all innocent mirth. But these representatives of the early Renaissance in England, and their fellows, were men of serious lives, who aimed at serious ends; they were, indeed, or they strove to be, reformers, reformers in matters social, in morals, in education, and even to some extent in politics. The tradition of the New Learning, its grave temper, its earnest purpose were not wholly lost in the days of Elizabeth; the Renaissance had still with some men an ethical side, and it was felt that a noble humanism included a regard for what is highest in character. On the other hand, the Reformed Church of England had its mundane side; the Queen was vice-gerent of the head of the Church; the bishops held their seats in the great council of the nation; the ecclesiastical ritual was not wanting in an ordered

beauty appealing to the senses or to the "spirit in sense"; a priest might be a husband and the father of a family. The conditions, on the whole, were favourable to the formation of a middle party, serious, and sincerely attached to the reformed faith, and at the same time not averse to learning and culture, not averse to the honest joys of life. The Reformation to some extent was, like the Renaissance, an enfranchisement of reason, an enfranchisement of humanity; and by its appeal to Scripture, and to private judgment, it assuredly quickened the intellect as well as the conscience of men. The Queen, essentially a woman of the Renaissance in her craft, her passions, her versatility, her love of pomp and splendour, was loyal, for political reasons, if for no other, to the teaching of the Reformation; below her sensuality, her fits of temper, her shifting moods, she was eminently rational; she felt deeply the importance of maintaining the unity of the nation's life, and had a genuine hatred of the madness of extremes. And Puritanism as yet was chiefly concerned with details of ceremony; the more deep-seated theological controversies between Arminian high-churchman and Calvinistic Puritan waited for the reign of King James; the alliance of political passions with Puritanism waited for the reign of Charles.

Thus broad-based, Elizabethan literature, in its best and most characteristic work, was naturally broad-minded. The pupil of its great masters will come to think of literature as concerned with life, and with life as a whole. The work of those masters has neither the narrowness of the ascetic, nor the narrowness of the voluptuary. There is a beautiful idealism in art, which ignores the presence of evil in the world, and dreams such celestial dreams as Fra Angelico made radiant in colour. We shall not find such idealism in Shakespeare or even in Spenser. They have their feet planted on the earth, and Elizabethan England was very far removed from the Paradise of the mediæval painter. But it was equally far removed from the world of sots and gallants, and the women who know how to court their own pursuit by rake or gallant, in Restoration comedy.

The great effort of the time may be described as an attempt to

make a conquest of the world of nature and the world of humanity for the service of man. Such an attempt might be essentially Pagan, if "man" and "the service of man" were conceived in the way of the Renaissance, as narrowed in its meanings by the spokesmen of what we may term the extreme left. But to place our great writers in separate groups, as Taine has done in his *History of English Literature*, with the titles "The Pagan Renaissance," and "The Christian Renaissance," and to include under the former Sidney and Spenser and Bacon, is to present a wholly erroneous view of Elizabethan literature. The service of man was understood by these great writers as the service of our complete manhood; humanism was seen to be not merely sensual or material, not merely intellectual and imaginative, but also ethical and religious. And although questions of religion, considered apart from character and action, do not form part of the theme of dramatic poetry, there can be no doubt that the foundations of Shakespeare's tragedies were laid deep in the spiritual nature of man as they could not have been in an age which thought only, or which thought chiefly, of the sensual or material parts of life. On the other hand, no such treatise on theological and ecclesiastical affairs as Hooker's *Ecclesiastical Polity*, so broad-based on reason and historical tradition, so comprehensive in its habit of thought, so majestic in its way of utterance, could have been written in an age which exalted faith at the expense of reason, which opposed the supernatural to the natural, which divorced the life of the Church from the life of the nation, or which was insensible to the beauty and dignity of literary form.

Lyly's *Euphues*, in its poor way, amid much dreary moralising, and under the trappings of a detestably artificial style, held up the new ideal of manhood. To be well-born, well-bred, beautiful in person, accomplished in all the graces of life, courtly, amorous, a student of philosophy and a lover of fair women, versed in Italian culture, yet one who honoured English morals and manners, a patriot serious and religious, a devout servant of the English Queen—such was the ideal. And not only young gentlemen, but young ladies for a few years found in *Euphues* a manual of good

breeding. If that ideal were incarnated in flesh and blood, we can imagine how such a veritable Euphues would be cherished and exalted in the imagination of his contemporaries, and if he were withdrawn from their observation by an early and heroic death, how a legend of admiration and love and modern chivalry would gather around his memory. And this was in fact what happened. To the Elizabethan imagination, Philip Sidney was what Arthur Hallam was to the imagination of Tennyson—the "Hesper-Phosphor" of the time, recalling what was most beautiful in the past and prophetic of the newer day. The legend of Sidney, indeed, was not far removed from the actual fact. His peculiar fascination lay in brilliance standing forth from a background of seriousness. His ardour and impetuosity sprang from a nobility of nature; his passion was controlled and was directed by conscience; his wide and various culture seemed to be only the flowering of a beautiful character. Even in boyhood he was noted for a "lovely and familiar gravity"; in youth he already showed some of the sagacity of a statesman, and all the courage of an English patriot. He was a champion of the Protestant cause; in sympathy with the French Huguenots, the unswerving foe of Spain and of Rome, the friend of the learned controversialist Languet, the translator of Duplessis Mornay's treatise on the Christian religion. Yet Sidney was at the same time a true child of the Renaissance, skilled in every accomplishment, a brilliant figure at the tournament, a student of music, of poetry, of astronomy, a lover of Spanish and Italian letters, an experimenter in classical metres, the defender of the drama against Puritan scruples, author of a masque, of amorous sonnets, of a pastoral-chivalric romance, the acquaintance of Tintoretto and of Paolo Veronese, the patron of Giordano Bruno, the aider of those bold explorers and adventurers who would for England make conquest of the globe, an enthusiastic sympathiser with Drake and Frobisher, with Raleigh and Sir Humphrey Gilbert; withal, Sidney was famous for a tragic passion of love and famous for inviolable friendships. The light work upon a sad or solemn ground, which Bacon commends in embroideries, appears even in the close of his life. The noble act of generosity to a

wounded fellow-soldier on the battlefield is not the latest incident. As he lay dying, Sidney attended devoutly to the ministrations of religion, but he also had spirit to compose his poem—can we doubt that it was playfully pathetic?—*La Cuisse rompue*, which, being arranged to music, was sung beside his bed. No wonder that the public sorrow called forth by his early death was like that for a great national calamity. All that was best and most characteristic of the age had been embodied in him; the Pagan Renaissance, as it is named by Taine, and the Christian Renaissance, had been united in the spirit of this young man; what is national and what is cosmopolitan had in his genius been fused into one.

The ideal which had been more nearly realised in Sidney than in any of his contemporaries forms the subject of the master-work of Sidney's friend and fellow-poet, who had dedicated to him, as the "president of chivalry," that volume of verse, *The Shepherd's Calendar*, which heralded the greater years of Elizabethan literature. *The Faerie Queene* was designed to set forth Spenser's conception of a gentleman or noble person, and such an one as he had actually found in Sidney. Upon a first view the poem seems a labyrinth of flowery glades, through which for mere delight the imagination may wander without end or aim; but Spenser had planned it with a purpose, and that purpose had the high seriousness of the time. He would exhibit all the chief elements which go to form a heroic character, all the chief dangers to which such a character is exposed in the warfare of this world, and would incite men towards the attainment of that magnanimity, or, as he terms it, "magnificence," which sums up all the virtues of our fully developed manhood. Poetry, as Sidney had conceived it, is to be like a trumpet-call summoning men to action, and, as Sidney had conceived, history on the one hand and moral philosophy on the other, are to be the auxiliaries and subordinate allies of poetry. Such was Spenser's design. He thinks of life as a warfare against the principalities and powers of evil; he represents godliness, self-control, and chastity as the foundation virtues on which a complete and beautiful humanity is to be erected; he is at once a son of the Renaissance and a son of the Reformation; a cosmopolitan in his

culture, and a patriot in his passion; enamoured of all beauty appealing to the sense and to the spirit, yet no wanton lover of sensual delights; rather, indeed, with a certain sternness at his heart, honouring, as much as any Puritan, the girt loins and the lit lamp. Ariosto and Tasso, Aristotle and Plato, St. Paul and the writer of the Apocalypse, alike contribute to the structure or the adornment of *The Faerie Queene.*

When some former pupils of Hooker on one occasion visited their master, they found him in the fields, tending his sheep, with a book in his hand; it was no treatise on theology which he had brought with him as the solace of his retirement; it was the Odes of Horace. He, too, the chief spokesman of the Anglican Church in Elizabethan days, possessed that breadth of mind and that feeling for beauty united with seriousness, which were characteristic of a time when the two great streams of tendency, Renaissance and Reformation, made a single current deep and full. He would give its due place of authority to Scripture, to tradition, to the voice of wisdom and of learning, but in the last resort the basis of belief must be found in the reason of man. He honours all that is venerable in the past; he recognises the service which the senses can render to the soul; order and beauty in the rites and ceremonies of religion are precious to him; he is a liberal conservative in ecclesiastical affairs, having the same temper of mind which Edmund Burke two centuries later applied to politics. He acknowledges the due power of authority; yet the authority, he tells us, not of four, but of ten thousand, General Councils cannot overthrow or resist one plain demonstration: "Companies of men, be they never so great and reverend, are to yield unto reason, the weight whereof is no whit prejudiced by the simplicity of the person which doth allege it." Hooker's dominant idea is that set forth with a majestic sweep of thought and a grave harmony of utterance in the first book of the *Ecclesiastical Polity*—the idea of the whole universe as a cosmos under the reign of law; and such an idea is in no ill-keeping with a period which mirrored the moral world of man in Shakespeare's plays, and attempted a method of exploring the laws of the material universe in Bacon's *Novum Organum.*

How and why did the decline and dissolution creep on, and transform the literature of the great years of Elizabeth's reign to the literature of the succeeding generation? The answer is too large to be set down here; it is partly to be discovered in the record of political history. King James I. was learned and acute in logical distinctions; he had not the wisdom or the tact of Elizabeth. Buckingham was a mean successor to the great councillors of the preceding reign. The Hampton Court conference, and the outbreaks of the King's intolerant temper, struck an opening note of discord. The Commons and the King were soon at war about the new impositions. The foreign policy of James became hoplessly discredited. The lowered tone of court morals is reflected in the drama of Fletcher. An open breach between the two camps of the nation was already threatening. The more serious part of the mind of England withdrew from the more pleasure-loving part. Liberty, political and ecclesiastical, became a more urgent need than the liberation of the mind through humanism. The two streams of tendency which had flowed into one in the literature of Elizabeth, now flowed, not wholly, indeed, but in great measure, in separate channels. For the ultimate ends of humanism political freedom and religious toleration were necessary; but during the clatter of pamphlets and the clash of swords humanism must bide its time. It was not until the great scientific movement of post-Restoration days that the Renaissance resumed its course, and that the serious temper of Puritanism—the temper of the loins girt and the lamp lit—applied itself to noble intellectual purposes, which were other than those dictated by the immediate public needs of the nation. In Newton, in Locke, in the liberal spirit of Tillotson, we see the recovery of lost things; but the large wisdom and deep imaginative insight of Elizabethan literature were not wholly recovered. Enthusiasm had been discredited, and it needed a century, with a methodist revival and a French Revolution, to restore it to its rights.

Edward Dowden.

LAST DAYS OF GUY OF WARWICK.

[From the old English romance "History of Guy Earl of Warwick." It is not based on any historical character.]

As THE most bright and glorious shining day will have a night of darkness to succeed, in which the earth will be wrapped up in clouds, and all the world be clothed in sable weeds, presenting us with drowsy heavy sleep, to keep the thoughts of death in memory, so youth, the day of nature's strength and beauty, which had a splendor like the eye of heaven, must yield to fate, by the great law of nature, when length of years shall bring life's evening on. This cogitation dwelt in Guy's sage breast, and made him, when he was in Palestine, think of returning to his native country. He found himself to be well struck in years, and that his glass had but few sands to run before the close of his declining days; and therefore he to England comes at last, there to be buried where he had been born; for this was all the cause that drew him back, to end his days there where they first began: that his poor body after all his toils, which through the world no resting-place had found, in English ground at last might safely rest.

Being arrived upon his native shore, his country in extreme distress he found; for in each place great store of armed troops against the foe was got in readiness. The King of Denmark to destroy the realm a mighty army had securely landed, which with incredible destruction marched, laying the country waste, and burning towns, and filling all the nation full of terror; which forced King Athelstan, for his security, with his small forces to retire to Winchester; which when the Danes once knew, they thither away, and with their warlike troops set down before it. But that was far too strong for them to take;

their walls of stone were then invincible, nor had they cannon keys to let them in. The monk's invention was not then found out, of murdering men by wholesale with their gunpowder: a soldier then that would attain to honor, by manly strokes could only purchase it.

Beholding now how oft they were repulsed by those strong sallies that the English made, and that they were not like to take the city, they beat a parley, and therein proposed that they were willing to decide their quarrel by single combat, to save shedding blood, between a Dane and an Englishman; to which, when both sides had agreed, the Danes brought forth a mighty giant of a prodigious stature, demanding where the foxes all were hid; saying: "If there be one dare meet me here, that for his country will his valor show, let him come forth and try with me his manhood; or else the English are the worst of cowards. For craven cocks on their own dung-hills will both crow and strike before they run and cry. Is English courage now become so low that none will fight? Are you so fearful grown? Then I pronounce you all faint-hearted fools, afraid to look upon a martial man. O what prodigious lies, in foreign lands, of these men's valor have I heard repeated! What great achievements have they oft performed, if lies be true! But they are sadly slandered; for in their feet their valor chiefly lies, for they with them can swiftly run away. They have an ancient proverb to instruct them, *That it is best sleeping in a whole skin.*" Thus did he vaunt in terms of high disdain; and threw down his gauntlet, saying, "There is my glove."

All this and more Guy unperceived had heard, and for his country's sake could bear no longer the insulting boast of this proud Danish monster: and therefore straightway goes unto the King, and thus, in pilgrim's weeds, addresses him: "Dread Lord, though in this simple habit hid, this proud, insulting foe I beg to combat; for though I seem unfit for what I ask, I never attempted aught but what I did: and therefore doubt not but to free your kingdom from the invasion of injurious Danes, by overcoming this their boasted champion."

To whom the royal Athelstan replied: "Palmer, thou seemest to be a man of courage; but I fear for Colbron thou art much too weak. Ah! I remember once I had a champion, upon whose head my crown I would have ventured: but valiant Guy,

alas! is no more. Had he been here, I had not been thus distressed."

To which Guy thus replied: "Great Athelstan, trust me for once, for though I am unknown, it is a just cause in which I do engage; and Heaven does still both favor and succeed the just side. I cannot see one brave an English king, but, aged as I am, my blood is fired, and nothing but his head shall be to me satisfaction for the affront."

At which bold speech of Guy's the king was amazed; and, wondering at the greatness of his spirit, said, "Palmer, I accept thee for my champion, and thou alone shalt be the man on whom I am resolved to venture England's crown." And thereupon ordered immediately that his own armor should be brought; which Guy, having received, soon put on; then girting his massy sword about him, came to the King, and of him took his leave; the King assuring him he did not doubt but Heaven, in whose great cause he was engaged now, would be his strong defense, and give him victory. "Amen," quoth Guy; and with great courage goes from Winchester's north gate unto Hide Mead, where he soon found that monster of a man, treading two yards of ground at every step.

"Art thou," the giant cried, "that mighty man on whom the King will venture England's crown? What, can he find for me no fitter match than this poor rascal in a threadbare coat! Where are all his worthy knights and champions now? A wretch so base as thou art I disdain."

"Giant," said Guy, "I matter not thy words, for hadst thou manhood, thus thou wouldst not rail, nor spend with blasts of empty wind thy breath. A soldier's weapon best his tale can tell. Thy destiny thou on my sword shall find, which, whilst thou hast drops to bleed, will let thee blood: and thus I to chastise thee will begin." And thereupon such blows he on him laid, that Colbron never had felt the like before; who with his club waited to meet his sword, intending to have broke it with one blow. But Guy was well aware of his design, and by his now agility prevented him; and therefore boldly he about him laid, until the lubbard's breath was almost gone. For with a weighty club did Colbron fight, which missing of his blow, fell on the ground, and the very earth itself gave way, so ponderous were the strokes that he designed. So long they held this wrathful, furious fight that the spectators knew not what to judge;

though Guy on Colbron still fresh wounds bestowed, as a presage of his ensuing victory; and by his activity escaped the danger with which each blow of Colbron's threatened him. At last, quoth Colbron, "Englishman, forbear, and sue for mercy, ere I strike thee down." "Villain," quoth Guy, "thy coward's fear I scorn, I will have thy life, or it my own shall cost. We will never part till one be conqueror; the King hath ventured England on my head, and therefore I will not yield an inch to thee, for all the wrath that Denmark ere could boast: thou shalt find metal in these aged limbs; although thy body bulkier be than mine, I have a heart bigger than thine by odds. Think on thy ancient grandsire, Gogmagog, who was at Dover fought by Corinæus, and by that worthy Briton overcome, though he with boldness like to thine had challenged him; and as he then was served, so shalt thou now." And thereupon Guy gave him such a stroke it made wide ruptures in the giant's flesh, and very much provoked his furious choler, laying about him with the utmost rage; meantime Guy managed both his parts so well, which was to lay on a load upon his foe, and save himself from his destructive blows, that he at length gave Colbron such a wound that on the earth he tumbled in his gore; whilst with his blood his soul departed hence, and in the sooty regions took fresh quarters.

Forthwith a shout from out of the town was heard, that made the welkin echo back the sound, which joyful was to every English heart, and brought as great a terror to the Danes, who with the utmost grief away departed.

King Athelstan then for his champion sent, to do him honor for this great exploit; who by the clergymen was first received with that solemnity his worth deserved; and next by all the nobles was embraced, and entertained with trumpets, drums, and other martial music. But Guy in these things took but little pleasure; refusing costly ornaments and jewels as things that he was out of love withal. To God he only gave the praise of all, blessing His name that thus had given him power to free his country from invading foes; and so entreats that he unknown might pass, to live where poverty regards not wealth, and be beholden to the help of none, and there, by stealth, sometime to view the world; *for true content doth bring so great a treasure, it makes the beggar richer than the king.* "With true content will I abide," said he, "in homely cottage, free from all resort: for I have found within a monarch's court content can never long

be made to dwell. No, there is ambition, pride, and envy there, and fawning flattery stepping still between." "Yet, gentle palmer," said the King, "I pray that thou at least wilt so far honor me, wherever thou resolvest to abide, as to acquaint me with thy name in private, which is the only boon I ask of thee. Tell me but who thou art, I will ask no more, and on my royal word I will conceal it."

"Why then," said he, "if it may please your majesty, I am your subject, Guy of Warwick named, that have for many years not seen your land, but been where youth by age and travel is tamed: yet there, dread prince, experience taught me wit, and of the follies of the world convinced me. And now I am returned to make my grave within that kingdom which first gave me life. Yet shall no creature else have the least notice of my arrival; no, not my dear wife, till sickness comes, such as does threaten death; then I will acquaint her of my last farewell."

The King thus having heard what Guy had said, went to him, and with joy in his arms embraced him, and with great admiration answers thus: "Most worthy Earl, preserver of thy country, it grieves my soul thou wilt not live with me. O would thy resolutions were to make, that my persuasions might prevent thy vow! But it is too late, they are grown ripe, I see, and thou art fixed in thy determination. Well, worthy man, in this I joy, however, that to thy native soil thou bringest thy bones; where standing monuments of thy great deeds shall last unto the world's remotest ages. In Warwick Castle shall thy sword be lodged, to witness to the world what thou hast been. And lest the future age should grow neglectful in the preserving of thy memory, the castle keeper shall receive a salary, which I myself will straightways settle on him, to keep thy sword in memory of thee. Thy armor likewise, and thy martial spear, which did thee service in thy high designs, shall all be carefully preserved there; that all such men as have distrustful thoughts may think (if from a truth it did not spring) a king would scorn to cheat his people so. And in thy chapel (distant thence a mile) a bone shall hang of that devouring beast, which did so long near Coventry remain, whose rib, by measure, was at least six foot, destroying many that did that way pass, until thy valiant arm the savage slew. By tradition it may down be handed, and unto those that thither come reported, this was Guy's armor, this his massy blade; these bones of murdering beasts which he overcame; and this the tomb wherein his corpse was safe

deposited; this the true picture of his shape at length; and this the spear that of his strength did witness: for sure I hold it as a thing ungrateful (when thy remains shall moldered be to dust) if none shall cause some muse to sing thy fame, and tell the worth of Guy, that English hero. Thy countrymen cannot so forgetful be, when out of sight to leave thee out of mind, when thou for them hast done such mighty things."

This said, in humble duty, wondrous meek, Guy, with a lowly reverence, left the King, to seek some solitary cave or den, which he unto his mansion house converted; and buried whilst alive, he poorly lives, making his meat of wholesome herbs and roots. Sometimes he would repair to Warwick Castle, and crave an alms at his dear lady's hands; who to pilgrims did more bounty show than any lady in the land besides: and she would ask all palmers that came there if they were ever in the Holy Land; or, if they in their travels had seen an Englishman, lord of that noble castle, who many years from hence had been away? "He was a knight that never was conquered yet by any human power: I only fear one cruel tyrant, who is called death; if he has met him, then, my dearest lord, I never shall behold thy face again, until that monster do as much for me, and so unite our hearts again together, which gracious Heaven grant: if Guy be dead, O let me on the earth no longer stay."

Thus often did he hear his wife inquiring with deep complaints, from extreme passion flowing, yet by no means would grant her kind request, nor yet bestow one hopeful word of comfort; but yet would view her, as if his heart would break; then, to prevent his speaking, turn away; and so, even weeping, to his cell depart: there placing before his eyes a dead man's head; saying: "With thee I will shortly come to dwell, and therefore do despise this sinful flesh: my soul is weary of a guest so bad, and therefore doth at rest desire to be. My strength is from my feeble limbs departed, and sickness now begins to gripe my heart: my happiness is now apace approaching, and I am in hope my foe and I shall part. Long time, alas! I have fed this adversary, by whom my soul hath been misled so oft. To my dear Phælice I will send my ring, which I to keep did promise for her sake. I now no longer will the time defer, for fear lest death surprise me unawares. Methinks I feel his messenger approach, and poor, weak nature must be forced to yield."

Then called a herdsman as he passed by, and said: "Good friend, one kindness I desire of thee, and hope thou wilt not deny it me, for it is a matter that concerns me highly: it is thou wilt repair to Warwick Castle, and for the Countess ask with trusty care, and then into her hand this ring deliver, and say the ancient pilgrim sent it her that lately at her gate with scrip did stand, to beg an alms in blessed Jesus' name. And if she ask thee where I may be found, direct her hither; she will well reward thee."

"Sir," said the herdsman, "I shall be ashamed who never yet spake to a lady in my life: besides, I may perhaps come into trouble, to carry rings to the Earl of Warwick's Countess. And then say I should lose it by the way, what would the Countess or yourself say to me?"

"Prithee," said Guy, "frame no such idle doubts, no prejudice can come to thee at all; the thing is honest about which thou goest, and none can call thee into question for it. A courteous ear the lady will give thee, and on my word you will receive no harm."

With that he goes and delivers the token to the Countess; which she receiving, was presently with admiration struck.

"O friend," said she, "where is my husband's being?"

"Husband!" said he, "I nothing know of that. It was from an ancient beggar I received the ring, whose house I cannot well describe; for it is neither made of wood nor stone, but under ground he went into a hole. And in my conscience, there alone he dwells, and never pays his landlord quarter's rent."

"Ah! it is my Guy," said she; "show me his cell, and for thy pains I will very well reward thee." And then ordering her steward to give the messenger a hundred marks for bringing her those welcome tidings, she straight went with him to the lonely cave, in which her lord led such a solitary life; but he, espying her, as weak and feeble as he was, went forth to meet her, and there her lord and she embraced each other, and wept awhile ere they could speak a word: and after a good space that they had been silent, Guy first the doors of silence thus did break: —

"Phælice," said he, "now take thy leave of Guy, who sent to thee, ere his sight decays: within thy arms I do entreat to die, and breathe my spirit hence from thy sweet soul. It is not long since to me thou gavest alms at Warwick's Castle

gate ; it is blessedness poor men's estate to pity. Look not so strange, my dear, lament not so. Ah ! weep not, love, I do not want thy tears ; for since my coming here I have plenty of tears of true remorse, conscience knows. Thou weepest not now, because I wept no more ; but to behold me friendless, poor, and wretched. My love, I have sought the place that I desire, though few endeavor for eternal rest. The soul which unto heaven doth aspire, and only seeks after celestial things, must leave the world and all its fading joys, and all the vanities thereof detest : for could we see it with a spiritual eye, we should discern it full of naught but devils, that always lie in wait to ruin souls, and to that end are always laying baits to trap and ensnare them. O Phælice ! I have spent (and then he wept) youth, nature's day, upon the love of thee ; and for my God have kept old rotten age, the night of nature : Christ, my sin forgive ; sorrow for this lies heavy on my soul. O blessed Savior ! pardon my misdeeds, in that I have destroyed so many men, even for one woman, to enjoy her love. And therefore in this solitary cave, with God above I have sought my peace to make ; against whom I have been more misled by sin than all the hairs upon my head can number. The other day, finding my body ill, and all the parts thereof with pain oppressed, I did compose this will and testament to be the last I ever ordain. Lo ! here it is, and, if I can, I will read it, before I cease to be a living man.

HIS LAST WILL AND TESTAMENT.

"Even in the name of Him whose mighty power did heaven and earth and all things else create, as one that is this instant hour to die, I do with an unfeigned heart and mind leave both the world and everything therein. My soul I give to Him that gave it me ; receive it, Jesus, as in Thee I trust. I owe a debt of life that is due to death, and when I have paid Him, He can ask no more. It is but a little breath, a very vapor, and I could wish He had it long ago. But here is my comfort : whensoever He comes, it is ready for Him, though He calls to-day. I owe the world that stock of wealth it lent me when I at first began to traffic with it. Less would have given nature more content : the world leaves me naked, as I came into it ; I ask but one poor sheet to wrap me in. I do bequeath my numberless transgressions, my sins and evils, they that are so

many that they exceed the bounds of all arithmetic, those past, those present, all that are to come, to him that made them loads to burden me ; Satan, receive them, for from thee they came. I give good thoughts, and every virtuous action, that every grace has guided me unto, to Him from whom proceedeth all that is good. For only evil I by nature do, being conceived, bred, and born in sin, and all my life has been most vile and vain. I give to sorrow all my sighs and tears, fetched from the bottom of a bleeding heart. I give to repentance, tears and watery eyes of a true convert, and unfeigned sighs. Let earth, or sea, a grave yield to my body ; so, Jesus, to my soul grant room in heaven."

"Phælice, I faint ; farewell, my loyal spouse : thy husband dies ; assist me with thy prayers. I trust to meet thee in a better life, where tears from weeping eyes shall be wiped before the blessed Spirit ; come, in Jesus' name receive, and then convey my soul to heaven." With these last words, death closed his eyes, and he to his Creator his blessed soul resigned, while mournful Phælice, well-nigh dead with grief, to sorrow all her senses did abandon, and with her tears drowns her departed lord ; beating her breast till breast and heart were sore, wringing her hands till she could no more strive. Then sighing said : "Ah ! cruel, cruel death, the dismal, doleful cause of all my sorrows, thou hast deprived me of my dearest lord. Since loathsome air my vital spirits draw, that thou, to recompense me for my loss, would strike that stroke which all my cares may kill : let me not see to-morrow's light ; but make me cold as this dead carcass that before me lies ; this true description of a mortal man : —

> "Whose deeds of wonder, passed and gone before,
> Hath left him now at death's dark prison door."

Kissing his face with a farewell of tears, she leaves the body for the grave to claim ; and from that place she bears as sad a soul as any of her sex on that occasion was ever known to do ; her real grief soon sending her to her departed lord : living but fifteen days after his death, and then, through extreme sorrow, followed him.

ROBERT THE DEVIL.

(Old English Romance.)

["It is not to be supposed that there was any historical foundation for the legend. Robert the Devil has been identified with the Norman Robert I., the Magnificent, who died in 1035; also with Robert II., Courte-Heuse, son of William the Conqueror, who died in 1134. Le Héricher has found him in the Norman Rollo. Trébutien says that there is nothing to hinder us from believing that he was, not Duke, but Dux, son of an Aubert, who in the eighth century ruled over the future Normandy. There is nothing to hinder us from so believing, because faith is free; and there is nothing that will help to such belief. It is a church legend shaped from popular ideas to enforce the efficacy of repentance."—HENRY MORLEY.]

Here beginneth the life of the most mischievous Robert the Devil, which was afterward called the servant of God.

IT BEFEL IN TIME PAST, there was a duke in Normandy, which was called Oubert, the which duke was passing rich of goods, and also virtuous of living, and loved and feared God above all things, and did great almsdeeds, and exceeded all others in righteousness and justice, and most chivalrous in deeds of arms and notable acts doing.

How the duke of Normandy with great royalty brought his wife, the daughter of the duke of Bourgone [Burgundy], into Roan [Rouen] in Normandy after he had married her.

After that the aforesaid duke had married the said lady, he brought her with a great company of barons, knights, and ladies, with great triumph and glory, into the land of Normandy, and in the city of Roan, in the which city she was honorably received and with great melody; and there was great amity between the Bourgonians and the Normans, which I let pass for to come the sooner to my matter. The aforesaid duke and duchess lived together the space of eighteen years without any child. Whether it were God's will it should be so, or it were through their own default, I cannot judge, for it were better otherwhile that some people had no children, and also it were better for the father and mother to get no children

than to lack of chastising, the children and father and mother should all go to the devil: yet was this duke and duchess devout people, which loved and feared God, and gave great alms; and what time this duke would meddle with his lady, he ever prayed to God to send him a child, to honor and serve God, and to multiply and fortify his lineage; but neither with prayer nor with almsdeeds, this good duke and duchess could get no children.

How upon a time this duke and duchess walked alone, sore complaining the one to the other that they could have no children together.

Upon a time this duke and duchess walked, and the duke began to show his mind to his lady, saying, "Madam, we be not fortunate, insomuch that we can get no children; and they that made the marriage between us both, they did great sin, for I believe an ye had been given to another man, ye should have had children, and I also if I had another lady." This lady understood his saying: she answered softly, saying thus, "Good lord, we must thank God of that which he sendeth us, and take it patiently of whatsoever it be."

How Robert the Devil was conceived, and how his mother gave him to the devil in his conception.

This duke upon a time rode out an hunting in a great anger and pensiveness for thought that he could have no child, sore complaining, saying to himself, I see many women have many fair children in which they joy greatly, by which I see well that I am hated of God, and marvel it is that I fall not in despair, for it grieveth me so sore at my heart that I can get no children. The devil, which is alway ready to deceive mankind, tempted the good duke, and troubled his mind so that he wist not what to do or say. Thus moved, he left his hunting and went home to his palace, where he found his lady also vexed and moved. As he came home he took her in his arms, and kissed her, and did his will with her, saying his prayers to our Lord in this wise: "O! Lord Jesu, I beseech thee that I may get a child, at this hour, by the which thou mayst be honored and served." But the lady being so sore moved, spake thus foolishly, and said: "In the devil's name be it, insomuch as

God hath not the power that I conceive; and if I be conceived with child in this hour, I give it to the devil, body and soul." And this same hour that this duke and duchess were thus moved, the said lady was conceived with a man child, which in his life wrought much mischief, as ye shall hear after this, but afterwards he was converted, and did great penance, and died a holy man, as is showed hereafter.

How Robert the Devil was born, and what great pain his mother suffered in his birth.

This lady could not be delivered without great pain, for she travailed more than a month; and if good prayers had not been, and almsdeeds, good works, and great penance done for her, she had died of child. When this child was born, the sky waxed as dark as though it had been night, as it is showed in old chronicles, that it thundered and lightened so sore, that men thought the firmament had been open, and all the world should have perished. And there blew so much wind out of the four quarters of the world, and was such storm and tempest, that all the house trembled so sore, that it shook a great piece of it to the earth, and in so much that all they that were in the house weened that the world had been at an end, and that they, with the house and all, should have sunken. But in short time it pleased God that all this trouble ceased, and the weather cleared up, and the child was brought to church to be christened, which was named Robert. This child was large of stature at his birth as he had been a year old, whereof the people had great wonder; and as this child was a bearing to the church to be christened and home again, it never ceased crying and howling. And in short space he had long teeth wherewith he bit the nurse's paps in such wise, that there was no woman durst give him suck, for he bit off the heads of their breasts; wherefore they were fain to give him suck and to bring him up with an horn. And when he was twelve months old, he could speak and go alone better than other children that were three year old. And the elder that this child Robert waxed, more cursted; and there was no man that could rule him; and when he found or could come by any children, he smote and bit and cast stones at them, and brake their arms and legs and necks, and scrat out their eyes out of their heads, and therein was all his delight and pleasure.

How all the children with one assent named this child Robert the Devil.

This child within few years grew marvelously, and more and more increased of all, and boldness, and shrewdness, and set by no correction, but was ever smiting, and tasting, and cursed deeds doing. And sometime there gathered together all the boys of the street to fight with him, but when they see him they durst not abide him, but cried one to another, "Here cometh the wode [mad] Robert!" Another many cried, "Here cometh the cursed mad Robert!" and some cried, "Here cometh Robert the Devil!" and thus crying they voided all the streets, for they durst not abide and look him in the face, and forthwith the children that knew him with one assent called him Robert the Devil, which name he kept during his life, and shall do as long as the world standeth. When this child was seven years old or thereabout, the duke his father, seeing and considering his wicked condition, called him and said unto him thus, "My son, methink it necessary and time for me to get you a wise schoolmaster, to learn virtues and doctrine, for ye be of age enough"; and when the duke had thus said, he betook his son to a good, discreet, and wise schoolmaster to rule and teach him all good conditions and manners.

How Robert killed his schoolmaster.

It fell upon a day that his schoolmaster should chastise Robert, and would have made him to have left his cursed conditions; but Robert gat a murderer or bodkin, and thrust his master in the belly that he fell down dead to the earth, and Robert threw his book against the walls in despite of his master, saying, "Thus now have I taught thee that never priest nor clerk shall correct me, nor be my master." And from thence forth there could be no master be found that was so bold to take in hand to teach and correct this Robert, but were glad to let him alone and have his own ways, and he put himself to vice and mischief, and to no manner of virtue nor grace, nor would he learn for no man living, but mocked both God and holy church. And when he came to the church, and found the priests and clerks singing God's service, he came privily behind them, and cast ashes or dust in their mouths in despite of God. And when he saw anybody in the church busy in their prayers, he would come behind them and give them a sous in the neck

that their heads kissed the ground, insomuch that everybody cursed him for his wicked deeds doing. And the duke his father, seeing his mischievous disposition and cursed life of his son, he was so angry with himself that he wished himself many times dead and out of the world. And the duchess in likewise was greatly moved and much sorrowful by cause of the mischievous life of her son, saying in this wise: "My lord, our son is now of sufficient age and able to bear arms, wherefore methink it were best that ye made him knight, if then he would remember the order of knighthood whereby he might leave his wickedness." The duke was herewithal content. And Robert had at that time but eighteen years of age.

[He is knighted, but kills and maims a number of the knights in the joust, and breaks up the feast.]

How Robert the Devil rode about the country of Normandy, robbing, stealing, murdering, and burning churches, abbeys, and other holy places of religion, and forcing of women.

Then when Robert see there was no man more left in the field, and that he could do no more mischief there, then he took his horse with the spurs to seek his adventures, and began to do every day more harm than the other one, for he forced and ravished maidens and wives without number, he killed and murdered so much people that it was pity; also he robbed churches, abbeys, hermitages, and farms; there was not an abbey in all the country but he robbed and pilled them. These wicked deeds of Robert came to the ears of the good duke, and all they that were thus robbed and rebuked [buffeted] came to complain of the great outrage and suppression done by Robert, and still was doing throughout all the country. Thus lay they grievously complaining before the good duke, that great pity it was therefor to see the good duke hearing the grievous and lamentable complaints of the great murder done by Robert his son throughout all the land of Normandy. Then his heart was suppressed with so great sorrow and thought, that the salt tears burst out of his eyes, and he wept tenderly and said: "O right wise God, creator of heaven and earth, I have so many times prayed ye to send me a child, and all my delight was to have a son, to the intent that I might of him have great joy and solace. And now have I one, the which doth my heart so much pain, sorrow, and thought, that I wot in no wise what to begin, nor do, nor

say thereto; but good Lord only I cry upon thee for help, and remedy, to be a little released of my pain and sorrow."

How the duke sent out men of arms for to take Robert his son, which Robert took them all, and put out their eyes in despite of his father, and sent them so home again.

There was a knight of the duke's house, which perceived that this good duke was very sorrowful and pensive, and knew no remedy; then this knight spake and said to him, "My lord, I would advise you to send for your son Robert, and let him be brought to your presence, and there before your nobles, and next friends to rebuke him, and then command him to leave his cursed life, and if he will not, ye to do justice upon him as on a strange man." Hereto the duke consented, and thought the knight gave him good counsel; and incontinent sent out men to seek Robert, and in any wise they were to bring him to his presence. This Robert, hearing of the complaints made of all the people upon him unto his father, and that his father had sent out men to take him, wherefore all them that he could get, he put out their eyes, and so he took the men that his father sent for him, and put out their eyes, in despite of his father. And when he had thus blinded his father's servants, he said to them in mocking, "Sirs, now shall ye sleep the better; go now home to my father, and tell him that I set little by him, and because he sendeth you to bring me to him, therefore to his despite I have put out your eyes." These poor servants which the duke had sent for Robert his son, came home with great pain and in great heaviness, saying thus: "O good lord, see how your son Robert that ye did send us for, hath arrayed us, and blinded us." The good duke seeing his men in this case, he waxed very angry, and full of ire, and began to compass in his mind how and by what means he might come by to take Robert his son.

How the duke of Normandy made a proclamation throughout his lande, how men should take Robert his son, with all his company, and bring them every one to prison.

Then spake a wise lord, saying thus: "My lord, take no more thought, for ye shall never see the day that Robert your son will come in your presence, insomuch as he hath done so great and grievous offenses to your commons, and your own

messengers that ye send for him. But it were of necessity for you to correct and punish him for his great offenses, that he daily doth, and hath done, for we find it written, that the law bindeth you thereto." The duke, willing to accomplish the counsel of his lords, sent out messengers in all haste, unto all the ports, good towns, and barons, throughout all his dukedom, commanding on his behalf all shrines, or other officers, to do their uttermost diligence to take Robert his son prisoner, and to hold and keep him surely in prison with all his company and affinity. When Robert heard of this proclamation, he with all his company were sore afraid of the duke's malice ; and when Robert see this, he was almost out of his wit for wood (insane) anger, and whetted his teeth like a boar, and sware a great oath, saying thus, " that he would have open war with his father, and subdue and spill (destroy) all his lordship."

How Robert made him a strong house in a dark thick wilderness, where he wrought mischief without comparison and above all measure or natural reason.

Then when Robert heard and knew of the aforesaid things, he let make in a thick wild forest a strong house, where in he made his dwelling place, and this place was wild and strong, and more meeter for wild beasts than for any people to abide in ; and there Robert assembled and gathered for his company, all the most mischievous and falsest thieves that he could find or hear of in his father's land, — towit, murderers, thieves, street robbers, rebels, burners of churches and houses, forcers of women, robbers of churches, and the most wickedest and cursedest thieves that were under the sun, Robert had gathered to do him service ; whereof he was captain. And in the foresaid wilderness, Robert with his company did so much mischief, that no tongue can tell. He murdered merchants and all that came by the way, no man durst look out nor come abroad for fear of Robert and his company, of whom every man was afraid ; for they robbed all the country, insomuch that no man durst look out, but they were killed of Robert or his men. Also poor pilgrims that went on pilgrimage were murdered by Robert and his company, insomuch, that every man fled from them, like as the sheep fled from the wolfe : for they were as wolves waring, slaying all that they could come by, and thus, Robert and his company led an ungracious life. Also he

was a great glutton of eating and drinking, and never fasting, though it were never so great a fasting day. In Lent, or on Ymber days, he ate flesh, as well on Fridays as on Sundays; but after he had done all this mischief, he suffered great pain, as hereafter ye shall hear.

How Robert the Devil rode to his mother, the duchess of Normandy, being in the castle of Darques: she was come to a feast.

Robert rode so far and so long, that he came to the castle of Darques; but he met before with a shepherd which had told him that his mother the duchess should come of the said castle to dinner, and so he rode thither. But when Robert came there, and the people see him come, they ran away from him, like the hare from the hounds; one ran and shut him in his house, another ran into the church for fear. Robert seeing this, that all the people fled from him for fear, he began to sigh in his heart, and said to himself: "O! Almighty God, how may this be, that every man thus fleeth from me! Now I perceive that I am the most mischievous and the most cursedest wretch of this world, for I sent better to be a Jew or a Saracen, than any Christian man, and I see well that I am the worst of all ill. Alas!" said Robert the Devil, "I may well hate and curse mine ungracious and cursed life, wherefore I am worthy to be hated of God and the world." In this mind and heaviness came Robert to the castle gate, and lighted down from his horse, but there was no man that durst abide about him, nor come nigh him to hold his horse; and he had no servant to serve him, but let his horse stand there at the gate, and drew out his sword, which was all bloody, and incontinent took the way unto the hall, where the duchess, his mother, was. When the duchess saw Robert, her son, come in this wise, with a bloody sword in his hand, she was sore afraid, and would have fled away from him, for she knew well his conditions. Robert, seeing that everybody did flee from him, and that his own mother would have fled in likewise, he called unto her piteously afar, and said, "Sweet lady mother, be not afraid of me, but stand still till I have spoken with you, and flee not from me, in the worship of Christ's passion!" Then Robert's heart being full of thought and repentance, went nigher her, saying thus: "Dear lady mother, I pray and require you to tell me how and by what manner or whereby cometh it that I am so

vicious and cursed, for I know well I have it other by you or of my father; wherefore incontinent I heartily desire and pray you that ye show me the truth hereof."

How the Duchess desired Robert her son to smite off her head, and then she told him how she had given him to the devil in his conception.

The duchess greatly marveled when she heard her son speak these words; and piteously weeping, with a sorrowful heart, saying thus to him, "My dear son, I require you heartily that ye will smite off my head." This said the lady for very great pity that she had upon him, for because she had given him to the devil in his conception. Robert answered his mother with an heavy and piteous cheer, saying thus, "O! dear mother, why should I do so, that so much mischief have done, and this should be the worst deed that ever I did; but I pray you to show me that I desire to wete [know] of you." Then the duchess, hearing his hearty desire, told unto him the cause why he was so vicious and full of mischief, and how she gave him to the devil in his conception, herself mispraising, said thus unto Robert: "O! son, I am the most unfortunate woman living, and I knowledge that it is all my fault that ye be so cursed and wicked a liver."

How Robert the Devil took leave of his mother.

Robert, hearing his mother's saying, he fell down to the earth into a swoon, for very great sorrow, and lay still a long while, then he moved again and came to himself and began bitterly to weep, and complain, saying thus: "The fiends of hell be with great diligence to apply them to get and have my body and soul, but now from this time forth, I forsake them and all their work, and will never do more harm than good, and amend my life and leave my sins and do penance therefore." Then after this, Robert spake to his mother, the which was in great sorrow, and heaviness, saying thus: "O most reverent lady mother, I heartily beseech and require you that it will please you to have me recommended unto my father; for I will take the way to Rome to be assoiled of my sins, which are innumerable, and too abominable to recount. Therefore I will never sleep one night there I sleep another, till I come to Rome and God will."

A DANISH BARROW ON THE DEVON COAST.

By FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

[1824– .]

Lie still, old Dane, below thy heap!
A sturdy back and sturdy limb,
Whoe'er he was, I warrant him
Upon whose mound the single sheep
Browses and tinkles in the sun,
Within the narrow vale alone.

Lie still, old Dane! this restful scene
Suits well thy centuries of sleep;
The soft brown roots above thee creep,
The lotus flaunts his ruddy sheen,
And — vain memento of the spot —
The turquoise-eyed forget-me-not.

Lie still! Thy mother-land herself
Would know thee not again: no more
The raven from the northern shore
Hails the bald crew to push for pelf,
Through fire and blood and slaughtered kings,
'Neath the black terror of his wings.

And thou — thy very name is lost!
The peasant only knows that here
Bold Alfred scooped thy flinty bier,
And prayed a foeman's prayer, and tost
His auburn head, and said, "One more
Of England's foes guards England's shore";

And turned and passed to other feats,
And left thee in thine iron robe,
To circle with the circling globe;
While Time's corrosive dewdrop eats
The giant warrior to a crust
Of earth in earth, and rust in rust.

So lie; and let the children play
And sit like flowers upon thy grave
And crown with flowers, — that hardly have
A briefer blooming-tide than they, —
By hurrying years urged on to rest,
As thou within thy mother's breast.

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

By ROBERT BROWNING.

[Robert Browning, English poet, was born in London, May 7, 1812; married Elizabeth Barrett in 1846, and lived in Italy the greater part of his life afterward. His first considerable poem was "Pauline" (1833, anonymous). There followed, among others, "Paracelsus," "Strafford," "Sordello," "Bells and Pomegranates" (a collection including "Pippa Passes," "King Victor and King Charles," "Colombe's Birthday," "The Return of the Druses," "A Blot in the 'Scutcheon," "Luria," and "A Soul's Tragedy"), "Men and Women," "Dramatis Personæ," "The Ring and the Book," "Balaustion's Adventure," "Fifine at the Fair," "Red Cotton Nightcap Country." He died in Venice, December 12, 1889.]

Hamelin Town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

At last the people in a body
To the Townhall came flocking:
"'Tis clear," cried they, "our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation — shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,
To find in the furry civic robe ease?

Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!"
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

An hour they sate in council,
At length the Mayor broke silence:
"For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain —
I'm sure my poor head aches again
I've scratched it so, and all in vain,
Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap!"
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap?
"Bless us," cried the Mayor, "what's that?"
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too long opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
"Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pitapat! —

"Come in!" — the Mayor cried, looking bigger
And in did come the strangest figure.
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in —
There was no guessing his kith and kin!
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire:
Quoth one: "It's as my great-grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone."

He advanced to the council table:
And, "Please your honors," said he, "I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw

All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper."
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the selfsame check;
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
"Yet," said he, "poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats;
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats
Will you give me a thousand guilders?"
"One? fifty thousand!" — was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled;
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

After the etching by R. W. Macbeth

Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives —
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step for step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser
Wherein all plunged and perished
— Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat land home his commentary,
Which was, "At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery,
Is breathed) called out, Oh! rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, come, bore me!
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;

And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accepted the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor —
With him I proved no bargain driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say: —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

After the etching by R. W. Macbeth

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And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery,
Is breathed) called out, Oh! rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon!
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,
All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, come, bore me!
— I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple;
"Go," cried the Mayor, "and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!" — when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market place,
With a, "First, if you please, my thousand guilders!"

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For council dinners made rare havock
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;

And half the money would replenish
Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gypsy coat of red and yellow!
"Beside," quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
"Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

The piper's face fell, and he cried,
"No trifling! I can't wait, beside!
I've promised to visit by dinner time
Bagdat, and accepted the prime
Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor —
With him I proved no bargain driver,
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion."

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a Cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
Blow your pipe there till you burst!"

Once more he stept into the street;
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musicians cunning
Never gave the enraptured air)
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,

Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farmyard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by —
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from South to West,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
"He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!"
When lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say: —
"It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;

The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honeybees had lost their stings;
And horses were born with eagle's wings;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!"

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
  There came into many a burgher's pate
  A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
  Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw t'was a lost endeavor,
And Piper and dancers were gone forever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
  "And so long after what happened here
  On the twenty-second of July,
  Thirteen hundred and seventy-six:"
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the Children's last retreat,
They called it, the Pied Piper's street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labor.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
  To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away;
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say

That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress
On which their neighbors lay such stress
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band,
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

HARALD HAARFAGER'S SAGA.

By SNORRO STURLESON.

(From the "Heimskringla.")

[SNORRO (or SNORRI) STURLESON (or STURLASON), the greatest of Icelandic men of letters, and a great man of affairs as well, was born 1178, of a very old family claiming royal descent. His tutor was grandson of the compiler of the "Elder Edda," and he became deeply learned in Scandinavian antiquities and literature. Marrying an heiress and shortly losing his father, he became while young one of the richest and most influential men on the island, and was elected chief magistrate. His ability and profundity were conspicuous, his greed and intriguing ambition alleged as not less so; he drew on himself implacable feuds in which some of his own family took part against him, and finally embroiled himself with Hakon king of Norway, who sent orders to have him arrested or assassinated. The latter was done in 1241. He wrote panegyrical court poems said to be good; but his great work is the "Heimskringla" (World Circle), a history of the kings of Norway down to 1177. He is believed also to have shared in collecting the songs of the "Elder Edda," and contributed to the "Younger Edda."]

HARALD was but ten years old when he succeeded his father [Halfdan the Black]. He became a stout, strong, and comely man, and withal prudent and manly. His mother's brother, Guttorm, was regent over the court and country, and commander of the men-at-arms of the court. After Halfdan the Black's death, many chiefs coveted the dominions he had left. Among these, King Gandalf was the first; then Hogne and Frode, sons of Eystein king of Hedemark; and also Hogne Karason came from Ringerige. Hako, the son of Gandalf, began with an expedition of three hundred men against Westfold, marched round the head of and over some valleys, and expected to come suddenly upon King Harald; while his father Gandalf sat at

home with his army and prepared to cross over the fiord into Westfold. When Guttorm heard of this, he gathered an army, and marched up the country with King Harald against Hako. They met in a valley in which they fought a great battle, and King Harald was victorious; and there fell King Hako and most of his people. The place has since been called Hakodale. Then King Harald and Guttorm turned back, but they found King Gandalf had come to Westfold. The two armies marched against each other, and met, and had a great battle; and it ended in King Gandalf flying, after leaving most of his men dead on the spot, and in that state he came back to his kingdom. Now when the sons of King Eystein in Hedemark heard the news, they expected the war would come upon them, and they sent a message to Hogne Karason and to Herse Gudbrand, and appointed a meeting with them at Ringsager in Hedemark.

After the battle, King Harald and Guttorm turned back, and went with all the men they could gather through the forests towards the Uplands. They found out where the Upland kings had appointed their meeting-place, and came there about the time of midnight, without the watchmen observing them until their army was before the door of the house in which Hogne Karason was, as well as that in which Gudbrand slept. They set fire to both houses; but King Eystein's sons slipped out with their men, and fought for a while, until both Hogne and Frode fell. After the fall of these four chiefs, King Harald, by his relation Guttorm's success and power, subdued Hedemark, Ringerige, Gudbrandsdal, Hadeland, Thoten, Raumarige, and the whole northern part of Vingulmark. King Harald and Guttorm had thereafter war with King Gandalf, and fought several battles with him; and in the last of them King Gandalf was slain, and King Harald took the whole of his kingdom as far south as the Glommen.

King Harald sent his men to a girl called Gyda, a daughter of King Eric of Hordaland, who was brought up as foster-child in the house of a great bonder in Valders. The king wanted her for his concubine; for she was a remarkably handsome girl, but of high spirit withal. Now when the messengers came there and delivered their errand to the girl, she answered that she would not throw herself away even to take a king for her husband, who had no greater kingdom to rule over than a few districts. "And methinks," said she, "it is wonderful that no king here in Norway will make the whole country subject to him, in the

same way as Gorm the Old did in Denmark, or Eric at Upsal." The messengers thought her answer was dreadfully haughty, and asked what she thought would come of such an answer; for Harald was so mighty a man that his invitation was good enough for her. But although she had replied to their errand differently from what they wished, they saw no chance, on this occasion, of taking her with them against her will, so they prepared to return. When they were ready, and the people followed them out, Gyda said to the messengers, "Now tell to King Harald these my words, — I will only agree to be his lawful wife upon condition that he shall first, for my sake, subject to himself the whole of Norway, so that he may rule over that kingdom as freely and fully as King Eric over the Swedish dominions, or King Gorm over Denmark; for only then, methinks, can he be called the king of a people."

Now came the messengers back to King Harald, bringing him the words of the girl, and saying she was so bold and foolish that she well deserved that the king should send a greater troop of people for her, and inflict on her some disgrace. Then answered the king: "This girl has not spoken or done so much amiss that she should be punished, but rather she should be thanked for her words. She has reminded me," said he, "of something which it appears to me wonderful I did not think of before. And now," added he, "I make the solemn vow, and take God to witness, who made me and rules over all things, that never shall I clip or comb my hair until I have subdued the whole of Norway, with scatt, and duties, and domains; or if not, have died in the attempt." Guttorm thanked the king warmly for his vow; adding, that it was royal work to fulfill royal words.

After this battle King Harald met no opposition in Norway, for all his opponents and greatest enemies were cut off. But some, and they were a great multitude, fled out of the country, and thereby great districts were peopled. Jemteland and Helsingland were peopled then, although some Norwegians had already set up their habitation there. In the discontent that King Harald seized on the lands of Norway, the out-countries of Iceland and the Faroe Isle were discovered and peopled. The Northmen had also a great resort to Shetland, and many men left Norway, flying the country on account of King Harald, and went on viking cruises into the West Sea. In winter they

were in the Orkney Islands and Hebrides; but marauded in summer in Norway, and did great damage. Many, however, were the mighty men who took service under King Harald, and became his men, and dwelt in the land with him.

When King Harald had now become sole king over all Norway, he remembered what that proud girl had said to him; so he sent men to her, and had her brought to him, and took her to his bed. And these were their children: Alaf, she was the eldest; then was their son Hraereck; then Sigtryg, Frode, and Thorgils. King Harald had many wives and many children. Among them he had one wife who was called Ragnhild the Mighty, a daughter of King Eric, from Jutland; and by her he had a son, Eric Bloodyaxe. He was also married to Swanhilde, a daughter of Earl Eystein; and their sons were Olaf Geirstadaalf, Biorn, and Ragnar Ryskill. Lastly, King Harald married Ashilda, a daughter of King Dagsson, up in Ringerige; and their children were Dag, Ring, Gudrod, Skiria, and Ingigerd. It is told that King Harald put away nine wives when he married Ragnhild the Mighty.

King Harald heard that the vikings, who were in the West Sea in winter, plundered far and wide in the middle part of Norway; and therefore, every summer, he made an expedition to search the isles and outskerries on the coast. Wheresoever the vikings heard of him they all took to flight, and most of them out into the open ocean. At last the king grew weary of this work, and therefore, one summer he sailed with his fleet right out into the West Sea. First he came to Shetland, and he slew all the vikings who could not save themselves by flight. Then King Harald sailed southward, to the Orkney Islands, and cleared them all of vikings. Thereafter he proceeded to the Hebrides, plundered there, and slew many vikings who formerly had had men-at-arms under them. Many a battle was fought, and King Harald was always victorious. He then plundered far and wide in Scotland itself, and had a battle there. When he was come westward as far as the Isle of Man, the report of his exploits on the land had gone before him; for all the inhabitants had fled over to Scotland, and the island was left entirely bare both of people and goods, so that King Harald and his men made no booty when they landed. So says Hornklof: —

"The wise, the noble king, great Harald,
Whose hand so freely scatters gold,

Led many a northern shield to war
Against the town upon the shore.
The wolves soon gathered on the sand
Of that seashore; for Harald's hand
The Scottish army drove away,
And on the coast left wolves a prey."

In this war fell Ivar, a son of Rognvald, earl of Möre; and King Harald gave Rognvald, as a compensation for the loss, the Orkney and Shetland isles, when he sailed from the West; but Rognvald immediately gave both these countries to his brother Sigurd, who remained behind them; and King Harald, before sailing eastward, gave Sigurd the earldom of them. Thorstein the Red, a son of Olaf the White, and Aude the Wealthy, entered into partnership with him; and after plundering in Scotland, they subdued Caithness and Sutherland, as far as Ekjalsbakki. Earl Sigurd killed Melbrigda-Tonn, a Scotch earl, and hung his head to his stirrup-leather; but the calf of his leg was scratched by the teeth, which were sticking out from the head, and the wound caused inflammation in his leg, of which the earl died, and he was laid in a mound at Ekjalsbakki. His son, Guttorm, ruled over these countries for about a year thereafter, and died without children. Many vikings, both Danes and Northmen, set themselves down then in those countries.

After King Harald had subdued the whole land, he was one day at a feast in Möre, given by Earl Rognvald. Then King Harald went into a bath, and had his hair dressed. Earl Rognvald now cut his hair, which had been uncut and uncombed for ten years; and therefore the king had been called Ugly Head. But then Earl Rognvald gave him the distinguishing name — Harald Haarfager; and all who saw him agreed that there was the greatest truth in that surname, for he had the most beautiful and abundant head of hair.

Earl Rognvald was King Harald's dearest friend, and the king had the greatest regard for him. He was married to Hilda, a daughter of Rolf Naefia, and their sons were Rolf and Thorer. Earl Rognvald had also three sons by concubines, — the one called Hallad, the second Einar, the third Hrollaug; and all three were grown men when their brothers, born in marriage, were still children. Rolf became a great viking, and was of so stout a growth that no horse could carry him, and wheresoever he went he must go on foot; and therefore he was called Gange-Rolf. He plundered much in the East Sea. One

summer, as he was coming from the eastward on a viking's expedition, to the coast of Viken, he landed there and made a cattle foray. As King Harald happened just at that time to be in Viken, he heard of it, and was in a great rage; for he had forbid, by the greatest punishment, the plundering within the bounds of the country. The king assembled a Thing, and had Rolf declared an outlaw over all Norway. When Rolf's mother, Hilda, heard of it, she hastened to the king, and entreated peace for Rolf; but the king was so enraged that her entreaty was of no avail. Then Hilda spake these lines: —

"Think'st thou, King Harald, in thy anger,
To drive away my brave Rolf Ganger,
Like a mad wolf, from out the land?
Why, Harald, raise thy mighty hand?
Why banish Naefia's gallant name-son,
The brother of brave udal-men?
Why is thy cruelty so fell?
Bethink thee, monarch, it is ill
With such a wolf at wolf to play,
Who, driven to the wild woods away,
May make the king's best deer his prey."

Gange-Rolf went afterward over the sea to the West to the Hebudes, or Sydreyar; and at last farther west to Valland, where he plundered and subdued for himself a great earldom, which he peopled with Northmen, from which that land is called Normandy. Gange-Rolf's son was William, father to Richard, and grandfather to another Richard, who was the father of Richard Longspear, and grandfather of William the Bastard, from whom all the following English kings are descended. From Gange-Rolf also are descended the earls in Normandy. Queen Ragnhild the Mighty lived three years after she came to Norway; and, after her death, her son and King Harald's was taken to Thorer Hroaldson, and Eric was fostered by him.

King Harald, one winter, went about in guest-quarters in Upland, and had ordered a Christmas feast to be prepared for him at the farm Thopte. On Christmas eve, came Swase to the door, just as the king went to table, and sent a message to the king to ask if he would go out with him. The king was angry at such a message, and the man who had brought it in took out with him a reply of the king's displeasure. But Swase, notwithstanding, desired that his message should be delivered a

second time; adding to it, that he was the Laplander whose hut the king had promised to visit, and which stood on the other side of the ridge. Now the king went out, and promised to follow him, and went over to the ridge to his hut, although some of his men dissuaded him. There stood Snaefrid, the daughter of Swase, a most beautiful girl, and she filled a cup of mead for the king. But he took hold both of the cup and of her hand. Immediately it was as if a hot fire went through his body; and he wanted that very night to take her to his bed. But Swase said that should not be unless by main force, if he did not first make her his lawful wife. Now King Harald made Snaefrid his lawful wife, and loved her so passionately that he forgot his kingdom and all that belonged to his high dignity. They had four sons: the one was Sigurd Rise; the others, Halfdan Haaleg, Gudrod Liome, and Rognvald Rettilbeen. Thereafter Snaefrid died; but her corpse never changed, but was as fresh and red as when she lived. The king sat always beside her, and thought she would come to life again. And so it went on for three years that he was sorrowing over her death, and the people over his delusion. At last Thorlief the Wise succeeded, by his prudence, in curing him of his delusion by accosting him thus: "It is nowise wonderful, king, that thou grievest over so beautiful and noble a wife, and bestowest costly coverlets and beds of down on her corpse, as she desired; but these honors fall short of what is due, as she still lies in the same clothes. It would be more suitable to raise her, and change her dress." As soon as the body was raised in the bed, all sorts of corruption and foul smells came from it, and it was necessary in all haste to gather a pile of wood and burn it; but before this could be done the body turned blue, and worms, toads, newts, paddocks, and all sorts of ugly reptiles came out of it, and it sank into ashes. Now the king came to his understanding again, threw the madness out of his mind, and after that day ruled his kingdom as before. He was strengthened and made joyful by his subjects, and his subjects by him, and the country by both.

After King Harald had experienced the cunning of the Laplander, he was so angry that he drove from him the sons he had with her, and would not suffer them before his eyes. But one of them, Gudrod Liome, went to his foster-father, Thiodolf, and asked him to go to the king, who was then in the Uplands; for Thiodolf was a great friend of the king. And so they went,

and came to the king's house late in the evening, and sat down together unnoticed near the door. The king walked up and down the floor casting his eye along the benches; for he had a feast in the house, and the mead was just mixed. The king then murmured out these lines: —

"Tell me, ye aged gray-haired heroes,
Who have come here to seek repose,
Wherefore must I so many keep
Of such a set, who, one and all,
Right dearly love their souls to steep,
From morn till night, in the mead-bowl?"

Then Thiodolf replies: —

"A certain wealthy chief, I think,
Would gladly have had more to drink
With him, upon one bloody day,
When crowns were cracked in our sword-play."

Thiodolf then took off his hat, and the king recognized him, and gave him a friendly reception. Thiodolf then begged the king not to cast off his sons, "for they would with great pleasure have taken a better family descent upon the mother's side, if the king had given it to them." The king assented, and told him to take Gudrod with him as formerly; and he sent Halfdan and Sigurd to Ringerige, and Rognvald to Hadeland, and all was done as the king ordered. They grew up to be very clever men, very expert in all exercises. In these times King Harald sat in peace in the land, and the land enjoyed quietness and good crops.

When King Harald was forty years of age, many of his sons were well advanced; and, indeed, they all came early to strength and manhood. And now they began to take it ill that the king would not give them any part of the kingdom, but put earls into every district; for they thought earls were of inferior birth to them. Then Halfdan Haaleg and Gudrod Liome set off one spring with a great force, and came suddenly upon Earl Rognvald, earl of Möre, and surrounded the house in which he was, and burnt him and sixty men in it. Thereafter Halfdan took three long-ships, and fitted them out, and sailed into the West Sea; but Gudrod set himself down in the land which Rognvald formerly had. Now when King Harald heard this, he set out with a great force against Gudrod, who had no other

way left but to surrender, and he was sent to Agder. King Harald then set Earl Rognvald's son Thorer over Möre, and gave him his daughter Alof in marriage. Thorer, called the Silent, got the same territory his father Rognvald had possessed.

Halfdan Haaleg came very unexpectedly to Orkney, and Earl Einar immediately fled; but came back soon after, about harvest time, unnoticed by Halfdan. They met, and, after a short battle, Halfdan fled the same night. Einar and his men lay all night without tents, and when it was light in the morning they searched the whole island, and killed every man they could lay hold of. Then Einar said: "What is that I see upon the isle of Ronaldsha? Is it a man or a bird? Sometimes it raises itself up, and sometimes lies down again." They went to it, and found it was Halfdan Haaleg, and took him prisoner.

Earl Einar sang the following song the evening before he went into this battle: —

"Where is the spear of Rollaug? where
Is stout Rolf Ganger's bloody spear?
I see them not; yet never fear,
For Einar will not vengeance spare
Against his father's murderers, though
Rollaug and Rolf are somewhat slow,
And silent Thorer sits and dreams
At home, beside the mead-bowl's streams."

Thereafter Earl Einar went up to Halfdan, and cut a spread eagle upon his back, by striking his sword through his back into his belly, dividing his ribs from the backbone down to his loins, and tearing out his lungs; and so Halfdan was killed. Einar then sang: —

"For Rognvald's death my sword is red:
Of vengeance it cannot be said
That Einar's share is left unsped.
So now, brave boys, let's raise a mound, —
Heap stones and gravel on the ground
O'er Halfdan's corpse: this is the way
We Norsemen our scatt duties pay."

When Harald was seventy years of age he begat a son with a girl called Thora Mosterstang, because her family came from Moster. She was descended from good people, being connected with Horda-Kaare; and was, moreover, a very stout and remarkably handsome girl. She was called the king's servant girl;

for at that time many were subject to service to the king who were of good birth, both men and women. Then it was the custom, with people of consideration, to choose with great care the man who should pour water over their children, and give them a name. Now when the time came that Thora, who was then at Moster, expected her confinement, she would go to King Harald, who was then living at Saeim; and she went northward in a ship belonging to Earl Sigurd. They lay at night close to the land; and there Thora brought forth a child upon the land, up among the rocks, close to the ship's gangway, and it was a man child. Earl Sigurd poured water over him, and called him Hakon, after his own father, Hakon earl of Lade. The boy soon grew handsome, large in size, and very like his father, King Harald. King Harald let him follow his mother, and they were both in the king's house as long as he was an infant.

At this time, a king called Athelstan had taken the kingdom of England. He sent men to Norway to King Harald, with the errand that the messengers should present him with a sword, with the hilt and handle gilt, and also the whole sheath adorned with gold and silver, and set with precious jewels. The ambassadors presented the sword hilt to the king, saying, "Here is a sword which King Athelstan sends thee, with the request that thou wilt accept it." The king took the sword by the handle; whereupon the ambassadors said, "Now thou hast taken the sword according to our king's desire, and therefore art thou his subject, as thou hast taken his sword." King Harald saw now that this was a jest, for he would be subject to no man. But he remembered it was his rule, whenever anything raised his anger, to collect himself, and let his passion run off, and then take the matter into consideration coolly. Now he did so, and consulted his friends, who all gave him the advice to let the ambassadors, in the first place, go home in safety.

The following summer King Harald sent a ship westward to England, and gave the command of it to Hauk Haabrok. He was a great warrior, and very dear to the king. Into his hands he gave his son Hakon. Hauk proceeded westward to England, and found the king in London, where there was just at the time a great feast and entertainment. When they came to the hall, Hauk told his men how they should conduct themselves; namely, that he who went first in should go last out,

and all should stand in a row at the table, at equal distance from each other; and each should have his sword at his left side, but should fasten his cloak so that his sword should not be seen. Then they went into the hall, thirty in number. Hauk went up to the king and saluted him, and the king bade him welcome. Then Hauk took the child Hakon, and set it on the king's knee. The king looks at the boy, and asks Hauk what the meaning of this is. Hauk replies, "Harald the king bids thee foster his servant girl's child." The king was in great anger, and seized a sword which lay beside him, and drew it, as if he was going to kill the child. Hauk says, "Thou hast borne him on thy knee, and thou canst murder him if thou wilt; but thou wilt not make an end of all King Harald's sons by so doing." On that Hauk went out with all his men, and took the way direct to his ship, and put to sea,—for they were ready,—and came back to King Harald. The king was highly pleased with this; for it is the common observation of all people that the man who fosters another's children is of less consideration than the other. From these transactions between the two kings, it appears that each wanted to be held greater than the other; but in truth there was no injury to the dignity of either, for each was the upper king in his own kingdom till his dying day.

King Athelstan had Hakon baptized, and brought up in the right faith, and in good habits, and all sorts of exercises, and he loved Hakon above all his relations; and Hakon was beloved by all men. Athelstan was a man of understanding and eloquence, and also a good Christian. King Athelstan gave Hakon a sword, of which the hilt and handle were gold, and the blade still better; for with it Hakon cut down a millstone to the center eye, and the sword thereafter was called the Quernbiter. Better sword never came into Norway, and Hakon carried it to his dying day.

When King Harald was eighty years of age he became very heavy, and unable to travel through the country, or do the business of a king. Then he brought his son Eric to his high seat, and gave him the power and command over the whole land. Now when King Harald's other sons heard this, King Halfdan the Black also took a king's high seat, and took all Drontheim land, with the consent of all people, under his rule as upper king. After the death of Biorn the Merchant, his brother Olaf took the command over Westfold, and took Biorn's

son, Gudrod, as his foster-child. Olaf's son was called Tryggve; and the two foster-brothers were about the same age, and were hopeful and clever. Tryggve, especially, was remarkable as a stout and strong man. Now when the people of Viken heard that those of Horden had taken Eric as upper king, they did the same, and made Olaf the upper king in Viken, which kingdom he retained. Eric did not like this at all. Two years after this, Halfdan the Black died suddenly at a feast in Drontheim, and the general report was that Gunhild had bribed a witch to give him a death-drink. Thereafter the Drontheim people took Sigrod to be their king.

King Harald lived three years after he gave Eric the supreme authority over his kingdom, and lived mostly on his great farms which he possessed, some in Rogaland, and some in Hordaland. Eric and Gunhild had a son, on whom King Harald poured water, and gave him his own name, and the promise that he should be king after his father Eric. King Harald married most of his daughters within the country to his earls, and from them many great families are descended. King Harald died on a bed of sickness in Rogaland, and was buried under a mound at Haugar in Kormsund. In Haugasund is a church now standing; and not far from the churchyard, at the northwest side, is King Harald Haarfager's mound; but his gravestone stands west of the church, and is thirteen feet and a half high, and two ells broad. The grave mound and stone are there to the present day. Harald Haarfager was, according to the report of men of knowledge, of remarkably handsome appearance, great and strong, and very generous and affable to his men. He was a great warrior in his youth; and people think that this was foretold by his mother's dream before his birth, as the lowest part of the tree she dreamt of was red as blood. The stem again was green and beautiful, which betokened his flourishing kingdom; and that the tree was white at the top showed that he should reach a grey-haired old age. The branches and twigs showed forth his posterity, spread over the whole land; for of his race ever since Norway has always had kings.

THE ANARCHY UNDER STEPHEN.

(From "The Anglo-Saxon Chronicle.")

[Henry I., after the death of his son in the White Ship, had sworn his subject nobles to the succession of his daughter Matilda and her son (afterward Henry II.); but her cousin Stephen of Blois broke the oath and had himself crowned.]

A. 1135. This year king Henry . . . died in Normandy, on the day after the feast of St. Andrew. Soon did this land fall into trouble, for every man greatly began to rob his neighbor as he might. Then king Henry's sons and his friends took his body, and brought it to England, and buried it at Reading. He was a good man, and great was the awe of him; no man durst ill-treat another in his time: he made peace for men and deer. Whoso bare his burden of gold and silver, no man durst say to him aught but good.

In the meantime his nephew Stephen de Blois had arrived in England, and he came to London, and the inhabitants received him, and sent for the archbishop, William Corboil, who consecrated him king on midwinter-day. In this king's time was all discord, and evil-doing, and robbery; for the powerful men who had kept aloof, soon rose up against him; the first was Baldwin de Redvers, and he held Exeter against the king, and Stephen besieged him, and afterwards Baldwin made terms with him. Then the others took their castles, and held them against the king, and David, king of Scotland, betook him to Wessington [Derbyshire], but notwithstanding his array, messengers passed between them, and they came together, and made an agreement, though it availed little.

A. 1137. This year king Stephen went over sea to Normandy, and he was received there because it was expected that he would be altogether like his uncle, and because he had gotten possession of his treasure, but this he distributed and scattered foolishly. King Henry had gathered together much gold and silver, yet did he no good for his soul's sake with the same. When king Stephen came to England, he held an assembly at Oxford; and there he seized Roger bishop of Salisbury, and Alexander bishop of Lincoln, and Roger the chancellor, his nephew, and he kept them all in prison till they gave up their castles. When the traitors perceived that he was a mild man,

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and a soft, and a good, and that he did not enforce justice, they did all wonder. They had done homage to him, and sworn oaths, but they no faith kept; all became forsworn, and broke their allegiance, for every rich man built his castles, and defended them against him, and they filled the land full of castles.

They greatly oppressed the wretched people by making them work at these castles, and when the castles were finished they filled them with devils and evil men. Then they took those whom they suspected to have any goods, by night and by day, seizing both men and women, and they put them in prison for their gold and silver, and tortured them with pains unspeakable, for never were any martyrs tormented as these were. They hung some up by their feet, and smoked them with foul smoke; some by their thumbs, or by the head, and they hung burning things on their feet. They put a knotted string about their heads, and twisted it till it went into the brain. They put them into dungeons wherein were adders and snakes and toads, and thus wore them out. Some they put into a crucet-house, that is, into a chest that was short and narrow, and not deep, and they put sharp stones in it, and crushed the man therein so that they broke all his limbs. There were hateful and grim things called Sachenteges in many of the castles, and which two or three men had enough to do to carry. The Sachentege was made thus: it was fastened to a beam, having a sharp iron to go round a man's throat and neck, so that he might no ways sit, nor lie, nor sleep, but that he must bear all the iron. Many thousands they exhausted with hunger. I cannot and I may not tell of all the wounds, and all the tortures that they inflicted upon the wretched men of this land; and this state of things lasted the nineteen years that Stephen was king, and ever grew worse and worse. They were continually levying an exaction from the towns, which they called Tenserie, and when the miserable inhabitants had no more to give, then plundered they, and burnt all the towns, so that well mightest thou walk a whole day's journey nor ever shouldst thou find a man seated in a town, or its lands tilled.

Then was corn dear, and flesh, and cheese, and butter, for there was none in the land — wretched men starved with hunger — some lived on alms who had been erewhile rich: some fled the country — never was there more misery, and never acted heathens worse than these. At length they spared

neither church nor churchyard, but they took all that was valuable therein, and then burned the church and all together. Neither did they spare the lands of bishops, nor of abbots, nor of priests; but they robbed the monks and the clergy, and every man plundered his neighbor as much as he could. If two or three men came riding to a town, all the township fled before them, and thought that they were robbers. The bishops and clergy were ever cursing them, but this to them was nothing, for they were all accursed, and forsworn, and reprobate. The earth bare no corn, you might as well have tilled the sea, for the land was all ruined by such deeds, and it was said openly that Christ and his saints slept. These things and more than we can say, did we suffer during nineteen years because of our sins.

Now will we relate some part of what befell in king Stephen's time. In his reign the Jews of Norwich bought a Christian child before Easter, and tortured him with all the torments wherewith our Lord was tortured, and they crucified him on Good Friday for the love of our Lord, and afterwards buried him. They believed that this would be kept secret, but our Lord made manifest that he was a holy martyr, and the monks took him and buried him honorably in the monastery, and he performed manifold and wonderful miracles through the power of our Lord, and he is called St. William.

A. 1138. This year, David king of Scotland, entered this land with an immense army resolving to conquer it, and William earl of Albemarle, to whose charge the king had committed York, and other trusty men, came against him with few troops, and fought with him, and they put the king to flight at the Standard, and slew a great part of his followers.

A. 1140. This year, Stephen attempted to take Robert earl of Gloucester the son of King Henry, but failed, for Robert was aware of his purpose. After this, in Lent, the sun and the day were darkened about noon, when men eat, so that they lighted candles to eat by. This was on the 13th, before the Kalends of April, and the people were greatly astonished. After this, William archbishop of Canterbury died, and the king made Theobald, abbot of Bec, archbishop. Then there arose a very great war between the king and Randolph earl of Chester, not because the king did not give him all that he could ask, even as he did to all others, but that the more he gave them, the worse they always carried themselves to him. The

earl held Lincoln against the king, and seized all that belonged to the king there, and the king went thither, and besieged him and his brother William de Romare, in the castle: and the earl stole out and went for Robert earl of Gloucester, and brought him thither with a large army; and they fought furiously against their lord on Candlemas-day, and they took him captive, for his men betrayed him and fled, and they led him to Bristol, and there they put him into prison and close confinement. Now was all England more disturbed than before, and all evil was in the land.

After this, king Henry's daughter, who had been empress of Germany, and was now countess of Anjou, arrived, and she came to London, and the citizens would have seized her, but she fled with much loss. Then Henry bishop of Winchester, king Stephen's brother, spake with earl Robert and with the empress, and swore them oaths that he never more would hold with the king, his brother, and he cursed all those that did hold with him, and he said that he would give up Winchester to them, and he made them come thither. But when they were in that place, Stephen's queen brought up her strength and besieged them, till there was so great a famine in the town, they could endure it no longer. Then stole they out and fled, and the besiegers were aware of them, and followed them, and they took Robert earl of Gloucester, and led him to Rochester, and imprisoned him there: and the empress fled into a monastery. Then, wise men, friends of the king and of the earl, interfered between them, and they settled that the king should be let out of prison for the earl, and the earl for the king; and this was done.

After this, the king and earl Randolph were reconciled at Stamford, and they took oaths and pledged their troth, that neither would betray the other: but this promise was set at nought, for the king afterwards seized the earl in Northampton, through wicked counsel, and put him in prison, but he let him free soon after, through worse, on condition that he should swear on the cross, and find hostages that he would give up all his castles. Some he did deliver up, and others not; and he did worse than he should have done in this country.

Now was England much divided, some held with the king and some with the empress, for when the king was in prison the earls and the great men thought that he would never more come out, and they treated with the empress, and brought her

to Oxford, and gave her the town. When the king was out of prison he heard this, and he took his army and besieged her in the tower, and they let her down from the tower by night with ropes, and she stole away, and she fled: and she went on foot to Wallingford. After this she went over sea, and all the Normans turned from the king to the earl of Anjou, some willingly, and some against their will; for he besieged them till they gave up their castles, and they had no help from the king. Then the king's son Eustace went to France, and took to wife the sister of the king of France; he thought to obtain Normandy through this marriage, but little he sped, and that of right, for he was an evil man, and did more harm than good wherever he went: he spoiled the lands, and laid thereon heavy taxes: he brought his wife to England, and put her into the castle of ——; she was a good woman but she had little bliss with him, and it was not the will of Christ that he should bear rule long, and he died, and his mother also.

And the earl of Anjou died, and his son Henry succeeded him; and the queen of France was divorced from the king, and she went to the young earl Henry and he took her to wife, and received all Poitou with her. Then he came into England with a great army and won castles; and the king marched against him with a much larger army, howbeit they did not fight, but the archbishop and wise men went between them and made a treaty on these terms: that the king should be lord and king while he lived, and that Henry should be king after his death, and that he should consider him as his father, and the king him as his son, and that peace and concord should be between them, and in all England. The king, and the earl, and the bishop, and the earls, and all the great men swore to observe these and the other conditions that were then made. The earl was received with much honor at Winchester and at London, and all did homage to him, and swore to keep the peace, and it soon became a very good peace, such as never was in this land. Then the king was more powerful here than ever he was; and the earl went over sea, and all the people loved him, because he did good justice, and made peace.

A. 1154. This year king Stephen died, and he was buried with his wife and his son at Faversham; they had built that monastery. When the king died the earl was beyond sea, and no man durst do other than good for very dread of him.

STRONGBOW AND DERMOT MAC MURROUGH.

By GIRALDUS CAMBRENSIS.

[Gerald de Barri, "Gerald the Cambrian," one of the best-known ecclesiastics and writers of his time, was a cadet of a great Norman-Welsh house, born in Wales in 1146; studied at the University of Paris, and professes to have won great repute as a lecturer; returning in 1172, took orders, and was made archdeacon of Brecknock by the influence of his uncle, bishop of St. David's, the metropolitan Welsh see. Here he enforced clerical celibacy and tithes by unsparing excommunications. On the uncle's death, in 1176, the chapter elected Gerald bishop on their own right, St. David's having always had archiepiscopal rights; but Henry II. wanted no more Beckets (Becket was murdered 1170) nor Welsh independence, disallowed the election, and Gerald returned to Paris. The new bishop proving incompetent, Gerald was made administrator of the diocese 1180–1184. Being then appointed a royal chaplain, he went to Ireland with Prince John, refused an Irish bishopric, and in 1187 published his "Topography of Ireland" and history of its conquest. In 1188 he went through Wales with the archbishop of Canterbury preaching the third crusade, and wrote his "Itinerarium Cambriæ." On Henry's last campaign, in France, 1189, Gerald accompanied him. Richard I. on acceding sent him into Wales to preserve order, made him co-regent with Longchamp and offered him two Welsh bishoprics in succession, which he refused, wanting St. David's. He put himself out of favor at court, and spent 1192–1198 in retirement, writing and studying. In 1198 St. David's chapter again elected him bishop without license; the archbishop of Canterbury annulled the election; Gerald spent five years and three journeys to Rome fighting him and appealing to the Holy See to recognize St. Davids' independence, was definitively beaten, resigned his archdeaconry, and retired to a remaining life of study and literary work. Near the close of his life he was offered St. David's on conditions, but refused. He died 1219. The kings were right: Gerald was an extreme type of the intractable prelates who made government so difficult in that age, but too vain, self-absorbed, and unpliable to attain a position where he could do much mischief.]

Dermitius, the son of Murchard, and prince of Leinster, who ruled over that fifth part of Ireland, possessed in our times the maritime districts in the east of the island, separated only from Great Britain by the sea which flowed between. His youth and inexperience in government led him to become the oppressor of the nobility, and to impose a cruel and intolerable tyranny on the chiefs of the land. This brought him into trouble, and it was not the only one; for O'Roric, prince of Meath, having gone on an expedition into a distant quarter, left his wife [Dervorgilla], the daughter of Omachlacherlin [Murtough O'Melaghlin, king of Meath], in a certain island of Meath during his absence; and she, who had long entertained a passion for Dermitius, took advantage of the absence

of her husband, and allowed herself to be ravished, not against her will. As the nature of women is fickle and given to change, she thus became the prey of the spoiler by her own contrivance. For as Mark Anthony and Troy are witnesses, almost all the greatest evils in the world have arisen from women. King O'Roric being moved by this to great wrath, but more for the shame than the loss he suffered, was fully bent on revenge, and forthwith gathered the whole force of his own people and the neighboring tribes, calling besides to his aid Roderick, prince of Connaught, then monarch of all Ireland. The people of Leinster, considering in what a strait their prince was, and seeing him beset on every side by bands of enemies, began to call to mind their own long-smothered grievances, and their chiefs leagued themselves with the foes of Mac Murchard, and deserted him in his desperate fortunes.

Dermitius, seeing himself thus forsaken and left destitute, fortune frowning upon him, and his affairs being now desperate, after many fierce conflicts with the enemy, in which he was always worsted, at length resolved, as his last refuge, to take ship and flee beyond sea. It is therefore apparent from many occurrences, that it is safer to govern willing subjects than those who are disobedient. Nero learnt this, and Domitian also, while in our times, Henry, duke of Saxony and Bavaria [Henry the Lion], was made sensible of it. It is better for a prince to be loved than to be feared; but it is expedient that he should be feared also, so that the fear proceeds rather from good-will than from coercion. For whatever is outwardly loved, it necessarily follows that the same must be also feared. Wherefore fear must be so tempered with love, that neither a lax freedom degenerate into coldness, nor terror extorted by a rash insolence be turned into tyranny. Love lengthened the reign of Augustus, but fear cut short the life and rule of the emperor Julius.

Meanwhile, Mac Murchard, submitting to his change of fortune, and confidently hoping for some favorable turn, crossed the sea with a favorable wind, and came to Henry II., king of England, for the purpose of earnestly imploring his succor. Although the king was at that time beyond sea, far away in Aquitaine, in France, and much engaged in business, he received Murchard with great kindness, and the liberality and courtesy which was natural to him; and having heard the causes of his exile and coming over, and received his bond of

allegiance and oath of fealty, granted him letters patent to the effect following: "Henry king of England, duke of Normandy and Aquitaine, and count of Anjou, to all his liegemen, English, Normans, Welsh, and Scots, and to all other nations subject to his dominion, Sendeth greeting, Whensoever these our letters shall come unto you, know ye that we have received Dermitius, prince of Leinster, into our grace and favor, — Wherefore, whosoever within the bounds of our territories shall be willing to give him aid, as our vassal and liegeman, in recovering his territories, let him be assured of our favor and license on that behalf."

Dermitius, returning through Great Britain, loaded with honorable gifts by the royal munificence, but encouraged more by hope for the future than any aid he had yet obtained, reached at last the noble town of Bristol. Here he sojourned for some time, making a liberal expenditure, as on account of the ships which made frequent voyages from Ireland to that port, he had opportunities of hearing the state of affairs in his own country and among his people. During his stay he caused the royal letters patent to be read several times in public, and made liberal offers of pay and land to many persons, but in vain. At length, however, Richard, surnamed Strongbow, earl of Strigul, the son of earl Gilbert, came and had a conference with him; and after a prolonged treaty it was agreed between them that in the ensuing spring the earl should lend him aid in recovering his territories, Dermitius solemnly promising to give him his eldest daughter for wife, with the succession to his kingdom.

At that time, Robert Fitz-Stephen, who had been made prisoner through the treachery of his followers at Aberteivy, the chief place in the district of Cardigan, of which he was castellan, and delivered up to Rhys, having been kept in close confinement for three years, was released from prison on condition of his joining Rhys in taking arms against the king of England. But Robert, considering that, on the father's side, he was naturally bound in fealty to the king, his lord, — although by his mother, Nesta, a lady of high birth, the daughter of Rhys the Great, he was cousin-german to Rhys-ap-Griffyth, — preferred committing himself to the chances of fortune and fate, at the hazard of his life, in a foreign country, than to undergo the charge of disloyalty, to the no small stain on his honor and reputation and those of his adherents and

posterity. Through the mediation, therefore, of David, bishop of St. David's, and Maurice Fitzgerald, his half-brothers, who negotiated between him and Dermitius, after license obtained from Rhys, a contract was entered into that Dermitius should grant to Robert and Maurice the town of Wexford, with two adjoining cantreds of land, to be held in fee; in consideration whereof the said Robert and Maurice engaged to succor him in recovering his territories, as soon as spring should come and the winds be favorable.

Mindful of his engagement and true to his plighted faith, he mustered thirty men-at-arms, of his own kindred and retainers, together with sixty men in half-armor, and about three hundred archers and foot soldiers, the flower of the youth of Wales, and embarking them in three ships, landed at the Banne, about the calends of May [A.D. 1170].

Mac Murchard, elated with his late successes, raised his hopes still higher, and having now recovered all his patrimonial territories, became ambitious of regaining the rights of his ancestors in old times, and formed the design of seizing by force Connaught and the monarchy of all Ireland. With a view to this, he sought a private conference with Fitz-Stephen and Maurice, and having opened to them all that was passing in his mind, received for answer that what he proposed could be easily accomplished if he could procure strong reënforcements of English troops to support his pretensions. Thereupon Dermitius used all manner of entreaties to induce them to invite over more numerous bands of their kindred and countrymen into the island, and take measures for carrying his project into execution; and at last, the better to persuade them, he offered to either of them his eldest daughter in marriage, with the right of succession to his kingdom. But as it chanced that both were already in the bonds of lawful wedlock, they came at last, after much deliberation, to the conclusion that Dermitius should forthwith dispatch messengers to earl Richard, who has been mentioned before in chapter 2, and to whom he had formerly promised to give this daughter when he was in Bristol; the messengers being the bearer of a letter to the following effect:

"*Dermitius, son of Murchard, prince of Leinster, to Richard, earl of Strigul, son of earl Gilbert, sends greeting.*

"Tempora si numeres bene quæ numeramus egentes,
Non venit ante suum nostra querela diem.

Were you, like those who wait your aid, to count the weary days,
You would not wonder that I chide these lingering delays.

"We have watched the storks and swallows; the summer birds have come, and are gone again with the southerly wind; but neither winds from the east nor the west have brought us your much desired and long expected presence. Let your present activity make up for this delay, and prove by your deeds that you have not forgotten your engagements, but only deferred their performance. The whole of Leinster has been already recovered, and if you come in time with a strong force, the other four parts of the kingdom will be easily united to the fifth. You will add to the favor of your coming if it be speedy; it will turn out famous if it be not delayed, and the sooner, the better welcome. The wound in our regards which has been partly caused by neglect will be healed by your presence; for friendship is secured by good offices, and grows by benefits to greater strength."

Earl Richard having heard these tidings, and, after taking much counsel, being encouraged by Fitz-Stephen's success, of which he had been at first doubtful, resolved on pursuing the same course as the others had done; and, bending every effort towards one object, on which his most earnest desire was set, he made all kinds of preparations for the conquest of Ireland. This earl was descended from a very noble stock, being of the famous race of the Clares: but his name was greater than his means, his descent than his talents, his rights of inheritance than his property in possession. He addressed himself, therefore, to Henry II., king of England, and earnestly prayed and entreated him that he would either put him in possession of the lands which justly belonged to him by right of inheritance, or grant him license to seek his fortune, trusting to fate, in foreign countries.

Having obtained the king's license, although it was given in jest rather than in earnest, earl Richard, suffering the winter to elapse, sent forward to Ireland about the calends [the first] of May, a young man of his own household, whose name was Raymond, with ten men-at-arms and seventy archers. He was a brave and stout soldier, expert in the practice of arms, and nephew both of Fitz-Stephen and Maurice, being the son of their elder brother.

Meanwhile earl Richard, having prepared all things neces-

sary for so great an enterprise, took his journey to St. David's along the coast of South Wales, adding to his numbers picked youths from the districts through which he passed. When all was ready for the important voyage, he betook himself to the port of Milford, and embarking there with about two hundred men-at-arms, and other troops to the number of a thousand, sailed over to Waterford with a fair wind, and landed there on the tenth of the calends of September [the 23d of August], being the eve of the feast of St. Bartholomew. On the morrow of the feast, being Tuesday, they joined their forces to those of Raymond, whose banners were already displayed against the walls of the town, and advanced together to make the assault. But having been twice repulsed by the townsmen, and the rest who had escaped the slaughter at Dundunolf, Raymond, discovering a little house of timber standing upon a post, outside the wall, to which it also hung, loudly called on the assailants from all quarters to renew the assault, and sent men in armor to hew down the post. As soon as it was done, the house fell, and carried with it a great piece of the wall, and the assailants entering manfully through the breach, rushed into the town, and slaughtering the citizens in heaps along the streets, gained a very bloody victory. The two Sytaracs being taken in the tower called Reginald's tower, were put to the sword, but Reginald and Machlachelin of Ophelan, being also taken prisoners in the same place, their lives were spared through the intervention of Dermitius, who just then came up with Maurice and Fitz-Stephen, as well as Raymond. A garrison was placed in the town, and the daughter of Dermitius, called Eva, having been then given to the earl by her father, and their marriage solemnized, according to, and in confirmation of, the treaty before made, the whole army marched towards Dublin, with banners displayed.

Dermitius having received intelligence that the citizens of Dublin had summoned the people from all parts of Ireland to succor them in defending the place, and that all the roads through the woods and other difficult passes were beset with armed men, was careful to avoid his father's mischance, and leading his army by the ridges of the mountains of Glyndelachan (Glendalough), he conducted it in safety to the walls of the city. Dermitius had a mortal hatred for the citizens of Dublin, and not without reason; for they had murdered his father, while sitting in the hall of the house of one of the chief men, which

he used for his court of justice ; and they added insult to the foul deed by burying his corpse with a dog.

Now, however, on their sending envoys to Dermitius, and through the powerful mediation of Laurence, of blessed memory, who was at that time archbishop of Dublin, a truce was agreed upon, during which the terms of a treaty of peace might be settled. Notwithstanding this, Raymond on one side of the city, and on the other a brave soldier, whose name was Milo de Cogan (of whom we shall speak further in the 21st chapter), rushed to the walls with bands of youths, eager for the fight, and greedy of plunder, and making a resolute assault, got possession of the place after a great slaughter of the citizens. The better part of them, however, under their king Hasculf, embarked in ships and boats with their most valuable effects, and sailed to the northern islands.

On the same day two great miracles occurred in the city. One was that the crucifix which the citizens struggled hard to carry away with them to the islands remained immovably fixed ; the other, that of the penny offered before it having twice leapt back ; both of which are related in my Topography.

The earl then, having spent a few days in settling order in the city, left Milo de Cogan there as constable, and at the instigation of Mac Murchard, who had not forgotten an ancient feud with O'Roric, king of Meath, made a hostile irruption into the territories of that prince, and the whole of Meath was plundered and laid waste with fire and sword.

Roderic, king of Connaught, perceiving that he was in jeopardy, "when his neighbor's house was on fire," sent envoys to Dermitius, with this message : "Contrary to the conditions of our treaty of peace, you have invited a host of foreigners into this island, and yet, as long as you kept within the bounds of Leinster, we bore it patiently. But now, forasmuch as, regardless of your solemn oaths, and having no concern for the fate of the hostage you gave, you have broken the bounds agreed on, and insolently crossed the frontiers of your own territory; either restrain in future the irruptions of your foreign bands, or I will certainly have your son's head cut off, and send it to you." Dermitius, having received this message, made an arrogant reply, adding also that he would not desist from the enterprise he had undertaken, until he had reduced Connaught to subjection, which he claimed as his ancient inheritance, and obtained with it the monarchy of the whole of Ireland. Roderic

was so indignant at this reply, that he caused the son of Dermitius, who had been delivered to him for an hostage, to be put to death.

Reports having been spread abroad of these events, which were much exaggerated, and the earl having made himself master not only of Leinster, but of other territories to which he had no just claims in the right of his wife, the king of England made a proclamation that in future no ship sailing from any part of his dominions should carry anything to Ireland, and that all his subjects who had been at any time conveyed there should return before the ensuing Easter, on pain of forfeiting all their lands, and being banished from the kingdom forever.

The earl finding himself in great straits, and that his followers were much cast down at the loss of reënforcements and the want of necessary supplies, after consulting his friends, dispatched Raymond to the king, who was then in the most distant parts of Aquitaine, with the following letter: "My lord and king, It was with your license, as I understood, that I came over to Ireland for the purpose of aiding your faithful vassal Dermitius in the recovery of his territories. Whatever lands, therefore, I have had the good fortune to acquire in this country, either in right of his patrimony, or from any other person, I consider to be owing to your gracious favor, and I shall hold them at your free disposal."

Raymond pursuing his journey and having arrived at court with the earl's letter, the king received him with great coldness, and being as usual much occupied with business, deferred his reply. . . .

Strongbow is Besieged in Dublin.

The earl and his followers had now been confined within the walls of the city for nearly two months, and having received no supplies of food, either by land or sea, were in great want of provisions. And as evil seldom comes alone, and one misfortune is heaped upon another, just then, lo! Duvenald, son of Dermitius, arrived from Kinsale, bringing intelligence that Fitz-Stephen, with a small force, was beleaguered in his camp at Carrig by the townsmen of Wexford, joined by the men of Kinsale, to the number of about three thousand; and that, unless they were succored by a strong body of troops within three days, they must surrender at discretion. . . .

Meanwhile, as fortune is continually changing, and success always attended by some adverse event, the men of Wexford

and Kinsale, to the number of about three thousand, regardless of their oaths and the faith they had pledged, marched against Fitz-Stephen, and taking him unawares, when he apprehended nothing of the kind, and had only a few men-at-arms and archers to defend his fort, they harassed him with incessant attacks. But finding that all their efforts were fruitless, for his men, though few, were at all times ready to stand on their guard, and one particularly, whose name was William Not, much distinguished himself by his brilliant courage in this defence, they had recourse to their usual falsehood and cunning. Bringing with them to the entrenchments the bishops of Wexford and Kildare, and other ecclesiastics, in their sacred vestments, they took solemn oaths on the holy relics that Dublin was taken, and that the earl, with Maurice and Raymond, and all the English were slain; also, that the king of Connaught and his army, with the Leinster troops, were on their march, and drawing near to Wexford. They also asserted that what they proposed was for the advantage of Fitz-Stephen; for as he had treated them like a courteous and liberal prince, they wished to send him and his followers back to Wales in safety, before the arrival of the vast army which was incensed against him. At length, Fitz-Stephen gave credit to their assertions, and committed himself and his people to their pledged faith. Whereupon they suddenly fell upon the English, and killing some of them, and cruelly beating and wounding others, threw them into dungeons. A true report, however, being soon received that the siege of Dublin was raised, and that the earl was near at hand, the traitors set fire to the town with their own hands, and crossed in boats to the island of Begeri, also called the Holy Isle, which lies at the mouth of the harbor, taking with them the captives and all their effects.

The earl, continuing his march, without loss of time, descended into the low country about Wexford, where he was met by envoys, who announced to him the calamity which had befallen Fitz-Stephen, and the burning of the town. They also conveyed to him a message from the traitors, that it was their firm resolution to cut off the prisoners' heads, and send them to him, if he should venture to advance against them. On receiving this intelligence, they wheeled to the right, in great bitterness of spirit, and took the road to Waterford, where they found Hervey just returned from executing his commission to the king of England, and bringing letters, inviting the

earl to come over to England, which were seconded by a verbal message.

Accordingly the earl took shipping as soon as the wind was favorable, and, crossing the sea, met the king at Newnham, near Gloucester, where he was making preparations to pass over to Ireland, with a large army. While there, after much altercation, he succeeded, at last, by the address and mediation of Hervey, in appeasing the royal displeasure, upon the terms that he should renew his oath of fealty to the king, and surrender to him Dublin, the capital of the kingdom, and the adjacent cantreds, with the towns on the seacoast, and all the fortresses; holding the rest of his conquests to him and his heirs, of the king and his heirs.

Dermot Mac Murrough.

Dermitius was tall in stature, and of large proportions, and being a great warrior and valiant in his nation, his voice had become hoarse by constantly shouting and raising his war cry in battle. Bent more on inspiring fear than love, he oppressed his nobles, though he advanced the lowly. A tyrant to his own people, he was hated by strangers; his hand was against every man, and the hands of every man against him.

Strongbow.

As to the earl's portrait, his complexion was somewhat ruddy, and his skin freckled; he had gray eyes, feminine features, a weak voice, and short neck. For the rest, he was tall in stature, and a man of great generosity, and of courteous manner. What he failed of accomplishing by force, he succeeded in by gentle words. In time of peace he was more disposed to be led by others than to command. Out of the camp he had more the air of an ordinary man-at-arms, than of a general-in-chief; but in action the mere soldier was forgotten in the commander. With the advice of those about him he was ready to dare anything; but he never ordered any attack relying on his own judgment, or rashly presuming on his personal courage. The post he occupied in battle was a sure rallying point for his troops. His equanimity and firmness in all the vicissitudes of war were remarkable, being neither driven to despair in adversity, nor puffed up by success.

THE ASPIRATION OF BISHOP GOLIAS.

ATTRIBUTED TO WALTER MAP.

(Translation of Leigh Hunt.)

[Usually attributed to WALTER MAP or MAPES, a famous English poet, man of letters, and ecclesiastic of the later twelfth century; a favorite of Henry II., and archdeacon of Oxford in 1196. He is believed to have molded the scattered Arthurian legends into the form under which we know them through Malory. This poem is part of a long satirical one, "The Confession of Golias."]

I DEVISE to end my days in a tavern drinking;
May some Christian hold for me the glass when I am shrinking;
That the Cherubim may cry, when they see me sinking,
"God be merciful to a soul of this gentleman's way of thinking."

A glass of wine amazingly enlighteneth one's internals;
'Tis wings bedewed with nectar that fly up to supernals;
Bottles cracked in taverns have much the sweeter vernils
Than the sups allowed to us in the college journals.

Every one by nature hath a mold which he was cast in:
I happen to be one of those who never could write fasting;
By a single little boy I should be surpassed in
Writing so: I'd just as soon be buried, tombed, and grassed in.

Every one by nature hath a gift, too, a dotation:
I, when I make verses, do get the inspiration
Of the very best of wine that comes into the nation;
It maketh sermons to abound, for edification.

Just as liquor floweth good, floweth forth my lay so;
But I must moreover eat, or I could not say so:
Naught it availeth inwardly, should I write all day so;
But with God's grace after meat, I beat Ovidius Naso.

Neither is there given to me prophetic animation,
Unless when I have eat and drunk — yea, even to saturation;
Then in my upper story hath Bacchus domination,
And Phœbus rusheth into me, and beggareth all relation.

ROBIN HOOD AND THE MONK.

(From the "Lytel Gest of Robin Hode.")

[Robin Hood is absolutely unhistorical. The legends do not even suggest a *locus* of reign or real men. He is a generalized type of the outlaws produced by the Forest Laws of the early Norman kings.]

[Robin Hood has sent a knight, on whose lands St. Mary Abbey was about to foreclose, money to redeem them, on the security of Our Lady, he engaging to repay it that day twelvemonth. That day has arrived.]

THE sheriff dwelled in Nottingham;
He was fain he was agone;
And Robin and his merry men
Went to the wood anon.

"Go we to dinner," said Little Johan,
Robin Hood said, "Nay;
For I dread Our Lady be wroth with me,
For she sent me not my pay."

"Have no doubt, master," said Little Johan;
"Yet is not the sun at rest;
For I dare say, and savely swear,
The knight is true and truste."

"Take thy bow in thy hand," said Robin,
"Let Much wend with thee;
And so shall William Scarlock,
And no man abide with me.

"And walk up under the Sailès,
And to the Watling-street,
And wait after some unketh [unexpected] guest;
Up-chance ye may him meet.

"Whether he be messenger,
Or a man that mirthès can [knows good stories],
Of my good he shall have some,
If he be a poorè man."

Forth then started Little Johan,
Half in tray and teen [grief and vexation],
And girded him with a full good sword,
Under a mantel of green.

They went up to the Sailès,
These yeomen all three;

They lookèd east, they lookèd west,
  They might no man see.

But as they looked in Bernisdale,
  By the highè way,
Then were they ware of two black monks,
  Each on a good palfrèy.

Then bespake Little Johan,
  To Much he gan say,
"I dare lay my life to wed [wager],
  That these monks have brought our pay.

"Make glad cheer," said Little Johan,
  "And free your bows of yew;
And look you heartès be seker [sure] and sad [firm],
  Your stringès trusty and true.

"The monk hath two and fifty men,
  And seven summers [sumpter horses] full strong;
There rideth no bishop in this land
  So royally, I understand.

"Brethren," said Little Johan,
  "Here are no more but we three;
But [except] we bringè them to dinner,
  Our master dare we not see.

"Bend your bows," said Little Johan,
  "Make all yon priests to stand,
The foremost monk, his life and his death
  Is closèd in my hand.

"Abide, churl monk," said Little Johan,
  "No further that thou gone;
If thou dost, by dear worthy God,
  Thy death is in my hand.

"And evil thrift on thy head," said Little Johan,
  "Right under thy hattès band;
For thou hast made our master wroth,
  He is fasting so long."

"Who is your master?" said the monk;
  Little Johan said, "Robin Hood;"
"He is a strong thief," said the monk,
  "Of him heard I never good."

"Thou liest," then said little Johan,
"And that shall rue thee;
He is a yeoman of the forest,
To dine he hath bade thee."

Much was ready with a bolt,
Redly [quickly] and anon,
He set [shot] the monk to-fore the breast,
To the ground that he can [must] gone.

Of two and fifty wight young yeomen
There abode not one,
Save a little page and a groom,
To lead the summers with Little Johan.

They brought the monk to the lodge-door,
Whether he were loth or lief,
For to speak with Robin Hood,
Maugre in their teeth.

Robin did adown [took off] his hood,
The monk when that he see;
The monk was not so courteous,
His hood then let he be.

"He is a churl, master, by dear worthy God,"
Then said Little Johan;
"Thereof no force [matter]," said Robin,
"For courtesy can [knows] he none.

"How many men," said Robin,
"Had this monk, Johan?"
"Fifty and two when that we met,
But many of them be gone."

"Let blow a horn," said Robin,
"That fellowship [our band] may us know;"
Seven score of wight yeomen
Came pricking on [in] a row.

And every of them a good mantél
Of scarlét and ray [stripe];
All they came to good Robin,
To wit what he would say.

They made the monk to wash and wipe,
And sit at his dinnér;

Robin Hood and Little Johan
They served him both in-fere [together].

"Do gladly, monk," said Robin.
"Gramercy, sir," said he,
"Where is your abbéy, when ye are at home;
And who is your avowé [patron saint] ?"

"Saint Mary abbéy," said the monk,
"Though I be simple [poor] here."
"In what office ?" said Robin:
"Sir, the highè cellarer."

"Ye be the more welcome," said Robin,
"So ever mote I thee [might I thrive];
Fill of the best wine," said Robin,
"This monk shall drink to me.

"But I have great marváil," said Robin,
"Of all this longè day;
I dread Our Lady be wroth with me,
She sent me not my pay."

"Have no doubt, master," said Little Johan,
"Ye have no need, I say;
This monk it hath brought, I dare well swear,
For he is of her abbéy."

"And she was a borrown [pledge]," said Robin,
"Between a knight and me,
Of a little money that I him lent,
Under the greenèwood tree.

"And if thou hast that silver ibrought,
I pray thee let me see;
And I shall helpè thee eftsoon,
If thou have need to me."

The monkè swore a full great oath,
With a sorry cheer,
"Of the borrowhood [pledging] thou speakest to me,
Heard I never ere."

"I make mine avow to God," said Robin,
"Monk, thou art to blame;
For God is held a righteous man,
And so is his dame.

"Thou toldest with thine ownè tongue,
Thou may not say nay,
How thou art Her servant
And servest her every day.

"And thou art made her messenger,
My money for to pay;
Therefore I cun [feel] the morè thank
Thou art come at thy day.

"What is in your coffers?" said Robin,
"True then tell thou me:"
"Sir," he said, "twenty mark,
All so mote I thee."

"If there be no more," said Robin,
"I will not one penny;
If thou hast myster [occasion] on any more,
Sir, more I shall lend to thee.

"And if I findè more," said Robin,
"Iwis thou shalt it forgone;
For of thy spending-silver, monk,
Thereof will I right none.

"Go now forth, Little Johan,
And the truth tell thou me;
If there be no more but twenty mark,
No penny that I see [will I look at]."

Little Johan spread his mantle down,
As he had done before,
And he toldè out of the monkè's male [trunk]
Eight hundred pound and more.

Little Johan let it lie full still,
And went to his master in haste;
"Sir," he said, "the monk is true enow,
Our Lady hath doubled your cast."

"I make mine avow to God," said Robin
"Monk, what told I thee?—
Our Lady is the truest woman
That ever yet found I me.

"By dear worthy God," said Robin,
"To seek all England thorough,
Yet found I never to my pay
A muchè better borrow.

"Fill of the best wine, and do him drink," said Robin,
"And greet well thy lady kind,
And if she have need to Robin Hood,
A friend she shall him find.

"And if she needeth any more silver,
Come thou again to me,
And by this token she hath me sent,
She shall have such three [three more like it]."

The monk was going to London-ward,
There to hold great moot,
The knight that rode so high on horse,
To bring him under foot.

"Whither be ye away?" said Robin.
"Sir, to manors in this lande,
To reckon with our reevès,
That have done much wrong."

"Come now forth, Little Johan,
And hearken to my tale;
A better yeoman I know none,
To seek [search] a monké's male.

"How much is in yonder other coffer?" said Robin,
"The sooth must we see;"
"By Our Lady," then said the monk,
"That were no courtesy,

"To bid a man to dinner,
And sith [afterward] him beat and bind."
"It is our oldè manner," said Robin,
"To leave but little behind."

The monk took the horse with spur,
No longer would he abide;
"Askè to drink," then said Robin,
"Or [ere] that ye further ride."

"Nay, for God," then said the monk,
"Me rueth I came so near;
For better chepe [more cheaply] I might have dined
In Blythe or in Doncaster."

"Greet well your abbot," said Robin,
"And your prior, I you pray,
And bid him send me such a monk,
To dinner every day."

ROBIN HOOD AND MAID MARIAN BEFORE RENAMING.

By THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK.

(From "Maid Marian.")

[THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK, English novelist and scholar, was born October 18, 1785, at Weymouth; son of a manufacturer. He was a precocious student; wrote several volumes of verse not memorable (1804–1812), and experimented in drama; was coexecutor of Shelley with Lord Byron; 1815–1817 wrote the novels "Headlong Hall," "Melincourt," and "Nightmare Abbey," and the poem "Rhododaphne." In 1819 he became examiner at the India House with James Mill, and was a valuable official of the East India Company for nearly forty years. He published "Maid Marian" in 1822, "The Misfortunes of Elphin" in 1829, "Crotchet Castle" in 1831. His last novel, "Gryll Grange," appeared in 1860. He also did some good magazine work. He died January 23, 1866.]

"THE abbot, in his alb arrayed," stood at the altar in the abbey chapel of Rubygill, with all his plump, sleek, rosy friars, in goodly lines disposed, to solemnize the nuptials of the beautiful Matilda Fitzwater, daughter of the Baron of Arlingford, with the noble Robert Fitz-Ooth, Earl of Locksley and Huntingdon. The abbey of Rubygill stood in a picturesque valley, at a little distance from the western boundary of Sherwood Forest, in a spot which seemed adapted by nature to be the retreat of monastic mortification, being on the banks of a fine trout stream, and in the midst of woodland coverts, abounding with excellent game. The bride, with her father and attendant maidens, entered the chapel; but the earl had not arrived. The baron was amazed, and the bridemaidens were disconcerted. Matilda feared that some evil had befallen her lover,

but felt no diminution of her confidence in his honor and love. Through the open gates of the chapel she looked down the narrow road that wound along the side of the hill; and her ear was the first that heard the distant trampling of horses, and her eye was the first that caught the glitter of snowy plumes, and the light of polished spears. "It is strange," thought the baron, "that the earl should come in this martial array to his wedding;" but he had not long to meditate on the phenomenon, for the foaming steeds swept up to the gate like a whirlwind, and the earl, breathless with speed, and followed by a few of his yeomen, advanced to his smiling bride. It was then no time to ask questions; for the organ was in full peal, and the choristers were in full voice.

The abbot began to intone the ceremony in a style of modulation impressively exalted, his voice issuing most canonically from the roof of his mouth, through the medium of a very musical nose newly tuned for the occasion. But he had not proceeded far enough to exhibit all the variety and compass of this melodious instrument, when a noise was heard at the gate, and a party of armed men entered the chapel. The song of the choristers died away in a shake of demisemiquavers, contrary to all the rules of psalmody. The organ blower, who was working his musical air pump with one hand, and with two fingers and a thumb of the other insinuating a peeping place through the curtain of the organ gallery, was struck motionless by the double operation of curiosity and fear; while the organist, intent only on his performance, and spreading all his fingers to strike a swell of magnificent chords, felt his harmonic spirit ready to desert his body on being answered by the ghastly rattle of empty keys, and in the consequent *agitato furioso* of the internal movements of his feelings, was preparing to restore harmony by the *segue subito* of an *appoggiatura con foco* with the corner of a book of anthems on the head of his neglectful assistant, when his hand and his attention together were arrested by the scene below. The voice of the abbot subsided into silence through a descending scale of long-drawn melody, like the sound of the ebbing sea to the explorers of a cave. In a few moments all was silence, interrupted only by the iron tread of the armed intruders, as it rang on the marble floor and echoed from the vaulted aisles.

The leader strode up to the altar; and placing himself opposite to the abbot, and between the earl and Matilda, in

such a manner that the four together seemed to stand on the four points of a diamond, exclaimed, "In the name of King Henry, I forbid the ceremony, and attach Robert Earl of Huntingdon as a traitor!" and at the same time he held his drawn sword between the lovers, as if to emblem that royal authority which laid its temporal ban upon their contract. The earl drew his own sword instantly, and struck down the interposing weapon; then clasped his left arm round Matilda, who sprang into his embrace, and held his sword before her with his right hand. His yeómen ranged themselves at his side, and stood with their swords drawn, still and prepared, like men determined to die in his defense. The soldiers, confident in superiority of numbers, paused.

The abbot took advantage of the pause to introduce a word of exhortation. "My children," said he, "if you are going to cut each other's throats, I entreat you, in the name of peace and charity, to do it out of the chapel."

"Sweet Matilda," said the earl, "did you give your love to the Earl of Huntingdon, whose lands touch the Ouse and the Trent, or to Robert Fitz-Ooth, the son of his mother?"

"Neither to the earl nor his earldom," answered Matilda, firmly, "but to Robert Fitz-Ooth and his love."

"That I well knew," said the earl; "and though the ceremony be incomplete, we are not the less married in the eye of my only saint, our Lady, who will yet bring us together. Lord Fitzwater, to your care, for the present, I commit your daughter. Nay, sweet Matilda, part we must for a while; but we will soon meet under brighter skies, and be this the seal of our faith." He kissed Matilda's lips, and consigned her to the baron, who glowered about him with an expression of countenance that showed he was mortally wroth with somebody; but whatever he thought or felt he kept to himself.

The earl, with a sign to his followers, made a sudden charge on the soldiers, with the intention of cutting his way through. The soldiers were prepared for such an occurrence, and a desperate skirmish succeeded. Some of the women screamed, but none of them fainted; for fainting was not so much the fashion in those days, when the ladies breakfasted on brawn and ale at sunrise, as in our more refined age of green tea and muffins at noon. Matilda seemed disposed to fly again to her lover, but the baron forced her from the chapel. The earl's bowmen at the door sent in among the assailants a volley of arrows,

one of which whizzed past the ear of the abbot, who, in mortal fear of being suddenly translated from a ghostly friar into a friarly ghost, began to roll out of the chapel as fast as his bulk and his holy robes would permit, roaring "Sacrilege!" with all his monks at his heels — who were, like himself, more intent to go at once than to stand upon the order of their going. The abbot, thus pressed from behind, and stumbling over his own drapery before, fell suddenly prostrate in the doorway that connected the chapel with the abbey, and was instantaneously buried under a pyramid of ghostly carcasses, that fell over him and each other, and lay a rolling chaos of animated rotundities, sprawling and bawling in unseemly disarray, and sending forth the names of all the saints in and out of heaven, amidst the clashing of swords, the ringing of bucklers, the clattering of helmets, the twanging of bowstrings, the whizzing of arrows, the screams of women, the shouts of the warriors, and the vociferations of the peasantry — who had been assembled to the intended nuptials, and who, seeing a fair set-to, contrived to pick a quarrel among themselves on the occasion, and proceeded, with staff and cudgel, to crack each other's skulls for the good of the king and the earl. One tall friar alone was untouched by the panic of his brethren, and stood steadfastly watching the combat with his arms akimbo, the colossal emblem of an unarmed neutrality.

At length, through the midst of the internal confusion, the earl, by the help of his good sword, the stanch valor of his men, and the blessing of the Virgin, fought his way to the chapel gate; his bowmen closed him in; he vaulted into his saddle, clapped spurs to his horse, rallied his men on the first eminence, and changed his sword for a bow and arrow, with which he did old execution among the pursuers — who at last thought it most expedient to desist from offensive warfare, and to retreat into the abbey, where, in the king's name, they broached a pipe of the best wine and attacked all the venison in the larder, having first carefully unpacked the tuft of friars, and set the fallen abbot on his legs.

The friars, it may be well supposed, and such of the king's men as escaped unhurt from the affray, found their spirits a cup too low, and kept the flask moving from noon till night. The peaceful brethren, unused to the tumult of war, had undergone, from fear and discomposure, an exhaustion of animal spirits that required extraordinary refection. During the re-

past they interrogated Sir Ralph Montfaucon, the leader of the soldiers, respecting the nature of the earl's offense.

"A complication of offenses," replied Sir Ralph, "superinduced on the original basis of forest treason. He began with hunting the king's deer, in despite of all remonstrance; followed it up by contempt of the king's mandates, and by armed resistance to his power, in defiance of all authority; and combined with it the resolute withholding of payment of certain moneys to the Abbot of Doncaster, in denial of all law: and has thus made himself the declared enemy of church and state, and all for being too fond of venison." And the knight helped himself to half a pasty.

"A heinous offender," said a little round oily friar, appropriating the portion of pasty which Sir Ralph had left.

"The earl is a worthy peer," said the tall friar whom we have already mentioned in the chapel scene, "and the best marksman in England."

"Why, this is flat treason, Brother Michael," said the little round friar, "to call an attainted traitor a worthy peer."

"I pledge you," said Brother Michael. The little friar smiled and filled his cup. "He will draw the longbow," pursued Brother Michael, "with any bold yeoman among them all."

"Don't talk of the longbow," said the abbot, who had the sound of the arrow still whizzing in his ear: "what have we pillars of the faith to do with the longbow?"

"Be that as it may," said Sir Ralph, "he is an outlaw from this moment."

"So much the worse for the law then," said Brother Michael. "The law will have a heavier miss of him than he will have of the law. He will strike as much venison as ever, and more of other game. I know what I say; but *basta:* Let us drink."

"What other game?" said the little friar. "I hope he won't poach among our partridges."

"Poach! not he," said Brother Michael: "if he wants your partridges, he will strike them under your nose (here's to you), and drag your trout stream for you on a Thursday evening."

"Monstrous! and starve us on fast day," said the little friar.

"But that is not the game I mean," said Brother Michael.

"Surely, son Michael," said the abbot, "you do not mean to insinuate that the noble earl will turn freebooter?"

"A man must live," said Brother Michael, "earl or no. If the law takes his rents and beeves without his consent, he must take beeves and rents where he can get them without the consent of the law. This is the *lex talionis*."

"Truly," said Sir Ralph, "I am sorry for the damsel: she seems fond of this wild runagate."

"A mad girl, a mad girl," said the little friar.

"How a mad girl?" said Brother Michael. "Has she not beauty, grace, wit, sense, discretion, dexterity, learning, and valor?"

"Learning!" exclaimed the little friar; "what has a woman to do with learning? And valor! who ever heard a woman commended for valor? Meekness, and mildness, and softness, and gentleness, and tenderness, and humility, and obedience to her husband, and faith in her confessor, and domesticity, or, as learned doctors call it, the faculty of stay-at-homeitiveness, and embroidery, and music, and pickling, and preserving, and the whole complex and multiplex detail of the noble science of dinner, as well in preparation for the table, as in arrangement over it, and in distribution around it to knights, and squires, and ghostly friars, — these are female virtues: but valor — why, who ever heard ——"

"She is the all in all," said Brother Michael: "gentle as a ringdove, yet high-soaring as a falcon; humble below her deserving, yet deserving beyond the estimate of panegyric; an exact economist in all superfluity, yet a most bountiful dispenser in all liberality; the chief regulator of her household, the fairest pillar of her hall, and the sweetest blossom of her bower: having, in all opposite proposings, sense to understand, judgment to weigh, discretion to choose, firmness to undertake, diligence to conduct, perseverance to accomplish, and resolution to maintain. For obedience to her husband, that is not to be tried till she has one; for faith in her confessor, she has as much as the law prescribes; for embroidery an Arachne; for music a Siren; and for pickling and preserving, did not one of her jars of sugared apricots give you your last surfeit at Arlingford Castle?" . . .

"Indeed, reverend father," said Sir Ralph, "if the young lady be half what you describe, she must be a paragon; but your commending her for valor does somewhat amaze me."

"She can fence," said the little friar, "and draw the longbow, and play at singlestick and quarterstaff."

"Yet, mark you," said Brother Michael, "not like a virago or a hoiden, or one that would crack a servingman's head for spilling gravy on her ruff, but with such womanly grace and temperate self-command as if those manly exercises belonged to her only, and were become for her sake feminine."

"You incite me," said Sir Ralph, "to view her more nearly. That madcap earl found me other employment than to remark her in the chapel."

"The earl is a worthy peer," said Brother Michael; "he is worth any fourteen earls on this side Trent, and any seven on the other." (The reader will please to remember that Rubygill Abbey was *north* of Trent.)

"His mettle will be tried," said Sir Ralph. "There is many a courtier will swear to King Henry to bring him in dead or alive."

"They must look to the brambles then," said Brother Michael. . . .

Sir Ralph's curiosity was strongly excited by the friar's description of the young lady of Arlingford; and he prepared in the morning to visit the castle, under the very plausible pretext of giving the baron an explanation of his intervention at the nuptials. Brother Michael and the little fat friar proposed to be his guides. The proposal was courteously accepted, and they set out together, leaving Sir Ralph's followers at the abbey. . . .

"Yonder are the towers of Arlingford" [said Brother Michael].

The little friar stopped. He seemed suddenly struck with an awful thought, which caused a momentary pallescence in his rosy complexion; and after a brief hesitation he turned his Galloway, and told his companion she should give them good day.

"Why, what is in the wind now, Brother Peter?" said Friar Michael.

"The Lady Matilda," said the little friar, "can draw the longbow. She must bear no good will to Sir Ralph; and if she should espy him from her tower, she may testify her recognition with a clothyard shaft. She is not so infallible a markswoman, but that she might shoot at a crow and kill a pigeon. She might peradventure miss the knight, and hit me, who never did her any harm."

"Tut, tut, man," said Brother Michael, "there is no such fear."

"Mass," said the little friar, "but there is such a fear, and very strong too. You who have it not may keep your way, and I who have it shall take mine. I am not just now in the vein for being picked off at a long shot." And saying these words, he spurred up his four-footed better half, and galloped off as nimbly as if he had had an arrow singing behind him.

"Is this Lady Matilda, then, so very terrible a damsel?" said Sir Ralph to Brother Michael.

"By no means," said the friar. "She has certainly a high spirit; but it is the wing of the eagle, without his beak or his claw. She is as gentle as magnanimous; but it is the gentleness of the summer wind, which, however lightly it wave the tuft of the pine, carries with it the intimation of a power that if roused to its extremity could make it bend to the dust."

"From the warmth of your panegyric, ghostly father," said the knight, "I should almost suspect you were in love with the damsel."

"So I am," said the friar, "and I care not who knows it; but all in the way of honesty, master soldier. I am, as it were, her spiritual lover; and were she a damsel errant, I would be her ghostly esquire, her friar militant. I would buckle me in armor of proof, and the devil might thresh me black with an iron flail, before I would knock under in her cause. Though they be not yet one canonically, thanks to your soldiership, the earl is her liege lord, and she is his liege lady. I am her father confessor and ghostly director: I have taken on me to show her the way to the next world; and how can I do that if I lose sight of her in this? seeing that this is but the road to the other, and has so many circumvolutions and ramifications of byways and beaten paths (all more thickly set than the true one with finger posts and milestones, not one of which tells truth), that a traveler has need of some one who knows the way, or the odds go hard against him that he will ever see the face of Saint Peter."

"But there must surely be some reason," said Sir Ralph, "for Father Peter's apprehension."

"None," said Brother Michael, "but the apprehension itself; fear being its own father, and most prolific in self-propagation. The lady did, it is true, once signalize her displeasure against our little brother, for reprimanding her in that she would go

hunting a-mornings instead of attending matins. She cut short the thread of his eloquence by sportively drawing her bowstring and loosing an arrow over his head; he waddled off with singular speed, and was in much awe of her for many months. I thought he had forgotten it: but let that pass. In truth, she would have had little of her lover's company, if she had liked the chant of the choristers better than the cry of the hounds; yet I know not; for they were companions from the cradle, and reciprocally fashioned each other to the love of the fern and the foxglove. Had either been less sylvan, the other might have been more saintly; but they will now never hear matins but those of the lark, nor reverence vaulted aisle but that of the greenwood canopy. They are twin plants of the forest, and are identified with its growth.

"For the slender beech and the sapling oak
That grow by the shadowy rill,
You may cut down both at a single stroke,
You may cut down which you will.

"But this you must know, that as long as they grow,
Whatever change may be,
You never can teach either oak or beech
To be aught but a greenwood tree."

The knight and the friar arriving at Arlingford Castle, and leaving their horses in the care of Lady Matilda's groom, with whom the friar was in great favor, were ushered into a stately apartment where they found the baron alone, flourishing an enormous carving knife over a brother baron — of beef — with as much vehemence of action as if he were cutting down an enemy.

The baron was a gentleman of a fierce and choleric temperament: he was lineally descended from the redoubtable Fierabras of Normandy, who came over to England with the Conqueror, and who, in the battle of Hastings, killed with his own hand four and twenty Saxon cavaliers all on a row. The very excess of the baron's internal rage on the preceding day had smothered its external manifestation: he was so equally angry with both parties, that he knew not on which to vent his wrath. He was enraged with the earl for having brought himself into such a dilemma without his privity; and he was no less enraged with the king's men for their very unseasonable intrusion. He could willingly have fallen upon both parties, but he must necessarily have begun with one; and he felt that on whichever side he

should strike the first blow, his retainers would immediately join battle. He had therefore contented himself with forcing away his daughter from the scene of action. In the course of the evening he had received intelligence that the earl's castle was in possession of a party of the king's men, who had been detached by Sir Ralph Montfaucon to seize on it during the earl's absence. The baron inferred from this that the earl's case was desperate : and those who have had the opportunity of seeing a rich friend fall suddenly into poverty, may easily judge by their own feelings how quickly and completely the whole moral being of the earl was changed in the baron's estimation. The baron immediately proceeded to require in his daughter's mind the same summary revolution that had taken place in his own, and considered himself exceedingly ill-used by her non-compliance.

The lady had retired to her chamber, and the baron had passed a supperless and sleepless night, stalking about his apartments till an advanced hour of the morning, when hunger compelled him to summon into his presence the spoils of the buttery, which, being the intended array of an uneaten wedding feast, were more than usually abundant, and on which, when the knight and the friar entered, he was falling with desperate valor. He looked up at them fiercely, with his mouth full of beef and his eyes full of flame, and rising, as ceremony required, made an awful bow to the knight, inclining himself forward over the table and presenting his carving knife *en militaire*, in a manner that seemed to leave it doubtful whether he meant to show respect to his visitor, or to defend his provision : but the doubt was soon cleared up by his politely motioning the knight to be seated ; on which the friar advanced to the table, saying, "For what we are going to receive," and commenced operations without further prelude by filling and drinking a goblet of wine. The baron at the same time offered one to Sir Ralph, with the look of a man in whom habitual hospitality and courtesy were struggling with the ebullitions of natural anger.

They pledged each other in silence, and the baron, having completed a copious draught, continued working his lips and his throat, as if trying to swallow his wrath as he had done his wine. Sir Ralph, not knowing well what to make of these ambiguous signs, looked for instructions to the friar, who by significant looks and gestures seemed to advise him to follow his example and partake of the good cheer before him, without speaking till the baron should be more intelligible in his

demeanor. The knight and the friar, accordingly, proceeded to refect themselves after their ride; the baron looking first at the one and then at the other, scrutinizing alternately the serious looks of the knight and the merry face of the friar, till at length, having calmed himself sufficiently to speak, he said, "Courteous knight and ghostly father, I presume you have some other business with me than to eat my beef and drink my canary; and if so, I patiently await your leisure to enter on the topic."

"Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, "in obedience to my royal master, King Henry, I have been the unwilling instrument of frustrating the intended nuptials of your fair daughter; yet will you, I trust, owe me no displeasure for my agency therein, seeing that the noble maiden might otherwise by this time have been the bride of an outlaw."

"I am very much obliged to you, sir," said the baron; "very exceedingly obliged. Your solicitude for my daughter is truly paternal, and for a young man and a stranger very singular and exemplary; and it is very kind withal to come to the relief of my insufficiency and inexperience, and concern yourself so much in that which concerns you not."

"You misconceive the knight, noble baron," said the friar. "He urges not his reason in the shape of a preconceived intent, but in that of a subsequent extenuation. True, he has done the Lady Matilda great wrong ——"

"How, great wrong?" said the baron. "What do you mean by great wrong? Would you have had her married to a wild fly-by-night, that accident made an earl and nature a deer stealer? that has not wit enough to eat venison without picking a quarrel with monarchy? that flings away his own lands into the clutches of rascally friars, for the sake of hunting in other men's grounds, and feasting vagabonds that wear Lincoln green, and would have flung away mine into the bargain if he had had my daughter? What do you mean by great wrong?"

"True," said the friar; "great right, I meant."

"Right!" exclaimed the baron; "what right has any man to do my daughter right but myself? What right has any man to drive my daughter's bridegroom out of the chapel in the middle of the marriage ceremony, and turn all our merry faces into green wounds and bloody coxcombs, and then come and tell me he has done us great right?"

"True," said the friar; "he has done neither right nor wrong."

"But he has," said the baron, "he has done both, and I will maintain it with my glove."

"It shall not need," said Sir Ralph; "I will concede anything in honor."

"And I," said the baron, "will concede nothing in honor; I will concede nothing in honor to any man."

"Neither will I, Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, "in that sense; but hear me. I was commissioned by the king to apprehend the Earl of Huntingdon. I brought with me a party of soldiers, picked and tried men, knowing that he would not lightly yield. I sent my lieutenant with a detachment to surprise the earl's castle in his absence, and laid my measures for intercepting him on the way to his intended nuptials; but he seems to have had intimation of this part of my plan, for he brought with him a large armed retinue, and took a circuitous route, which made him, I believe, somewhat later than his appointed hour. When the lapse of time showed me that he had taken another track, I pursued him to the chapel; and I would have waited the close of the ceremony, if I had thought that either yourself or your daughter would have felt desirous that she should have been the bride of an outlaw."

"Who said, sir," cried the baron, "that we were desirous of any such thing? But truly, sir, if I had a mind to the devil for a son-in-law, I would fain see the man that should venture to interfere."

"That would I," said the friar; "for I have undertaken to make her renounce the devil."

"She shall not renounce the devil," said the baron, "unless I please. You are very ready with your undertakings. Will you undertake to make her renounce the earl, who, I believe, is the devil incarnate? Will you undertake that?"

"Will I undertake," said the friar, "to make Trent run westward, or to make flame burn downward, or to make a tree grow with its head in the earth and its root in the air?"

"So then," said the baron, "a girl's mind is as hard to change as nature and the elements, and it is easier to make her renounce the devil than a lover. Are you a match for the devil, and no match for a man?"

"My warfare," said the friar, "is not of this world. I am militant, not against man, but the devil, who goes about seeking what he may devour."

"Oh! does he so?" said the baron; "then I take it that

makes you look for him so often in my buttery. Will you cast out the devil whose name is Legion, when you cannot cast out the imp whose name is Love?"

"Marriages," said the friar, "are made in heaven. Love is God's work, and therewith I meddle not."

"God's work, indeed!" said the baron, "when the ceremony was cut short in the church. Could men have put them asunder, if God had joined them together? And the earl is now no earl, but plain Robert Fitz-Ooth: therefore, I'll none of him."

"He may atone," said the friar, "and the king may mollify. The earl is a worthy peer, and the king is a courteous king."

"He cannot atone," said Sir Ralph. "He has killed the king's men; and if the baron should aid and abet, he will lose his castle and land."

"Will I?" said the baron; "not while I have a drop of blood in my veins. He that comes to take them shall first serve me as the friar serves my flasks of canary: he shall drain me dry as hay. Am I not disparaged? Am I not outraged? Is not my daughter vilified, and made a mockery? A girl half-married? There was my butler brought home with a broken head. My butler, friar: there is that may move your sympathy. Friar, the earl-no-earl shall come no more to my daughter."

"Very good," said the friar.

"It is not very good," said the baron, "for I cannot get her to say so."

"I fear," said Sir Ralph, "the young lady must be much distressed and discomposed."

"Not a whit, sir," said the baron. "She is, as usual, in a most provoking imperturbability, and contradicts me so smilingly that it would enrage you to see her."

"I had hoped," said Sir Ralph, "that I might have seen her, to make my excuse in person for the hard necessity of my duty."

He had scarcely spoken, when the door opened, and the lady made her appearance.

Matilda, not dreaming of visitors, tripped into the apartment in a dress of forest green, with a small quiver by her side and a bow and arrow in her hand. Her hair, black and glossy as the raven's wing, curled like wandering clusters of dark ripe grapes under the edge of her round bonnet; and a plume of

black feathers fell back negligently above it, with an almost horizontal inclination, that seemed the habitual effect of rapid motion against the wind. Her black eyes sparkled like sunbeams on a river: a clear, deep, liquid radiance, the reflection of ethereal fire, — tempered, not subdued, in the medium of its living and gentle mirror. Her lips were half opened to speak as she entered the apartment: and with a smile of recognition to the friar and a courtesy to the stranger knight she approached the baron and said, "You are late at your breakfast, father."

"I am not at breakfast," said the baron: "I have been at supper — my last night's supper, for I had none."

"I am sorry," said Matilda, "you should have gone to bed supperless."

"I did not go to bed supperless," said the baron, — "I did not go to bed at all; — and what are you doing with that green dress and that bow and arrow?"

"I am going a hunting," said Matilda.

"A hunting," said the baron. "What, I warrant you, to meet with the earl, and slip your neck into the same noose."

"No," said Matilda, "I am not going out of our own woods to-day."

"How do I know that?" said the baron. "What surety have I of that?"

"Here is the friar," said Matilda. "He will be surety."

"Not he," said the baron; "he will undertake nothing but where the devil is a party concerned."

"Yes, I will," said the friar: "I will undertake anything for the Lady Matilda."

"No matter for that," said the baron: "she shall not go hunting to-day."

"Why, father," said Matilda, "if you coop me up here in this odious castle, I shall pine and die like a lonely swan on a pool."

"No," said the baron, "the lonely swan does not die on the pool. If there be a river at hand, she flies to the river, and finds her a mate; and so shall not you."

"But," said Matilda "you may send with me any, or as many, of your grooms as you will."

"My grooms," said the baron, "are all false knaves. There is not a rascal among them but loves you better than me. Villains that I feed and clothe."

"Surely," said Matilda, "it is not villainy to love me: if it be, I should be sorry my father were an honest man." The baron relaxed his muscles into a smile. "Or my lover either," added Matilda. The baron looked grim again.

"For your lover," said the baron, "you may give God thanks of him. He is as arrant a knave as ever poached."

"What, for hunting the king's deer?" said Matilda. "Have I not heard you rail at the forest laws by the hour?"

"Did you ever hear me," said the baron, "rail myself out of house and land? If I had done that, then were I a knave."

"My lover," said Matilda, "is a brave man, and a true man, and a generous man, and a young man, and a handsome man; ay, and an honest man too."

"How can he be an honest man," said the baron, "when he has neither house nor land, which are the better part of a man?"

"They are but the husk of a man," said Matilda, "the worthless coat of the chestnut: the man himself is the kernel."

"The man is the grapestone," said the baron, "and the pulp of the melon. The house and land are the true substantial fruit, and all that give him savor and value."

"He will never want house or lands," said Matilda, "while the meeting boughs weave a green roof in the wood, and the free range of the hart marks out the bounds of the forest."

"Vert and venison! vert and venison!" exclaimed the baron. "Treason and flat rebellion. Confound your smiling face! what makes you look so good-humored? What! you think I can't look at you and be in a passion? You think so, do you? We shall see. Have you no fear in talking thus, when here is the king's liegeman come to take us all into custody, and confiscate our goods and chattels?"

"Nay, Lord Fitzwater," said Sir Ralph, "you wrong me in your report. My visit is one of courtesy and excuse, not of menace and authority."

"There it is," said the baron: "every one takes a pleasure in contradicting me. Here is this courteous knight, who has not opened his mouth three times since he has been in my house except to take in provision, cuts me short in my story with a flat denial."

"Oh! I cry you mercy, sir knight," said Matilda; "I did not mark you before. I am your debtor for no slight favor, and so is my liege lord."

"Her liege lord!" exclaimed the baron, taking large strides across the chamber.

"Pardon me, gentle lady," said Sir Ralph. "Had I known you before yesterday, I would have cut off my right hand ere it should have been raised to do you displeasure."

"Oh, sir," said Matilda, "a good man may be forced on an ill office: but I can distinguish the man from his duty." She presented to him her hand, which he kissed respectfully, and simultaneously with the contact thirty-two invisible arrows plunged at once into his heart, one from every point of the compass of his pericardia.

"Well, father," added Matilda, "I must go to the woods."

"Must you?" said the baron; "I say you must not."

"But I am going," said Matilda.

"But I will have up the drawbridge," said the baron.

"But I will swim the moat," said Matilda.

"But I will secure the gates," said the baron.

"But I will leap from the battlement," said Matilda.

"But I will lock you in an upper chamber," said the baron.

"But I will shred the tapestry," said Matilda, "and let myself down."

"But I will lock you in a turret," said the baron, "where you shall only see light through a loophole."

"But through that loophole," said Matilda, "will I take my flight, like a young eagle from its aerie; and, father, while I go out freely, I will return willingly; but if once I slip out through a loophole ——" She paused a moment, and then added, singing: —

"The love that follows fain
Will never its faith betray;
But the faith that is held in a chain
Will never be found again,
If a single link give way." . . .

[She and the friar sing a catch together till the baron in a rage hurls the platter of beef at the friar; but Matilda soothes him.]

The baron kissed his daughter, held out his hand to the friar, and said, "Sing on, in God's name, and crack away the flasks till your voice swims in canary." Then turning to Sir Ralph, he said, "You see how it is, sir knight. Matilda is my daughter; but she has me in leading strings, that is the truth of it."

THE CID.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN ORMSBY.

[THE CID is a historical character, though very unlike his legendary and poetic portrait. He was Rodrigo Diaz, born at Bivar in Castile, about 1040: a noble of royal stock, who was commander-in-chief of the army; was banished (1075 to 1080) by the Leonese king who had succeeded to the throne of Castile, but whom he had formerly driven into exile; and took service as a *condottière* with a frontier Saracen principality, where he fought and plundered Christians and Moors alike, becoming reputed the foremost captain in Spain. In 1088 he became "protector" of the rich Moorish district of Valencia; in 1094 he captured it after a siege full of hideous cruelties, burnt the governor and some of his companions alive, and kept it for himself till his death in 1099. His utter disloyalty, perfidy, and savagery can hardly be exaggerated: he won nothing for Christendom, as Valencia was retaken by the Moors after his death, and he fought only for his own hand. But the people only remembered that he had been a terror to the Moors, glorified him as a loyal and lofty Christian cavalier, and spoke of him as the "Cid" (My Lord, an admiring Moorish title), and the "Campeador" (champion). Their best justification is the mingled abhorrence and homage of the Moors themselves. A Moorish contemporary says of him, "That man, the scourge of his time, was one of the miracles of the Lord in his love of glory, the prudent firmness of his character, and his heroic courage. Victory always followed the banner of Rodrigo — may God curse him!" The poem was probably written about 1150, by some one born not long after Rodrigo's death.]

DAY and night the Moorish scouts patrolled around, and mighty was their host. And my Cid's men were cut off from the water. And they wished to go forth to battle, but he strictly forbade them; so for three weeks complete they were besieged, and at the beginning of the fourth, my Cid turned to take counsel with his men.

"From water they have cut us off, our bread is running low;
If we would steal away by night, they will not let us go;
Against us there are fearful odds, if we make choice to fight;
What would ye now, gentlemen, in this our present plight?"
Minaya was the first to speak; said the stout cavalier:
"Forth from Castile the Gentle thrust, we are but exiles here;
Unless we grapple with the Moor, bread he will never yield:
A good six hundred men or more we have to take the field:
In God's name let us falter not, nor countenance delay,
But sally forth and strike a blow upon to-morrow's day."
"Like thee the counsel," said my Cid; "thou speakest to my mind;
And ready to support thy word thy hand we ever find."
Then all the Moors that bide within the walls he bids to go
Forth from the gates, lest they, perchance, his purpose come to know.

In making their defenses good they spend the day and night,
And at the rising of the sun they arm them for the fight.
Then said my Cid: "Let all go forth, all that are in our band;
Save only two of those on foot, beside the gate to stand.
Here they will bury us, if death we meet on yonder plain;
But if we win our battle there, rich booty shall we gain.
And thou, Pero Bermuez, this my standard thou shalt hold;
It is a trust that fits thee well, for thou art stout and bold;
But see that thou advance it not unless I give command."
Bermuez took the standard, and he kissed the Champion's hand.
Then, bursting through the Castle gates, upon the plain they show;
Back on their lines in panic fall the watchmen of the foe.
And hurrying to and fro, the Moors are arming all around,
While Moorish drums go rolling like to split the very ground;
And in hot haste they mass their troops behind their standards twain,
Two mighty bands of men at arms — to count them it were vain.
And now their line comes sweeping on, advancing to the fray,
Sure of my Cid and all his band to make an easy prey.
"Now steady, comrades!" said my Cid. "Our ground we have to stand;
Let no man stir beyond the ranks until I give command."
Bermuez fretted at the word, delay he could not brook;
He spurred his charger to the front, aloft the banner shook:
"O loyal Cid Campeador, God give thee aid! I go
To plant thy ensign in among the thickest of the foe;
And ye who serve it, be it yours our standard to restore."
"Not so — as thou dost love me, stay!" called the Campeador.
Came Pero's answer, "Their attack I cannot, will not stay!"
He gave his horse the spur, and dashed against the Moors' array.
To win the standard eager all the Moors await the shock:
Amid a rain of blows he stands unshaken as a rock.
Then cried my Cid, "In charity, on to the rescue — ho!"
With bucklers braced before their breasts, with lances pointing low,
With stooping crests, and heads bent down above the saddlebow,
All firm of hand and high of heart they roll upon the foe.
And he that in a good hour was born, his clarion voice rings out,
And clear above the clang of arms is heard his battle shout:
"Among them, gentlemen! Strike home, for the love of charity!
The Champion of Bivar is here — Ruy Diaz — I am he!"
Then bearing where Bermuez still maintains unequal fight,
Three hundred lances down they come, their pennons flickering white;
Down go three hundred Moors to earth, a man to every blow;
And when they wheel, three hundred more, as charging back they go.

It was a sight to see the lances rise and fall that day;
The shivered shields and riven mail, to see how thick they lay;
The pennons that went in snow-white came out a gory red;
The horses running riderless, the riders lying dead:
While Moors call on Mohammed, and "St. James!" the Christians cry,
And sixty scores of Moors and more in narrow compass lie.
Above his gilded saddlebow there played the Champion's sword;
And Minaya Alvar Fanez, Zurita's gallant lord;
And Martin Antolinez, the worthy Burgalese;
And Muño Gustioz, his squire — all to the front were these.
And there was Martin Muñoz, he who ruled in Mount Mayor;
And there was Alvar Alvarez, and Alvar Salvator;
And the good Galin Garcia, stout lance of Aragon;
And Felix Muñoz, nephew of my Cid the Champion:
Well did they quit themselves that day, all these and many more,
In rescue of the standard for my Cid Campeador.
But Minaya Alvar Fanez — the Moors have slain his steed;
And crowding on the Christians come to aid him in his need;
His lance lies shivered, sword in hand he showers blows around,
As, giving back, he, inch by inch, on foot contests the ground.
He saw it, the Campeador, Ruy Diaz of Castile:
Athwart him on a goodly steed there came an Alguacil;
With one strong stroke of his right hand he cleft the Moor in twain;
And plucked him from the saddle, and flung him on the plain.
"Now mount, Minaya, mount," quoth he, "for thou art my right arm;
I have much need of thee to-day, thou must not come to harm;
The Moors maintain a front as yet; unbroken still they stand."
Mounted again Minaya goes against them sword in hand.
With strength renewed he wields his blade as he his way doth wend,
Cleaving a path like one who means to make a speedy end.
And he that in a good hour was born at Fariz deals three blows;
Two glance aside, but full and fair the third one home it goes;
Forth spurting flies the blood; the streams down the king's hauberk run;
He turns the rein to quit the plain — that stroke the field hath won.
And Martin Antolinez, he at Galve dealt a stroke;
Through the carbuncles of the casque the sword descending broke,
And cleaving down right to the crown, in twain the helmet shore;
Well wot ye, sirs, that Galve had no lust to stay for more.
And now are both King Galve and Fariz in retreat;
Great is the day for Christendom, great is the Moors' defeat.

* * * * * * *

The Count of Barcelona, when the tidings met his ear
How that my Cid Ruy Diaz made forays far and near,

And laid the country waste, with wrath his inmost soul was stirred,
And in his anger hastily he spake a braggart word —
"He cometh to insult me, doth my Cid, he of Bivar.
Up to my very court, methinks, he means to carry war.
My nephew he hath wronged; the wrong remaineth unrepaired:
And now the lands that I protect to harry he hath dared.
No challenge have I sent to him, nor sought him for my foe;
But now I call him to account, since he will have it so."
Great mustering there is of Moors and Christians through the land,
A mighty host of men at arms he hath at his command.
Two days, three nights, they march to seek the Good One of Bivar,
To snare him where he harbors in the Pine Wood of Tebar;
And such the speed of their advance, that, cumbered with his spoils,
And unaware, my Cid well-nigh was taken in the toils.
The tidings reached my Cid as down the sierra side he went,
Then straightway to Count Raymond he a friendly message sent:
"Say to the Count that he, meseems, to me no grudge doth owe:
Of him I take no spoil, with him in peace I fain would go."
"Nay," said the Count, "for all his deeds he hath to make amends:
This outlaw must be made to know whose honor he offends."
With utmost speed the messenger Count Raymond's answer brought;
Then of a surety knew my Cid a battle must be fought.
"Now, cavaliers," quoth he, "make safe the booty we hath won.
Look to your weapons, gentlemen; with speed your armor don.
On battle bent Count Raymond comes; a mighty host hath he
Of Moors and Christians; fight we must if hence we would go free.
Here let us fight the battle out, since fight we must perforce.
On with your harness, cavaliers, quick! saddle, and to horse!
Yonder they come, the linen breeks, all down the mountain side,
For saddles they have Moorish pads, with slackened girths they ride:
Our saddles are Galician make, our leggings tough and stout:
A hundred of us gentlemen should scatter such a rout.
Before they gain the level plain, home with the lance charge we,
And then, for every blow we strike, we empty saddles three.
Count Raymond Berenger shall know with whom he has to do,
And dearly in Tebar to-day his raid on me shall rue."
In serried squadron while he speaks they form around my Cid.
Each grasps his lance, and firm and square each sits upon his steed.
Over against them down the hill they watch the Franks descend,
On to the level ground below, where plain and mountain blend.
Then gives my Cid the word to charge — with a good will they go:
Fast ply the lances; some they pierce, and some they overthrow.
And he that in a good hour was born soon hath he won the field;
And the Count Raymond Berenger he hath compelled to yield;

And reaping honor for his beard a noble prize hath made;
A thousand marks of silver worth, the great Colada blade.
Unto his quarters under guard the captive Count he sent,
While his men haste to gather in their spoils in high content.
Then for my Cid Don Roderic a banquet they prepare;
But little doth Count Raymond now for feast or banquet care.
They bring him meat and drink, but he repels them with disdain.
"No morsel will I touch," said he, "for all the wealth of Spain.
Let soul and body perish now; life why should I prolong,
Conquered and captive at the hands of such an ill-breeched throng?"
"Nay," said my Cid; "take bread and wine; eat, and thou goest free;
If not, thy realms in Christendom thou never more shalt see."
"Go thou, Don Roderic," said the Count, "eat if thou wilt, but I
Have no more lust for meat or drink: I only crave to die."
Three days, while they the booty share, for all that they entreat,
The Count his purpose holds unchanged, refusing still to eat.
Then said my Cid, "I pray thee, Count, take food and trust to me;
Thyself and two knights of thy train I promise to set free."
Glad was Count Raymond in his heart when he the promise heard, —
"A marvel that will be, my Cid, if thou dost keep thy word."
"Then, Count, take food, and when I see thy hunger satisfied,
My word is pledged to let thee go, thyself and two beside.
But understand, one farthing's worth I render not again
Of what has been in battle lost and won on yonder plain.
I give not back the lawful spoils I fairly win in fight;
But for mine own and vassals' wants I hold them as my right.
My followers are needy men; I cannot if I would;
For spoil from thee and others won is all our livelihood.
And such, while God's good will it is, must be our daily life,
As outcasts forced to wander, with an angry king at strife."
With lighter heart Count Raymond called for water for his hands,
And then with his two gentlemen, sent by the Cid's commands,
He blithely sat him down to meat: God! with what gust ate he!
And glad was the Campeador such heartiness to see.
Quoth he, "Until thou eat thy fill we part not, Count, to-day."
"Nor loath am I," Count Raymond said, "such bidding to obey."
So he and his two cavaliers a hearty meal they made:
It pleased my Cid to watch his hands, how lustily they played.
"Now, if thou wilt," Count Raymond said, "that we are satisfied,
Bid them to lead the horses forth, that we may mount and ride.
Never since I have been a Count have I yet broken fast
With such a relish; long shall I remember this repast."

Three palfreys with caparisons of costly sort they bring,
And on the saddles robes of fur and mantles rich they fling.
Thus, with a knight on either hand, away Count Raymond rides;
While to the outposts of the camp his guests the Champion guides.
"Now speed thee, Count; ride on," quoth he, "a free Frank as thou art.
For the brave spoil thou leavest me I thank thee from my heart;
And if to win it back again perchance thou hast a mind,
Come thou and seek me when thou wilt; I am not far to find.
But if it be not to thy taste to try another day,
Still, somewhat, be it mine or thine, thou carriest away."
—"Nay! go in peace for me, my Cid: no more I seek of thee;
And thou, I think, for one year's space hast won enough of me."

The Cid's Complaint of his Daughters' Wrongs, and His Requital.

"So please your Grace! once more upon your clemency I call;
A grievance yet remains untold, the greatest grief of all.
And let the court give ear, and weigh the wrong that hath been done.
I hold myself dishonored by the Lords of Carrion.
Redress by combat they must yield; none other will I take.
How now, Infantes! what excuse, what answer do ye make?
Why have ye laid my heartstrings bare? In jest or earnest, say,
Have I offended you? and I will make amends to-day.
My daughters in your hands I placed the day that forth ye went,
And rich in wealth and honors from Valencia were ye sent.
Why did ye carry with you brides ye loved not, treacherous curs?
Why tear their flesh in Corpes wood with saddle-girths and spurs,
And leave them to the beasts of prey? Villains throughout were ye!
What answer ye can make to this 'tis for the court to see."
The Count García was the first that rose to make reply.
"So please ye, gracious king, of all the Kings of Spain most high;
Strange is the guise in which my Cid before you hath appeared;
To grace your summoned court he comes, with that long straggling beard;
With awe struck dumb, methinks, are some; some look as though they feared.
The noble Lords of Carrion of princely race are born;
To take the daughters of my Cid for lemans they should scorn;
Much more for brides of equal birth: in casting them aside—
We care not for his blustering talk — we hold them justified."
Upstood the Champion, stroked his beard, and grasped it in his hands.
"Thanks be to God above," he cried, "who heaven and earth commands,

A long and lordly growth it is, my pleasure and my pride;
In this my beard, García, say, what find you to deride?
Its nurture since it graced my chin hath ever been my care;
No son of woman born hath dared to lay a finger there;
No son of Christian or of Moor hath ever plucked a hair.
Remember Cabra, Count! of thine the same thou canst not say:
On both thy castle and thy beard I laid my hand that day:
Nay! not a groom was there but he his handful plucked away.
Look, where my hand hath been, my lords, all ragged yet it grows!"
With noisy protest breaking in Ferran Gonzalez rose:
"Cid, let there be an end of this; your gifts you have again,
And now no pretext for dispute between us doth remain.
Princes of Carrion are we, with fitting brides we mate;
Daughters of emperors or kings, not squires of low estate:
We brook not such alliances, and yours we rightly spurned."
My Cid, Ruy Diaz, at the word, quick to Bermuez turned.
"Now is the time, Dumb Peter, speak, O man that sittest mute!
My daughters' and thy cousins' name and fame are in dispute:
To me they speak, to thee they look to answer every word.
If I am left to answer now, thou canst not draw thy sword."
Tongue-tied Bermuez stood, awhile he strove for words in vain,
But, look you, when he once began he made his meaning plain.
"Cid, first I have a word for you: you always are the same,
In Cortes ever jibing me, 'Dumb Peter' is the name;
It never was a gift of mine, and that long since you knew;
But have you found me fail in aught that fell to me to do?
You lie, Ferrando; lie in all you say upon that score.
The honor was to you, not him, the Cid Campeador;
For I know something of your worth, and somewhat I can tell.
That day beneath Valencia wall — you recollect it well —
You prayed the Cid to place you in the forefront of the fray;
You spied a Moor, and valiantly you went that Moor to slay;
And then you turned and fled — for his approach you would not stay.
Right soon he would have taught you 'twas a sorry game to play,
Had I not been in battle there to take your place that day.
I slew him at the first onfall; I gave his steed to you;
To no man have I told the tale from that hour hitherto.
Before my Cid and all his men you got yourself a name,
How you in single combat slew a Moor — a deed of fame;
And all believed in your exploit: they wist not of your shame.
You are a craven at the core; tall, handsome, as you stand:
How dare you talk as now you talk, you tongue without a hand?
Again, Ferrando, call to mind — another tale for you —
That matter of the lion; it was at Valencia too.

My Cid lay sleeping when you saw the unchained lion near;
What did you do, Ferrando, then, in your agony of fear?
Low did you crouch behind the couch whereon the Champion lay;
You did, Ferrando, and by that we rate your worth to-day.
We gathered round to guard our lord, Valencia's conqueror.
He rose, and to the lion went, the brave Campeador;
The lion fawned before his feet and let him grasp its mane;
He thrust it back into the cage; he turned to us again:
His trusty vassals to a man he saw around him there:
Where were his sons-in-law? he asked, and none could tell him where.
Now take thou my defiance as a traitor, trothless knight:
Upon this plea before our King Alfonso will I fight;
The daughters of my lord are wronged, their wrong is mine to right.
That ye those ladies did desert, the baser are ye then;
For what are they? — weak women; and what are ye? — strong men.
On every count I deem their cause to be the holier,
And I will make thee own it when we meet in battle here.
Traitor thou shalt confess thyself, so help me God on high,
And all that I have said to-day my sword shall verify."
Thus far these two. Diego rose, and spoke as ye shall hear:
"Counts by our birth are we, of stain our lineage is clear.
In this alliance with my Cid there was no parity.
If we his daughters cast aside, no cause for shame we see.
And little need we care if they in mourning pass their lives,
Enduring the reproach that clings to scorned rejected wives.
In leaving them we but upheld our honor and our right,
And ready to the death am I, maintaining this, to fight."
Here Martin Antolinez sprang upon his feet: "False hound!
Will you not silent keep that mouth where truth was never found?
For you to boast! the lion scare have you forgotten too?
How through the open door you rushed, across the courtyard flew;
How sprawling in your terror on the wine-press beam you lay?
Ay! never more, I trow, you wore the mantle of that day.
There is no choice; the issue now the sword alone can try;
The daughters of my Cid ye spurned; that must ye justify.
On every count I here declare their cause the cause of right,
And thou shalt own thy treachery the day we join in fight."
He ceased, and striding up the hall Assur Gonzalez passed;
His cheek was flushed with wine, for he had stayed to break his fast;
Ungirt his robe, and trailing low his ermine mantle hung;
Rude was his bearing to the Court, and reckless was his tongue.

"What a to-do is here, my lords! was the like ever seen?
What talk is this about my Cid — him of Bivar I mean?
To Riodouirna let him go to take his miller's rent,
And keep his mills agoing there, as once he was content.
He, forsooth, mate his daughters with the Counts of Carrion!"
Upstarted Muño Gustioz: "False, foul-mouthed knave, have done!
Thou glutton, wont to break thy fast without a thought of prayer,
Whose heart is plotting mischief when thy lips are speaking fair;
Whose plighted word to friend or lord hath ever proved a lie;
False always to thy fellow-man, falser to God on high.
No share in thy good will I seek; one only boon I pray:
The chance to make thee own thyself the villain that I say."
Then spoke the king: "Enough of words: ye have my leave to fight,
The challenged and the challengers; and God defend the right."

But lo! two cavaliers came into court: one, Oiarra by name, the other Yenego Simenez; the one the Infante of Navarre, the other the Infante of Aragon. They kiss King Alfonso's hand, and ask the daughters of my Cid the Campeador for Queens of Navarre and Aragon; whereat the Court was silent and gave ear. My Cid rose to his feet. "So please your grace, King Alfonso, for this do I thank the Creator, that from Navarre and Aragon they ask them of me. You gave them in marriage before, not I. My daughters are in your hands. Without your command, I will do nothing." The king rose and bade the Court keep silence. "Of you, Cid, noble Campeador, I ask consent that this marriage be ratified to-day in this court, for it brings to you honor and territory." Said my Cid: "Since it is pleasing to you, I agree to it." Then said the king, "I ratify this marriage of the daughters of my Cid, Doña Elvira and Doña Sol, with the Infantes of Navarre and Aragon. Let this debate end; and to-morrow, at the rising of the sun, shall be the combat, three against three, of those engaged by challenge in the court."

The marshals leave them face to face and from the lists are gone;
Here stand the champions of my Cid, there those of Carrion;
Each with his gaze intent and fixed upon his chosen foe,
Their bucklers braced before their breasts, their lances pointing low,
Their heads bent down, as each man leans above his saddlebow.
Then with one impulse every spur is in the charger's side,
And earth itself is felt to shake beneath their furious stride;
Till, midway meeting, three with three, in struggle fierce they lock,
While all account them dead who hear the echo of the shock.

Ferrando and his challenger, Pero Bermuez, close;
Firm are the lances held, and fair the shields receive the blows.
Through Pero's shield Ferrando drove his lance, a bloodless stroke;
The point stopped short in empty space, the shaft in splinters broke.
But on Bermuez, firm of seat, the shock fell all in vain;
And while he took Ferrando's thrust he paid it back again.
The armored buckler shattering, right home his lance he pressed,
Driving the point through boss and plate against his foeman's breast,
Three folds of mail Ferrando wore, they stood him in good stead;
Two yielded to the lance's point, the third held fast the head.
But forced into the flesh it sank a hand's-breadth deep or more,
Till bursting from the gasping lips in torrents gushed the gore.
Then, the girths breaking, o'er the croup borne rudely to the ground,
He lay, a dying man it seemed to all who stood around.
Bermuez cast his lance aside, and sword in hand came on;
Ferrando saw the blade he bore, he knew it was Tizon:
Quick ere the dreaded brand could fall, "I yield me," came the cry.
Vanquished the marshals granted him, and Pero let him lie.
And Martin Antolinez and Diego — fair and true
Each struck upon the other's shield, and wide the splinters flew.
Then Antolinez seized his sword, and as he drew the blade,
A dazzling gleam of burnished steel across the meadow played;
And at Diego striking full, athwart the helmet's crown,
Sheer through the steel plates of the casque he drove the falchion down,
Through coif and scarf, till from the scalp the locks it razed away,
And half shorn off and half upheld the shattered head-piece lay.
Reeling beneath the blow that proved Colada's cruel might,
Diego saw no chance but one, no safety save in flight:
He wheeled and fled, but close behind him Antolinez drew;
With the flat blade a hasty blow he dealt him as he flew;
But idle was Diego's sword; he shrieked to Heaven for aid:
"O God of glory, give me help! save me from yonder blade!"
Unreined, his good steed bore him safe and swept him past the bound,
And Martin Antolinez stood alone upon the ground.
"Come hither," said the king; "thus far the conquerors are ye."
And fairly fought and won the field the marshals both agree.
So much for these and how they fought: remains to tell you yet
How meanwhile Muño Gustioz Assur Gonzalez met.
With a strong arm and steady aim each struck the other's shield,
And under Assur's sturdy thrust the plates of Muño's yield;

But harmless passed the lance's point, and spent its force in air.
Not so Don Muño's; on the shield of Assur striking fair,
Through plate and boss and foeman's breast his pennoned lance he sent,
Till out between the shoulder blades a fathom's length it went.
Then, as the lance he plucked away, clear from the saddle swung,
With one strong wrench of Muño's wrist to earth was Assur flung;
And back it came, shaft, pennon, blade, all stained a gory red;
Nor was there one of all the crowd but counted Assur sped,
While o'er him Muño Gustioz stood with uplifted brand.
Then cried Assur Gonzalez: "In God's name hold thy hand!
Already have ye won the field; no more is needed now."
And said the marshals, "It is just, and we the claim allow."
And then the King Alfonso gave command to clear the ground,
And gather in the relics of the battle strewed around.
And from the field in honor went Don Roderick's champions three.
Thanks be to God, the Lord of all, that gave the victory.
But fearing treachery, that night upon their way they went,
As King Alfonso's honored guests in safety homeward sent,
And to Valencia city day and night they journeyed on,
To tell my Cid Campeador that his behest was done.
But in the lands of Carrion it was a day of woe,
And on the lords of Carrion it fell a heavy blow.
He who a noble lady wrongs and casts aside — may he
Meet like requital for his deeds, or worse, if worse there be.
But let us leave them where they lie — their meed is all men's scorn.
Turn we to speak of him that in a happy hour was born.
Valencia the Great was glad, rejoiced at heart to see
The honored champions of her lord return in victory:
And Ruy Diaz grasped his beard: "Thanks be to God," said he,
"Of part or lot in Carrion now are my daughters free;
Now may I give them without shame whoe'er the suitors be."
And favored by the king himself, Alfonso of Leon,
Prosperous was the wooing of Navarre and Aragon.
The bridals of Elvira and of Sol in splendor passed;
Stately the former nuptials were, but statelier far the last.
And he that in a good hour was born, behold how he hath sped!
His daughters now to higher rank and greater honor wed:
Sought by Navarre and Aragon for queens his daughters twain;
And monarchs of his blood to-day upon the thrones of Spain.
And so his honor in the land grows greater day by day.
Upon the feast of Pentecost from life he passed away.
For him and all of us the Grace of Christ let us implore.
And here ye have the story of my Cid Campeador.

OLD GERMAN LOVE SONGS.

By F. MAX MÜLLER.

[Friedrich Max Müller, cosmopolitan philologist, was born December 6, 1823, at Dessau, Germany, where his father, Wilhelm Müller, the poet, was librarian. He studied at several great universities, making Sanskrit his specialty, and edited the Rig-veda, 1849–1874. He was professor at Oxford of modern languages, and later of comparative philology, which he has popularized beyond any other man by his writings. His "Chips from a German Workshop" is a well-known collection of his essays; his "Comparative Mythology," "Science of Language," "Science of Religion," "Science of Thought," "Science of Mythology," etc., have been very influential.]

Seven hundred years ago! What a long time it seems! Philip Augustus, King of France; Henry II., King of England; Frederick I., the famous Barbarossa, Emperor of Germany! When we read of their times, the times of the Crusades, we feel as the Greeks felt when reading of the War of Troy. We listen, we admire, but we do not compare the heroes of Saint Jean d'Acre with the great generals of the nineteenth century. They seem a different race of men from those who are now living, and poetry and tradition have lent to their royal frames such colossal proportions that we hardly dare to criticise the legendary history of their chivalrous achievements.

It was a time of heroes, of saints, of martyrs, of miracles! Thomas à Becket was murdered at Canterbury, but for more than three hundred years his name lived on, and his bones were working miracles, and his soul seemed as it were embodied and petrified in the lofty pillars that surround the spot of his martyrdom. Abélard was persecuted and imprisoned, but his spirit revived in the Reformers of the sixteenth century, and the shrine of Abélard and Héloïse in the Père La Chaise is still decorated every year with garlands of *immortelles*. Barbarossa was drowned in the same river in which Alexander the Great had bathed his royal limbs, but his fame lived on in every cottage of Germany, and the peasant near the Kyffhäuser still believes that some day the mighty Emperor will awake from his long slumber, and rouse the people of Germany from their fatal dreams. We dare not hold communion with such stately heroes as Frederick the Red-beard and Richard the Lion-heart; they seem half to belong to the realm of fable. We feel from our very school days as if we could shake hands with a Themistocles and sit down in the company of a Julius Cæsar, but

we are awed by the presence of those tall and silent knights, with their hands folded and their legs crossed, as we see them reposing in full armor on the tombs of our cathedrals.

And yet, however different in all other respects, these men, if they once lift their steel beaver and unbuckle their rich armor, are wonderfully like ourselves. Let us read the poetry which they either wrote themselves, or to which they liked to listen in their castles on the Rhine or under their tents in Palestine, and we find it is poetry which a Tennyson or a Moore, a Goethe or Heine, might have written. Neither Julius Cæsar nor Themistocles would know what was meant by such poetry. It is modern poetry, — poetry unknown to the ancient world, — and who invented it nobody can tell. It is sometimes called Romantic, but this is a strange misnomer. Neither the Romans, nor the lineal descendants of the Romans, the Italians, the Provençals, the Spaniards, can claim that poetry as their own. It is Teutonic poetry, — purely Teutonic in its heart and soul, though its utterance, its rhyme and meter, its grace and imagery, show the marks of a warmer clime. It is called sentimental poetry, the poetry of the heart rather than of the head, the picture of the inward rather than of the outward world. It is subjective, as distinguished from objective poetry, as the German critics, in their scholastic language, are fond of expressing it. It is Gothic, as contrasted with classical poetry. The one, it is said, sublimizes nature, the other bodies forth spirit; the one deifies the human, the other humanizes the divine; the one is ethnic, the other Christian. But all these are but names, and their true meaning must be discovered in the works of art themselves, and in the history of the times which produced the artists, the poets, and their ideals. We shall perceive the difference between these two hemispheres of the Beautiful better if we think of Homer's "Helena" and Dante's "Beatrice," if we look at the "Venus of Milo" and a "Madonna" of Francia, than in reading the profoundest systems of æsthetics.

A volume of German poetry is called "Des Minnesangs Frühling," — "the Spring of the Songs of Love"; and it contains a collection of the poems of twenty German poets, all of whom lived during the period of the Crusades, under the Hohenstaufen Emperors, from about 1170 to 1230. This period may well be called the spring of German poetry, though the summer that followed was but of short duration, and the autumn was cheated of the rich harvest which the spring had promised.

Tieck, one of the first who gathered the flowers of that forgotten spring, describes it in glowing language.

"At that time," he says, "believers sang of faith, lovers of love, knights described knightly actions and battles; and loving, believing knights were their chief audience. The spring, beauty, gayety, were objects that could never tire: great duels and deeds of arms carried away every hearer, the more surely, the stronger they were painted; and as the pillars and dome of the church encircle the flock, so did religion, as the highest, encircle poetry and reality; and every heart, in equal love, humbled itself before her."

Carlyle, too, has listened with delight to those merry songs of spring. "Then truly," he says, "was the time of singing come; for princes and prelates, emperors and squires, the wise and the simple, men, women, and children, all sang and rhymed, or delighted in hearing it done. It was a universal noise of song, as if the spring of manhood had arrived, and warblings from every spray — not indeed without infinite twitterings also, which, except their gladness, had no music — were bidding it welcome."

And yet it was not all gladness; and it is strange that Carlyle, who has so keen an ear for the silent melancholy of the human heart, should not have heard that tone of sorrow and fateful boding which breaks, like a suppressed sigh, through the free and light music of that Swabian era. The brightest sky of spring is not without its clouds in Germany, and the German heart is never happy without some sadness. Whether we listen to a short ditty, or to the epic ballads of the "Nibelunge," or to Wolfram's grand poems of the "Parcival" and the "Holy Grail," it is the same everywhere. There is always a mingling of light and shade, — in joy a fear of sorrow, in sorrow a ray of hope, and throughout the whole, a silent wondering at this strange world. Here is a specimen of an anonymous poem; and anonymous poetry is an invention peculiarly Teutonic. It was written before the twelfth century; its language is strangely simple, and sometimes uncouth. But there is truth in it; and it is truth after all, and not fiction, that is the secret of all poetry: —

It has pained me in the heart,
Full many a time,
That I yearned after that
Which I may not have,

Nor ever shall win.
It is very grievous.
I do not mean gold or silver;
It is more like a human heart.

I trained me a falcon,
More than a year.
When I had tamed him,
As I would have him,
And had well tied his feathers
With golden chains,
He soared up very high,
And flew into other lands.

I saw the falcon since,
Flying happily;
He carried on his foot
Silken straps,
And his plumage was
All red of gold. . . .
May God send them together,
Who would fain be loved.

The keynote of the whole poem of the "Nibelunge," such as it was written down at the end of the twelfth, or the beginning of the thirteenth century, is "Sorrow after Joy." This is the fatal spell against which all the heroes are fighting, and fighting in vain. And as Hagen dashes the Chaplain into the waves, in order to belie the prophecy of the Mermaids, but the Chaplain rises, and Hagen rushes headlong into destruction, so Chriemhilt is bargaining and playing with the same inevitable fate, cautiously guarding her young heart against the happiness of love, that she may escape the sorrows of a broken heart. She, too, has been dreaming "of a wild young falcon that she trained for many a day, till two fierce eagles tore it." And she rushes to her mother Ute, that she may read the dream for her; and her mother tells her what it means. And then the coy maiden answers: —

"No more, no more, dear mother, say,
From many a woman's fortune this truth is clear as day,
That falsely smiling Pleasure with Pain requites us ever.
I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never."

But Siegfried comes, and Chriemhilt's heart does no longer cast up the bright and the dark days of life. To Siegfried she

belongs ; for him she lives, and for him, when "two fierce eagles tore him," she dies. A still wilder tragedy lies hidden in the songs of the "Edda," the most ancient fragments of truly Teutonic poetry. Wolfram's poetry is of the same somber cast. He wrote his "Parcival" about the time when the songs of the "Nibelunge" were written down. The subject was taken by him from a French source. It belonged originally to the British cycle of Arthur and his knights. But Wolfram took the story merely as a skeleton, to which he himself gave a new body and soul. The glory and happiness which this world can give is to him but a shadow, — the crown for which his hero fights is that of the Holy Grail.

Faith, Love, and Honor are the chief subjects of the so-called Minnesänger. They are not what we should call erotic poets. *Minne* means love in the old German language, but it means, originally, not so much passion and desire, as thoughtfulness, reverence, and remembrance. In English *Minne* would be "Minding," and it is different therefore from the Greek *Eros*, the Roman *Amor*, and the French *Amour*. It is different also from the German *Liebe*, which means originally desire, not love.

Most of the poems of the "Minnesänger" are sad rather than joyful, — joyful in sorrow, sorrowful in joy. The same feelings have since been so often repeated by poets in all the modern languages of Europe, that much of what we read in the "Minnesänger" of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries sounds stale to our ears. Yet there is a simplicity about these old songs, a want of effort, an entire absence of any attempt to please or to surprise ; and we listen to them as we listen to a friend who tells us his sufferings in broken and homely words, and whose truthful prose appeals to our heart more strongly than the most elaborate poetry of a Lamartine or a Heine. It is extremely difficult to translate these poems from the language in which they are written, the so-called Middle High-German, into Modern German, — much more so to render them into English. But translation is at the same time the best test of the true poetical value of any poem, and we believe that many of the poems of the Minnesängers can bear that test. Here is another poem, very much in the style of the one quoted above, but written by a poet whose name is known, — Dietmar von Eist : —

A lady stood alone,
And gazed across the heath,
And gazed for her love.

She saw a falcon flying.
"O happy falcon that thou art,
Thou fliest wherever thou likest,
Thou choosest in the forest
A tree that pleases thee.
Thus I too had done,
I chose myself a man:
Him my eyes selected.
Beautiful ladies envy me for it.
Alas! why will they not leave me my love?
I did not desire the beloved of any one of them.
Now woe to thee, joy of summer!
The song of birds is gone;
So are the leaves of the lime tree:
Henceforth, my pretty eyes too
Will be overcast.
My love, thou shouldst take leave
Of other ladies;
Yes, my hero, thou shouldst avoid them.
When thou sawest me first,
I seemed to thee in truth
Right lovely made:
I remind thee of it, dear man!"

These poems, simple and homely as they may seem to us, were loved and admired by the people for whom they were written. They were copied and preserved with the greatest care in the albums of kings and queens, and some of them were translated into foreign languages.

One of the most original and thoughtful of the "Minnesänger" is the old Reinmar. His poems, however, are not easy to read. The following is a specimen of Reinmar's poetry: —

High as the sun stands my heart;
That is because of a lady who can be without change
In her grace, wherever she be.
She makes me free from all sorrow.

I have nothing to give her, but my own life,
That belongs to her: the beautiful woman gives me always
Joy, and a high mind,
If I think of it, what she does for me.

Well is it for me that I found her so true!
Wherever she dwell, she alone makes every land dear to me;
If she went across the wild sea,
There I should go; I long so much for her.

If I had the wisdom of a thousand men, it would be well
That I keep her, whom I should serve:
May she take care right well,
That nothing sad may ever befall me through her.

I was never quite blessed, but through her:
Whatever I wish to her, may she allow it to me!
It was a blessed thing for me
That she, the Beautiful, received me into her grace.

Carlyle, no doubt, is right when he says that, among all this warbling of love, there are infinite twitterings which, except their gladness, have little to charm us. Yet we like to read them as part of the bright history of those bygone days. One poet sings: —

If the whole world was mine,
From the Sea to the Rhine,
I would gladly give it all,
That the Queen of England
Lay in my arms, etc.

Who was the impertinent German that dared to fall in love with a Queen of England? We do not know. But there can be no doubt that the Queen of England whom he adored was the gay and beautiful Eleanor of Poitou, the Queen of Henry II., who filled the heart of many a Crusader with unholy thoughts. Her daughter, too, Mathilde, who was married to Henry the Lion of Saxony, inspired many a poet of those days. Her beauty was celebrated by the Provençal Troubadours; and at the court of her husband, she encouraged several of her German vassals to follow the example of the French and Norman knights, and sing the love of Tristan and Isolt, and the adventures of the knights of Charlemagne.

They must have been happy times, those times of the Crusades! Nor have they passed away without leaving their impress on the hearts and minds of the nations of Europe. The Holy Sepulcher, it is true, is still in the hands of the Infidels, and the bones of the Crusaders lie buried in unhallowed soil, and their deeds of valor are well-nigh forgotten, and their chivalrous Tournaments and their Courts of Love are smiled at by a wiser generation. But much that is noble and heroic in the feelings of the nineteenth century has its hidden roots in the thirteenth. Gothic architecture and Gothic poetry are the children of the same mother; and if the true but unadorned

language of the heart, the aspirations of a real faith, the sorrow and joy of a true love, are still listened to by the nations of Europe; and if what is called the Romantic school is strong enough to hold its ground against the classical taste and its royal patrons, such as Louis XIV., Charles II., and Frederick the Great, — we owe it to those chivalrous poets who dared for the first time to be what they were, and to say what they felt, and to whom Faith, Love, and Honor were worthy subjects of poetry, though they lacked the sanction of the Periclean and Augustan ages.

POEMS OF THE MINNESINGERS.

TRANSLATED BY EDGAR TAYLOR AND S. AUSTIN.

HARALD THE HARDY.

[Middle of eleventh century.]

MY BARK around Sicilia sailed;
Then were we gallant, proud, and strong;
The winged ship, by youths impelled,
Skimmed, as we hoped, the waves along:
My prowess, tried in martial field,
Like fruit to maiden fair shall yield!
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Fierce was the fight on Trondhiem's heath;
I saw her sons to battle move;
Though few, upon that field of death
Long, long, our desperate warriors strove:
Young from my king in battle slain
I parted on that bloody plain.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

With vigorous arms the pump we plied,
Sixteen (no more) my dauntless crew,
And high and furious waxed the tide;
O'er the deep bark its billows flew;

My prowess, tried in hour of need,
Alike with maiden fair shall speed.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Eight feats I ken: — the sportive game —
The war array — the fabrile art —
With fearless breast the waves I stem —
I press the steed — I cast the dart —
O'er ice on slippery skates I glide —
My dexterous oar defies the tide.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Let blooming maid and widow say,
Mid proud Byzantium's southern walls
What deeds we wrought at dawn of day!
What falchions sounded through their halls!
What blood disdained each weighty spear!
Those feats are famous far and near.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Where snow-clad Uplands rear their head,
My breath I drew mid bowmen strong;
But now my bark, the peasants' dread,
Kisses the sea its rocks among;
Mid barren isles, where ocean foamed
Far from the tread of man I roamed.
With golden ring in Russia's land
To me the virgin plights her hand.

Sonnet of "Der Marner."

[Date uncertain.]

Maria! Virgin! mother! comforter
Of sinners! queen of saints in heav'n thou art!
Thy beauty round the eternal throne doth cast
A brightness that outshines its living rays:
There in the fullness of transcendent joy
Heaven's king and thou sit in bright majesty;
Would I were there, a welcomed guest at last
Where angel tongues reëcho praise to praise!

There Michael sings the blessed Savior's name
Till round the eternal throne it rings once more,
And angels in their choirs with glad acclaim,
Triumphant host, their joyful praises pour:
There thousand years than days more short appear,
Such joy from God doth flow and from that mother dear.

Dietmar of Ast.

[Early twelfth century.]

By the heath stood a lady
All lonely and fair,
As she watched for her lover
A falcon flew near.
"Happy falcon!" she cried,
"Who can fly where he list,
And can choose in the forest
The tree he loves best!

"Thus, too, had I chosen
One knight for mine own,
Him my eye had selected,
Him prized I alone.
But other fair ladies
Have envied my joy;
And why? for I sought not
Their bliss to destroy.

"As to thee, lovely summer!
Returns the birds' strain,
As on yonder green linden
The leaves spring again,
So constant doth grief
At my eyes overflow,
And wilt thou not, dearest,
Return to me now?

"Yes, come, my own hero,
All others desert!
When first my eye saw thee,
How graceful thou wert;
How fair was thy presence,
How graceful, how bright;
Then think of me only,
My own chosen knight!"

Wolfram von Eschenbach.

[Early in twelfth century.]

Would I the lofty spirit melt
  Of that proud dame who dwells so high,
Kind heaven must aid me, or unfelt
  By her will be its agony.
Joy in my soul no place can find:
  As well might I a suitor be
To thunderbolts, as hope her mind
  Will turn in softer mood to me.

Those cheeks are beautiful, are bright
  As the red rose with dewdrops graced;
And faultless is the lovely light
  Of those dear eyes, that, on me placed,
Pierce to my very heart, and fill
  My soul with love's consuming fires,
While passion burns and reigns at will;
  So deep the love that fair inspires!

But joy upon her beauteous form
  Attends, her hues so bright to shed
O'er those red lips, before whose warm
  And beaming smile all care is fled.
She is to me all light and joy,
  I faint, I die, before her frown;
Even Venus, lived she yet on earth,
  A fairer goddess here must own. . . .

While many mourn the vanished light
  Of summer and the sweet sun's face,
I mourn that these, however bright,
  No anguish from the soul can chase
By love inflicted: all around,
  Nor song of birds, nor ladies' bloom,
Nor flowers upspringing from the ground,
  Can chase or cheer the spirits' gloom. . . .

Yet still thine aid, beloved! impart,
  Of all thy power, thy love, make trial:
Bid joy revive in this sad heart,
  Joy that expires at thy denial:

Well may I pour my prayer to thee,
  Beloved lady, since 'tis thine
Alone to send such care on me;
  Alone for thee I ceaseless pine.

Christian of Hamle.

[Middle of the twelfth century.]

Would that the meadow could speak
  And then would it truly declare
How happy was yesterday,
  When my lady love was there;
When she plucked its flowers, and gently prest
Her lovely feet on its verdant breast.

Meadow! what transport was thine
  When my lady walked across thee;
And her white hands plucked the flowers,
  Those beautiful flowers that emboss thee!
Oh, suffer me, then, thou bright green sod,
To set my feet where my lady trod!

Meadow! pray thou for the ease
  Of a heart that with love is panting!
And so will *I* pray, that her feet
  On thy sod my lady planting,
No wintry snows may ever lie there,
And my heart be green as your vesture fair.

"The Chancellor."

[Date uncertain.]

Who would summer pleasures try
Let him to the meadows hie.
O'er the mountain, in the vale,
Gladsome sounds and sights prevail;
In the field fresh flowers are springing,
In the boughs new carols singing,
Richly in sweet harmony
There the birds new music ply.
This is all thine own, sweet May!
As thy softer breezes play,
Snow and frost work melt away.

Old and young come forth! for ye
Winter bound again are free.
Up! ye shall not grieve again.
Look upon that verdant plain,
Its gloomy robe no more it wears;
How beauteously its face appears!
He who mid the flowers enjoys
The sweetness of his lady's eyes,
Let him cast his cares away,
And give the meed of thanks to May.

From the heart's most deep recess,
Hovering smiles, intent to bless,
Gather on my lady's lips;
Smiles, that other smiles eclipse;
Smiles, more potent, care dispelling,
Than the bank with flowers sweet smelling,
Than the birds' melodious measures,
Than our choicest woodland treasures,
Than the flower-besprinkled plains,
Than the nightingale's sweet strains;
Fairer, sweeter, beauty reigns.

Ulrich of Lichtenstein.

[Middle of the twelfth century.]

"Lady beauteous, lady pure,
Lady happy, lady kind,
Love, methinks, has little power,
So proud thy bearing, o'er thy mind.
Didst thou feel the power of love,
Then would those fair lips unclose,
And be taught in sighs to move."

"What is love, then, good sir knight?
Is it man or woman? say;
Tell me, if I know it not,
How it comes to pass, I pray.
Thou should'st tell me all its story,
Whence, and where, it cometh here,
That my heart may yet be wary."

"Lady, love so mighty is,
All things living to her bow;

Various is her power, but I
Will tell thee what of her I know.
Love is good, and love is ill,
Joy and woe she can bestow,
Spreading life and spirit still."

"Can love banish, courteous knight,
Pining grief and wasting woe?
Pour gay spirits on the heart,
Polish, grace, and ease bestow?
If in her *these* powers may meet,
Great is she, and thus shall be
Her praise and honor great."

"Lady, I will yet say more;
Lovely are her gifts, her hand
Joy bestows, and honor too;
The virtues come at her command,
Joys of sight and joys of heart
She bestows, and she may choose,
And splendid fortune doth impart."

"How shall I obtain, sir knight,
All these gifts of lady love?
Must I bear a load of care?
Much too weak my frame would prove.
Grief and care I cannot bear;
Can I then the boon obtain;
Tell me, sir knight, then, how and where."

"Lady, thou should'st think of me
As I of thee think, — heartily.
Thus shall we together blend
Firm in love's sweet harmony,
Thou still mine, I still thine."

"It cannot be, sir knight, with *me;*
Be your own, I'll still be mine."

Watch Song.

[Date uncertain.]

I heard before the dawn of day
The watchman loud proclaim: —
"If any knightly lover stay
In secret with his dame,

Take heed, the sun will soon appear;
Then fly, ye knights, your ladies dear,
  Fly ere the daylight dawn.

"Brightly gleams the firmament,
  In silvery splendor gay;
Rejoicing that the night is spent,
  The lark salutes the day:
Then fly, ye lovers, and be gone!
Take leave before the night is done,
  And jealous eyes appear."

That watchman's call did wound my heart,
  And banished my delight:
"Alas, the envious sun will part
  Our loves, my lady bright."
On me she looked with downcast eye,
Despairing at my mournful cry,
  "We tarry here too long."

Straight to the wicket did she speed;
  "Good watchman, spare thy joke!
Warn not my love, till o'er the mead
  The morning sun has broke:
Too short, alas! the time, since here
I tarried with my leman dear,
  In love and converse sweet."

"Lady, be warned! on roof and mead
  The dewdrops glitter gay;
Then quickly bid thy leman speed,
  Nor linger till the day;
For by the twilight did I mark
Wolves hieing to their covert dark,
  And stags to covert fly."

Now by the rising sun I viewed
  In tears my lady's face:
She gave me many a token good,
  And many a soft embrace.
Our parting bitterly we mourned;
The hearts which erst with rapture burned,
  Were cold with woe and care.

A ring, with glittering ruby red,
  Gave me that lady sheen,

And with me from the castle sped
Along the meadow green:
And whilst I saw my leman bright,
She waved on high her 'kerchief white:
"Courage! To arms!" she cried.

In the raging fight each pennon white
Reminds me of her love;
In the field of blood, with mournful mood,
I see her 'kerchief move;
Through foes I hew, whene'er I view
Her ruby ring, and blithely sing,
"Lady, I fight for thee."

Henry of Morunge.

[First part of thirteenth century.]

Mine is the fortune of a simple child
That in the glass his image looks upon;
And by the shadow of himself beguiled
Breaks quick the brittle charm, and joy is gone.
So gazed I — and I deemed my joy would last —
On the bright image of my lady fair:
But ah! the dream of my delight is past,
And love and rapture yield to dark despair.

Walter von der Vogelweide.

[Early thirteenth century.]

Mournings.

To me is barred the door of joy and ease,
There stand I as an orphan, lone, forlorn,
And nothing boots me that I frequent knock.
Strange that on every hand the show'r should fall,
And not one cheering drop should reach to me!
On all around the gen'rous Austrian's gifts,
Gladd'ning the land, like genial rain descend:
A fair and gay adorned mead is he,
Whereon are gathered of the sweetest flowers:
Would that his rich and ever gen'rous hand
Might stoop to pluck one little leaf for me,
So might I fitly praise a scene so fair!

Fain (could it be) would I a home obtain,
And warm me by a hearth-side of my own.
Then, then, I'd sing about the sweet birds' strain,
And fields and flowers, as I have whilome done;
And paint in song the lily and the rose
That dwell upon *her* cheek who smiles on me.
But lone I stray — no home its comfort shows:
Ah, luckless man! still doomed *a guest* to be!

A mournful one am I, above whose head
A day of perfect bliss hath never past;
Whatever joys my soul have ravished,
Soon was the radiance of those joys o'ercast.
And none can show me that substantial pleasure
Which will not pass away like bloom from flowers;
Therefore, no more my heart such joys shall treasure,
Nor pine for fading sweets and fleeting hours.

Ah! where are hours departed fled?
  Is life a dream, or true indeed?
Did all my heart hath fashioned
  From fancy's visitings proceed?
Yes! I have slept; and now unknown
  To me the things best known before:
The land, the people, once mine own,
  Where are they? — they are here no more:
My boyhood's friends, all aged, worn,
  Despoiled the woods, the fields, of home,
Only the stream flows on forlorn;
  (Alas! that e'er such change should come!)
And he who knew me once so well
  Salutes me now as one estranged:
The very earth to me can tell
  Of naught but things perverted, changed:
And when I muse on other days,
  That passed me as the dashing oars
The surface of the ocean raise,
  Ceaseless my heart its fate deplores.

May and His Lady.

When from the sod the flow'rets spring,
  And smile to meet the sun's bright ray,
When birds their sweetest carols sing
  In all the morning pride of May,

What lovelier than the prospect there?
Can earth boast anything more fair?
To me it seems an almost heaven,
So beauteous to my eyes that vision bright is given.

But when a lady, chaste and fair,
Noble, and clad in rich attire,
Walks through the throng with gracious air,
As sun that bids the stars retire, —
Then, where are all thy boastings, May?
What hast thou beautiful and gay
Compared with that supreme delight?
We leave thy loveliest flowers, and watch that lady bright.

Wouldst thou believe me, — come and place
Before thee all this pride of May;
Then look but on my lady's face,
And, which is best and brightest? say:
For me, how soon (if choice were mine)
This would I take, and that resign!
And say, "Though sweet thy beauties, May!
I'd rather forfeit all than lose my lady gay."

The Wreath.

"Lady," I said, "this garland wear!
For thou wilt wear it gracefully:
And on thy brow 'twill sit so fair,
And thou wilt dance so light and free;
Had I a thousand gems, on thee,
Fair one! their brilliant light should shine:
Would'st thou such gift accept from me, —
Oh, doubt me not, — it should be thine.

"Lady, so beautiful thou art,
That I on thee the wreath bestow,
'Tis the best gift I can impart;
But whiter, rosier flow'rs, I know,
Upon the distant plain they're springing,
Where beauteously their heads they rear,
And birds their sweetest songs are singing:
Come! let us go and pluck them there."

She took the beauteous wreath I chose,
And like a child at praises glowing,

Her cheeks blushed crimson as the rose,
When by the snow-white lily growing:
But all from those bright eyes eclipse
Received; and then, my toil to pay,
Kind, precious words fell from her lips:
What more than this I shall not say.

Hugh of Werbenwag.

[Middle of thirteenth century.]

If such her purpose last, I'll send
A message to my lady,
To warn her that my suit I'll ply
Unto the king to aid me;
I'll say she wins and wears my gage,
Yet will she not my pain assuage;
And if he hears me not, I'll seek the emperor's court.

Yet fear I when we both appear
Battel must wagèd be;
If she on oath deny the truth
Of the words she spoke to me,
Then must I strive with her in fight:
So is the law; but shall I smite
That lady? Yet how hard to let her strike me dead.

Yes, if King Conrad listen not,
Or hearing will not heed,
Then will I seek the Emperor's grace,
For he hath heard the deed:
And still if justice be not *there*,
I'll to Thuringia's prince repair,
Or to the Pope, with whom justice in mercy dwells.

Lady.

Dear friend, thy anger waxes high,
To kings and emperors flying;
Go not to Rome, but rest at home,
For hope on me relying:
The light of faithful love pursue,
And follow still with service true;
Love without law is best: such would *my* counsel be.

EPISODES FROM THE NIBELUNGENLIED.

TRANSLATED BY W. N. LETTSOM.

[The Nibelungenlied was probably written in the twelfth century, in part from earlier ballads, and from legends not always consistent nor made so in the poem. For the story of the Nibelungs' Hoard, see "Stories from the Northern Myths," Vol. 1 of this work.]

HOW GUNTHER WENT TO ISSLAND TO WOO BRUNHILD.

BEYOND the Rhine high tidings again were noised around.
There many a maid was dwelling for beauty wide renowned,
And one of these king Gunther, 'twas said, designed to woo:
Well pleased the monarch's purpose his knights and liegemen true.

There was a queen high seated afar beyond the sea;
Never wielded scepter a mightier than she;
For beauty she was matchless, for strength without a peer;
Her love to him she offered who could pass her at the spear.

She threw the stone, and bounded behind it to the mark;
At three games each suitor with sinews stiff and stark
Must conquer the fierce maiden whom he sought to wed,
Or, if in one successless, straight must lose his head.

E'en thus for the stern virgin had many a suitor died.
This heard a noble warrior who dwelt the Rhine beside,
And forthwith resolved he to win her for his wife.
Thereby full many a hero thereafter lost his life.

Once on a day together sat with his men the king,
Talking each with the other, and deeply pondering,
What maiden 'twas most fitting for their lord to woo,
One whom him might comfort, and grace the country too.

Then spake the lord of Rhineland: "Straight will I hence to sea.
And seek the fiery Brunhild howe'er it go with me.
For love of the stern maiden I'll frankly risk my life;
Ready am I to lose it, if I win her not to wife."

"That would I fain dissuade you," Sir Siegfried made reply,
"Whoe'er would woo fair Brunhild, plays a stake too high;
So cruel is her custom, and she so fierce a foe.
Take good advice, king Gunther, nor on such a journey go."

Then answered thus king Gunther: "Ne'er yet was woman born
So bold and eke so stalwart, but I should think it scorn
Were not this hand sufficient to force a female foe."
"Be still," replied Sir Siegfried, "her strength you little know.

"E'en were you four together, nought could all four devise
'Gainst her remorseless fury; hear then what I advise
From true and steadfast friendship, and, as you value life,
Tempt not for love of Brunhild a vain, a hopeless strife."

"How strong she be soever, the journey will I take,
Whatever chance befall me, for lovely Brunhild's sake;
For her unmeasured beauty I'll hazard all that's mine.
Who knows, but God may bring her to follow me to the Rhine."

"Since you're resolved," said Hagan, "this would I chief advise:
Request of noble Siegfried in this dread enterprise
To take his part among us; thus 'twould be best, I ween,
For none so well as Siegfried knows this redoubted queen."

Said Gunther: "Wilt thou help me, Siegfried tried and true,
To win the lovely maiden? what I entreat thee, do,
And if I only gain her to my wedded wife,
For thee I'll gladly venture honor, limb, and life."

Thereto answered Siegfried, Siegmund's matchless son:
"Give me but thy sister, and the thing is done.
The stately queen fair Kriemhild let me only gain,
I ask no other guerdon for whatever toil and pain."

"I promise it," said Gunther, "and take in pledge thy hand,
And soon as lovely Brunhild shall come into this land,
To thee to wife my sister surely will I give,
And may you both together long time and happy live."

Then each they swore to th' other, the highborn champions bold,
Which wrought them time and trouble thereafter manifold,
Ere to full completion they brought their high design,
And led at last the lady to the banks of Rhine.

I have heard strange stories of wild dwarfs, how they fare;
They dwell in hollow mountains, and for protection wear
A vesture that hight cloud cloak, marvelous to tell;
Whoever has it on him may keep him safe and well

The Rhine Daughters

From the painting by K. Dielitz

From cuts and stabs of foemen; him none can hear or see
As soon as he is in it, but see and hear can he
Whate'er he will around him, and thus must needs prevail;
He grows besides far stronger; so goes the wondrous tale.

And now with him the cloud cloak took fair Sieglind's son;
The same th' unconquered warrior with labor hard had won
From the stout dwarf Albric in successful fray.
The bold and wealthy champions made ready for the way.

So, as I said, bold Siegfried the cloud cloak bore along.
When he but put it on him, he felt him wondrous strong.
Twelve men's strength then had he in his single body laid.
By trains and close devices he wooed the haughty maid.

Besides, in that strange cloud cloak was such deep virtue found,
That whosoever wore it, though thousands stood around,
Might do whatever pleased him unseen of friend or foe.
Thus Siegfried won fair Brunhild, which brought him bitterest woe.

"Before we start, bold Siegfried, tell me what best would be;
Shall we lead an army across the sounding sea,
And travel thus to Brunhild as fits a royal king?
Straight could we together thirty thousand warriors bring."

"Whate'er our band," said Siegfried, "the same would still ensue:
So savage and so cruel is the queen you woo,
All would together perish by her o'ermastering might;
But I'll advise you better, high and noble knight.

"As simple knights we'll travel adown the Rhine's fair tide,
Two to us two added, and followers none beside.
We four will make the voyage, true comrades one and all,
And thus shall win the lady, whatever thence befall.

"I will be one companion, thou shalt the second be,
The third shall be Sir Hagan, in sooth a goodly three!
The fourth shall be Sir Dankwart, that redoubted knight.
Trust me, no thousand champions will dare us four to fight." . . .

Fair maids stood at the windows as they hoisted sail;
The bark rocked, and the canvas flapped with the freshening gale.
So on the Rhine were seated the comrades frank and free;
Then said good king Gunther, "Who shall our steersman be?"

"I will," said noble Siegfried; "well all our course I know,
Well the tides with currents how they shift and flow.
Trust me, good knight, to pilot you and your company."
So from Worms and Rhineland they parted joyously.

They had on board rich viands, thereto good store of wine,
The best that could be met with e'en on the banks of Rhine.
Their steeds in easy quarters stood tractable and still;
The level bark ran smoothly; nothing with them went ill.

Their sail swelled to the breezes, the ropes were stretched and tight;
Miles they ran full twenty ere the fall of night.
With a fair wind to seaward down dropped the gallant crew.
Their dames had cause long after their high emprise to rue.

By the twelfth bright morning, as we have heard it told,
The winds the bark had wafted with the warriors bold
Towards Isenstein, a fortress in the martial maiden's land;
'Twas only known to Siegfried of all th' adventurous band.

Soon as saw king Gunther, wondering as well he might,
The far-stretched coast, and castles frowning from every height,
"Look! friend," said he, "Sir Siegfried, if thou know'st, declare,
Whose are all these fair castles, and all this land as fair.

"In all my life, assure thee, the simple truth to tell,
I never met with castles planned and built so well,
Anywhere soever, as here before us stand.
He must needs be mighty who took such work in hand."

Thereto made answer Siegfried: "Well what you ask I know.
Brunhild's are all these castles, this land, so fair a show,
And Isenstein this fortress; 'tis true what now I say.
Here will you meet, Sir Gunther, many a fair dame to-day.

"I'll give you counsel, heroes! e'en as it seems me good;
Keep in one tale together; be this well understood.
To-day we must, as fits us, at Brunhild's court be seen;
We must be wise and wary when we stand before the queen.

"When we behold the fair one and all her train around
Let but this single story in all your mouths be found:
That Gunther is my master, and I am but his man;
To give him all his longing you'll find no surer plan.

"'Tis not so much for thy sake, I own, such part I bear,
As for thy sister Kriemhild's, the fairest of the fair.
She to me is ever as my own soul and life.
Fain do I such low service to win her for my wife."

With one accord they promised to do as he desired;
None through pride or envy to thwart his wish aspired.
So all took Siegfried's counsel, and sure it brought them good
Soon after, when king Gunther before queen Brunhild stood.

How Gunther won Brunhild.

Meanwhile the bark had drifted unto the shore so nigh
Beneath the high-towered castle, that the king could spy
Many a maiden standing at every window there;
That all to him were strangers, was what he ill could bear.

Forthwith he asked of Siegfried, his valiant friend and true,
"Know you aught of these maidens, whom here we have in view,
Down upon us looking, though not, methinks, in scorn?
Whoe'er their lord they're surely high-minded and highborn."

Him answered Siegfried smiling: "Now you may closely spy,
And tell me of these damsels which pleases best your eye,
And which, if you could win her, you for your own would hold."
"So will I," answered Gunther, the hardy knight and bold.

"One see I at a window stand in a snow-white vest:
Around her all are lovely, but she's far loveliest.
Here have mine eyes selected; Sir Siegfried, on my life,
If I can only gain her, that maid shall be my wife."

"In all this world of beauty thine eyes have chosen well:
That maid's the noble Brunhild, at once so fair and fell,
She, who thy heart bewilders, she, who enchants thy sight."
Her every act and gesture to Gunther was delight.

Then bade the queen her maidens from the windows go;
Them it ill befitted to stand a sight and show
For the rude eyes of strangers; they bowed to her behest,
But what next did the ladies, we since have heard confest.

They robed them in their richest to meet the strangers' gaze;
Such, ever since were women, were ever women's ways.
Through every chink and loophole was leveled many an eye
At the unweeting champions, through love to peep and pry.

There were but four together who came into the land.
The far-renowned Siegfried led a horse in hand.
This Brunhild at a window marked with heedful eye.
As lord of such a liegeman was Gunther valued high.

Then his own the warrior led from ship to shore;
He of a truth such service hath seldom done before,
As to stand at the stirrup, when another mounted steed.
Of all, close at the windows, the women took good heed. . . .

With them together Dankwart and Hagan came ashore.
'Tis told us in old stories that these two warriors wore
Apparel of the richest, but raven black of hue;
Ponderous were their bucklers, broad and bright and new.

Unlocked was straight the castle, the gates flew open wide;
Up in haste to meet them Brunhild's liegemen hied,
And bade the strangers welcome to their lady's land,
And took his horse from each one and the shield from every hand.

A chamberlain then bespoke them: "Be pleased to give us now
Your swords and glitt'ring breastplates." "That can we ne'er allow,"
Hagan of Trony answered, "our arms ourselves will bear."
The custom of the castle then Siegfried 'gan declare.

"'Tis the use of this castle, as I can well attest,
That never warlike weapons should there be borne by guest.
'Twere best to keep the custom; let th' arms aside be laid."
Hagan, Gunther's liegeman, unwillingly obeyed.

Wine to the guests they offered, and goodly welcome gave;
Then might you see appareled in princely raiment brave
Many a stately warrior, on to court that passed,
And many a glance of wonder upon the strangers cast.

Meanwhile to fair queen Brunhild one came and made report,
That certain foreign warriors had come unto her court
In sumptuous apparel, wafted upon the flood.
Then thus began to question the maiden fair and good:

"Now tell me," said the princess, "and let the truth be shown,
Who are these haughty champions from foreign shores unknown,
Whom there I see so stately standing in rich array,
And on what hard adventure have they hither found their way?"

One of her court then answered: "I can aver, fair queen,
Of this stout troop of warriors none have I ever seen,
Save one, who's much like Siegfried, if I may trust my eyes.
Him well receive and welcome; this is what I advise.

"The next of the companions, he of the lofty mien,
If his power match his person, is some great king, I ween,
And rules with mighty scepter broad and princely lands.
See, how among his comrades so lordly there he stands!

"The third of the companions — a low'ring brow has he,
And yet, fair queen, you rarely a manlier form may see.
Note but his fiery glances, how quick around they dart!
Firm is, I ween, his courage, and pitiless his heart.

"The fourth knight is the youngest, he with the downy cheek,
So maidenly in manner, so modest and so meek.
How gentle all his bearing! how soft his lovely cheer!
Yet we all should rue it, should wrong be done him here.

"How mild soe'er his manner, how fair soe'er his frame,
Cause would he give for weeping to many a highborn dame,
Were he once stirred to anger; sure he's a warrior grim,
Trained in all knightly practice, bold of heart and strong of limb."

Then spake the royal Brunhild: "Bring me my vesture straight,
If far-renowned Siegfried aspire to be my mate,
And is hither come to woo me, on the cast is set his life;
I fear him not so deeply, as to yield me for his wife."

Soon was the lovely Brunhild in her robes arrayed.
With their lovely mistress went many a lovely maid,
Better than a hundred, and all were richly dight;
For the noble strangers, I trow, a goodly sight.

With them of Brunhild's warriors advanced a chosen band,
Better than five hundred, each bearing sword in hand,
The very flower of Issland; 'twas a fair yet fearful scene.
The strangers rose undaunted as near them came the queen.

Soon as the noble Siegfried met the fair Brunhild's sight,
In her modest manner she thus bespoke the knight:
"You're welcome, good Sir Siegfried; now, if it please you, show
What cause has brought you hither; that I would gladly know."

"A thousand thanks, Dame Brunhild," the warrior made reply,
"That thou hast deigned to greet me before my better nigh,
Before this noble hero, to whom I must give place.
He is my lord and master; his rather be the grace.

"On the Rhine is his kingdom; what should I further say?
Through love of thee, fair lady, we've sailed this weary way.
He is resolved to woo thee whatever thence betide;
So now betimes bethink thee; he'll ne'er renounce his bride.

"The monarch's name is Gunther, a rich and mighty king;
This will alone content him, thee to the Rhine to bring.
For thee above the billows with him I've hither run;
Had he not been my master, this would I ne'er have done."

Said she: "If he's thy master, and thou, it seems, his man,
Let him my games encounter, and win me if he can.
If he in all be victor, his wedded wife am I.
If I in one surpass him, he and you all shall die."

Then spake the knight of Trony: "Come, lady, let us see
The games that you propose us; ere you the conqueress be,
Of my good lord king Gunther, hard must you toil, I ween.
He trusts with full assurance to win so fair a queen."

"He must cast the stone beyond me, and after it must leap,
Then with me shoot the javelin; too quick a pace you keep;
Stop, and awhile consider, and reckon well the cost,"
The warrioress made answer, "ere life and fame be lost."

Siegfried in a moment to the monarch went;
To the queen he bade him tell his whole intent.
"Never fear the future, cast all cares away;
My trains shall keep you harmless, do Brunhild what she may."

Then spake the royal Gunther: "Fair queen, all queens before,
Now say what you command us, and, were it yet e'en more,
For the sake of your beauty, be sure, I'd all abide.
My head I'll lose, and willing, if you be not my bride."

These words of good king Gunther when heard the royal dame,
She bade bring on the contest as her well became.
Straight called she for her harness, wherewith she fought in field,
And her golden breastplate, and her mighty shield.

Then a silken surcoat on the stern maiden drew,
Which in all her battles steel had cut never through,
Of stuff from furthest Libya; fair on her limbs it lay;
With richest lace 'twas bordered, that cast a gleaming ray.

Meanwhile upon the strangers her threatening eyes were bent;
Hagan there stood with Dankwart in anxious discontent,
How it might fall their master in silence pondering still.
Thought they, "This fatal journey will bring us all to ill."

The while, ere yet observer his absence could remark,
Sudden the nimble Siegfried stepped to the little bark,
Where from a secret corner his cloud cloak forth he took,
And slipped into it deftly while none was there to look.

Back in haste returned he; there many a knight he saw,
Where for the sports queen Brunhild was laying down the law.
So went he on in secret, and moved among the crowd,
Himself unseen, all-seeing, such power was in his shroud!

The ring was marked out ready for the deadly fray,
And many a chief selected as umpires of the day,
Seven hundred all in harness with ordered weapons fair,
To judge with truth the contest which they should note with care.

There too was come fair Brunhild; armed might you see her stand,
As though resolved to champion all kings for all their land.
She bore on her silk surcoat gold spangles light and thin,
That quivering gave sweet glimpses of her fair snowy skin.

Then came on her followers, and forward to the field
Of ruddy gold far sparkling bore a mighty shield,
Thick, and broad, and weighty, with studs of steel o'erlaid,
The which was wont in battle to wield the martial maid.

As thong to that huge buckler a gorgeous band there lay;
Precious stones beset it as green as grass in May;
With varying hues it glittered against the glittering gold.
Who would woo its wielder must be boldest of the bold.

Beneath its folds enormous three spans thick was the shield,
If all be true they tell us, that Brunhild bore in field.
Of steel and gold compacted all gorgeously it glowed.
Four chamberlains, that bore it, staggered beneath the load.

Grimly smiled Sir Hagan, Trony's champion strong,
And muttered as he marked it trailed heavily along!
"How now, my lord king Gunther? who thinks to scape with life?
This love of yours and lady — 'faith she's the devil's wife."

Hear yet more of the vesture worn by the haughty dame:
From Azagouc resplendent her silken surcoat came
Of all-surpassing richness, that from about her shone
The eye-bedimming luster of many a precious stone.

Then to the maid was carried heavily and slow
A strong well-sharpened javelin, which she ever used to throw,
Huge and of weight enormous, fit for so strong a queen,
Cutting deep and deadly with its edges keen.

To form the mighty spearhead a wondrous work was done;
Three weights of iron and better were welded into one;
The same three men of Brunhild's scarcely along could bring;
Whereat deeply pondered the stout Burgundian king.

To himself thus thought he: "What have I not to fear?
The devil himself could scarcely scape from such danger clear.
In sooth, if I were only in safety by the Rhine,
Long might remain this maiden free from all suit of mine."

So thinking luckless Gunther his love repented sore;
Forthwith to him only his weapons pages bore,
And now stood clad the monarch in arms of mighty cost.
Hagan through sheer vexation, his wits had nearly lost.

On this Hagan's brother undaunted Dankwart spake:
"Would we had ne'er sailed hither for this fell maiden's sake!
Once we passed for warriors; sure we have cause to rue,
Ingloriously thus dying, and by a woman too;

"Full bitterly it irks me to have come into this land.
Had but my brother Hagan his weapons in his hand,
And I with mine were by him, proud Brunhild's chivalry,
For all their overweening, would hold their heads less high.

"Ay, by my faith, no longer should their pride be borne;
Had I oaths a thousand to peace and friendship sworn,
Ere I'd see thus before me my dearest master die,
Fair as she is, this maiden a dreary corse should lie."

"Ay," said his brother Hagan, "we well could quit this land
As free as we came hither, were but our arms at hand.
Each with his breast in harness, his good sword by his side,
Sure we should lower a little this gentle lady's pride."

Well heard the noble maiden the warrior's words the while,
And looking o'er her shoulder said with a scornful smile:
"As he thinks himself so mighty, I'll not deny a guest;
Take they their arms and armor, and do as seems them best.

"Be they naked and defenseless, or sheathed in armor sheen,
To me it nothing matters," said the haughty queen.
"Feared yet I never mortal, and, spite of yon stern brow
And all the strength of Gunther, I fear as little now."

Soon as their swords were given them, and armed was either knight,
The cheek of dauntless Dankwart reddened with delight.
"Now let them sport as likes them, nothing," said he, "care I;
Safe is noble Gunther with us in armor by."

Then was the strength of Brunhild to each beholder shown.
Into the ring by th' effort of panting knights a stone
Was borne of weight enormous, massy and large and round.
It strained twelve brawny champions to heave it to the ground.

This would she cast at all times when she had hurled the spear;
The sight of bold Burgundians filled with care and fear.
Quoth Hagan: "She's a darling to lie by Gunther's side.
Better the foul fiend take her to serve him as a bride."

Her sleeve back turned the maiden, and bared her arm of snow,
Her heavy shield she handled, and brandished to and fro
High o'er her head the javelin; thus began the strife.
Bold as they were, the strangers each trembled for his life;

And had not then to help him come Siegfried to his side,
At once by that grim maiden had good king Gunther died.
Unseen up went he to him, unseen he touched his hand.
His trains bewildered Gunther was slow to understand.

"Who was it just now touched me?" thought he and stared around
To see who could be near him; not a soul he found.
Said th' other: "I am Siegfried, thy trusty friend and true;
Be not in fear a moment for all the queen can do."

Said he: "Off with the buckler and give it me to bear;
Now, what I shall advise thee, mark with thy closest care.
Be it thine to make the gestures, and mine the work to do."
Glad man was then king Gunther, when he his helpmate knew.

"But all my trains keep secret; thus for us both 'twere best;
Else this o'erweening maiden, be sure, will never rest,
Till her grudge against thee to full effect she bring.
See where she stands to face thee so sternly in the ring!"

With all her strength the javelin the forceful maiden threw.
It came upon the buckler, massy, broad and new,
That in his hand unshaken, the son of Sieglind bore.
Sparks from the steel came streaming, as if the breeze before.

Right through the groaning buckler the spear tempestuous broke;
Fire from the mail links sparkled beneath the thund'ring stroke.
Those two mighty champions staggered from side to side;
But for the wondrous cloud cloak both on the spot had died.

From the mouth of Siegfried burst the gushing blood;
Soon he again sprung forward; straight snatched the hero good
The spear that through his buckler she just had hurled amain,
And sent it at its mistress in thunder back again.

Thought he, "'Twere sure a pity so fair a maid to slay;"
So he reversed the javelin, and turned the point away;
Yet, with the butt end foremost, so forceful was the throw,
That the sore-smitten damsel tottered to and fro.

From her mail fire sparkled as driven before the blast;
With such huge strength the javelin by Sieglind's son was cast,
That 'gainst the furious impulse she could no longer stand.
A stroke so sturdy never could come from Gunther's hand.

Up in a trice she started, and straight her silence broke,
"Noble knight, Sir Gunther, thank thee for the stroke."
She thought 'twas Gunther's manhood had laid her on the lea;
No! 'twas not he had felled her, but a mightier far than he.

Then turned aside the maiden; angry was her mood;
On high the stone she lifted rugged and round and rude,
And brandished it with fury, and far before her flung,
Then bounded quick behind it, that loud her armor rung.

Twelve fathoms' length or better the mighty mass was thrown,
But the maiden bounded further than the stone.
To where the stone was lying Siegfried fleetly flew;
Gunther did but lift it, th' Unseen it was who threw.

Bold, tall, and strong was Siegfried, the first all knights among;
He threw the stone far further, behind it further sprung.
His wondrous arts had made him so more than mortal strong,
That with him as he bounded, he bore the king along.

The leap was seen of all men, there lay as plain the stone,
But seen was no one near it, save Gunther all alone.
Brunhild was red with anger, quick came her panting breath.
Siegfried has rescued Gunther that day from certain death.

Then all aloud fair Brunhild bespake her courtier band,
Seeing in the ring at distance unharmed her wooer stand:
"Hither, my men and kinsmen: low to my better bow;
I am no more your mistress; you're Gunther's liegemen now."

Down cast the noble warriors their weapons hastily,
And lowly kneeled to Gunther the king of Burgundy.
To him as to their sovereign was kingly homage done,
Whose manhood, as they fancied, the mighty match had won.

He fair the chiefs saluted, bending with gracious look;
Then by the hand the maiden her conquering suitor took,
And granted him to govern the land with sovereign sway;
Whereat the warlike nobles were joyous all and gay.

Forthwith the noble Gunther she begged with her to go
Into her royal palace; soon as 'twas ordered so,
To his knights her servants such friendly court 'gan make,
That Hagan e'en and Dankwart could it but kindly take.

Wise was the nimble Siegfried; he left them there a space,
And slyly took the cloud cloak back to its hiding place,
Returned then in an instant, where sat the ladies fair,
And straight, his fraud to cover, bespoke king Gunther there.

"Why dally, gracious master? why not the games begin,
Which by the queen, to prove you, have here appointed been?
Come, let us see the contest, and mark each knightly stroke."
As though he had seen nothing, the crafty warrior spoke.

"Why, how can this have happened," said the o'ermastered queen,
"That, as it seems, Sir Siegfried, the games you have not seen,
Which 'gainst me good king Gunther has gained with wondrous might?"
The word then up took Hagan, the stern Burgundian knight:

"Our minds indeed you troubled, our hopes o'erclouded dark;
Meanwhile the good knight Siegfried was busy at the bark,
While the lord of Rhineland the game against you won;
Thus," said king Gunther's liegeman, "he knows not what was done."

The Fray in Etzel's Hall: Saga of Folker the Minstrel-Warrior.

[Kriemhild, in revenge for Siegfried's murder, having enticed to her husband's court her relatives with a vast retinue of knights, has set on her Huns to massacre the latter, who beat them back, and Dankwart, the marshal, escapes to Etzel's hall.]

Just at the very moment that in burst Dankwart so,
It chanced the young prince Ortlieb was carried to and fro
From table unto table; the news of that fell strife,
So sudden brought among them, cost the fair child his life.

To a good knight then Dankwart shouted loud and strong,
"Be stirring, brother Hagan, you're sitting all too long.
To you and God in heaven our deadly strait I plain;
Yeomen and knights together lie in their quarters slain."

"Tell me who has done it?" Hagan fiercely cried.
"Sir Bloedel and his meiny," Dankwart straight replied,
"And paid too has he dearly; he's dead among the dead;
This hand from off his shoulders smote at a stroke his head."

"Small is the loss," said Hagan, "whenever one can tell
That a vanquished hero by hands heroic fell.
Thus it still befitteth a knight to yield his breath;
So much the less fair ladies should sorrow for his death.

"Now tell me, brother Dankwart, why are you so red?
Your wounds, methinks, oppress you; they must have sorely bled.
If he's yet in this country who has harmed you thus in strife,
But the foul fiend aid him, it shall cost his life."

"You see me whole and hearty; my weed with blood is wet,
But 'tis from wounds of others whom sword to sword I met,
Of whom I slew so many, though furious all and fell,
That, if I had to swear it, th' amount I ne'er could tell."

Said th' other, "Brother Dankwart, keep guard upon the door;
Let not one Hungarian step the threshold o'er.
Straight, as need impels us, converse with them will I.
Our friends by their devices were guiltless done to die."

"Since I'm to be doorkeeper," replied the champion true,
"(And well to such great monarchs such service I can do)
As fits me, 'gainst all comers the staircase I'll maintain."
Naught could be more distasteful to Kriemhild's knightly train.

"In sooth," resumed Sir Hagan, "I can't but wonder here,
What now these Huns are whisp'ring each in his fellow's ear.
I ween, they well could spare him, who keeps the door so bold,
Him, who to us Burgundians his courtly tale has told.

"Long have I heard and often of moody Kriemhild tell,
That still her heart's deep sorrow she harbors fierce and fell;
Now then let's drink to friendship! king's wine shall quench our thirst,
And the young prince of Hungary himself shall plague us first."

With that the good knight Hagan smote Ortlieb the young child;
The gushing blood, down flowing, both sword and hand defiled;
Into the lap of Kriemhild bounded the ghastly head.
At once among the warriors a fearful butchery spread.

Then with both hands uplifted he dealt a stroke at large
'Gainst the grave-visaged tutor, who had the child in charge;
His severed head, down falling, before the table lay.
For all his learned lessons, 'faith 'twas sorry pay.

Just then at Etzel's table a minstrel met his view;
Upon him in an instant in wrath Sir Hagan flew.
His right hand on his viol off lopped he suddenly;
"Take that for the kind message thou brought'st to Burgundy."

"Alas! my hands!" cried Werbel, frantic with pain and woe;
"What have I done, Sir Hagan, that you should serve me so?
I came in faith and honor into your master's land.
How can I now make music since I have lost my hand?"

Little recked Sir Hagan if ne'er he fiddled more;
Then round his death-strokes dealing, he stretched upon the floor
Many a good knight of Etzel's, and wide the slaughter spread,
Turning to bale the banquet, and heaped the hall with dead.

Up the ready Folker leapt from table quick;
In his hand loud clattered his deadly fiddlestick;
Harsh crashing notes discordant king Gunther's minstrel played:
Ah! what a host of foemen among the Huns he made!

Up too leapt from table the royal brethren three;
They thought to part the battle ere mischief more should be.
But lost was all their labor, vain was all help of man,
When Folker and stern Hagan once so to rage began. . . .

Well fought that day the brethren, well too their men of might,
But ever valiant Folker stood foremost in the fight;
Against his foes so knightly himself the warrior bore,
Many brought he among them to wallow in their gore. . . .

Then those without, in hurried to aid their friends within,
But found upon the staircase more was to lose than win:
Out fain would rush the others, and through the doorway fare;
To none gave Dankwart passage, nor up nor down the stair.

To force the guarded portal thronged the Huns amain,
With the clattering sword-strokes the environs rang again.
Then stood the valiant Dankwart in deadly peril there;
Of that his loving brother took heed with timely care.

Straight to dauntless Folker Hagan shouted loud,
"See you there my brother beset by yonder crowd,
Battered by blades unnumbered, by countless bucklers crossed?
Up, and save him, comrade! or the good knight is lost."

"Fear not," replied the minstrel, "I'll do your bidding soon;"
Straight strode he through the palace playing his harshest tune.
Oft clashed the keen-edged broadsword that in his hand he bore;
The noble chiefs of Rhineland thanked him o'er and o'er.

Then to the fearless Dankwart the minstrel knight 'gan say,
"You must have surely suffered sore press and toil to-day.
Sent hither by your brother to aid you I have been:
If you'll without be warder, I'll keep the door within."

Firm the nimble Dankwart stood outside the door;
All who the stairs were mounting down drove he evermore;
In the grasp of the warriors their swords clashed fearfully:
The like within did stoutly Folker of Burgundy.

Loud the valiant minstrel shouted o'er the throng,
"The hall is shut, friend Hagan! the locks are firm and strong.
The hands of two stout warriors king Etzel's door secure:
A thousand bolts, believe me, would not be half so sure." . . .

Just then a knight of Hungary, who saw king Etzel take
His way beside Sir Dietrich, came nigh for safety's sake,
When him the furious minstrel with such a sword-stroke sped,
That at the feet of Etzel straight lay his severed head.

Soon as the lord of Hungary from the house had come at last,
He turned, and on fierce Folker as fierce a glance he cast.
"Woe's me for these fell strangers! O grievous strait," he said,
"That all my faithful warriors should lie before them dead.

"Ah, woe for this sad meeting! woe for this festal fight!
There spreads within destruction one that Folker hight;
Like a wild boar he rages, yet but a minstrel he.
Thank heaven! 'tis well in safety from such a fiend to be.

"In sooth, ill sound his measures; his strokes are bloody red;
His oft-repeated quavers lay many a hero dead.
I know not why this gleeman should spite us o'er the rest;
Never had I, for certain, so troublesome a guest." . . .

At the clash king Gunther turned, and to Hagan cried,
"Hear you what a measure Folker, the door beside,
Plays with each poor Hungarian who down the stairs would go?
See! what a deep vermilion has dyed his fiddle bow!"

"I own, it much repents me," Hagan straight replied,
"That I sat here at table from the good knight so wide.
We still were constant comrades not wont before to sever;
If we again see Rhineland, no chance shall part us ever.

"Now see, great king! right loyal to thee is Folker bold;
Well deserves the warrior thy silver and thy gold.
His fiddlestick, sharp cutting, can hardest steel divide,
And at a stroke can sever the warrior's beamy pride.

"Never yet saw I minstrel so high and lordly stand,
As did to-day Sir Folker among the hostile band.
On helms and clattering bucklers his lays make music rare:
Ride should he good war horses, and gorgeous raiment wear."

Of all the fierce Hungarians that at the board had been,
Now not a single champion remained alive within.
Then first was hushed the tumult, when none was left to fight;
Then down his sword laid reeking each bold Burgundian knight.

Kriemhild fires the Hall.

With that, the wife of Etzel had set the hall on fire.
How sore then were they tortured in burning anguish dire!
At once, as the wind freshened, the house was in a glow.
Never, I ween, were mortals in such extremes of woe.

"We all are lost together," each to his neighbor cried,
"It had been far better we had in battle died.

Now God have mercy on us! woe for this fiery pain!
Ah! what a monstrous vengeance the bloody queen has ta'en!"

Then faintly said another, "Needs must we here fall dead;
What boots us now the greeting, to us by Etzel sped?
Ah me! I'm so tormented by thirst from burning heat,
That in this horrid anguish my life must quickly fleet."

Thereat outspake Sir Hagan, the noble knight and good,
"Let each, by thirst tormented, take here a draught of blood.
In such a heat, believe me, 'tis better far than wine.
Nought's for the time so fitting; such counsel, friends, is mine."

With that straight went a warrior, where a warm corpse he found.
On the dead down knelt he; his helmet he unbound;
Then greedily began he to drink the flowing blood.
However unaccustomed, it seemed him passing good.

"Now God requite thee, Hagan," the weary warrior cried,
"For such refreshing beverage by your advice supplied.
It has been my lot but seldom to drink of better wine.
For life am I thy servant for this fair hint of thine."

When th' others heard and witnessed with what delight he quaffed,
Yet many more among them drank too the bloody draught.
It strung again their sinews, and failing strength renewed.
This in her lover's person many a fair lady rued.

Into the hall upon them the fire-flakes thickly fell;
These with their shields they warded warily and well.
With smoke and heat together they were tormented sore.
Never, I ween, good warriors such burning anguish bore.

Through smoke and flame cried Hagan, "Stand close against the wall;
Let not the burning ashes on your helm-laces fall;
Into the blood yet deeper tread every fiery flake.
In sooth, this feast of Kriemhild's is ghastly merry-make."

'Twas well for the Burgundians that vaulted was the roof;
This was, in all their danger, the more to their behoof.
Only about the windows from fire they suffered sore.
Still, as their spirit impelled them, themselves they bravely bore.

In such extremes of anguish passed off the dreary night.
Before the hall yet sleepless stood the gleeman wight,
And leaning on his buckler, with Hagan by his side,
Looked out, what further mischief might from the Huns betide.

Then thus bespoke he Hagan, "Let's back into the hall;
These Huns will then imagine that we have perished all
In the fiery torment they kindled to our ill.
They'll see yet some among us who'll do them battle still."

Then the youthful Giselher, the bold Burgundian, spake,
"Methinks the breeze is freshening, the day begins to break.
Better times may wait us — grant it, God in heaven!
To us my sister Kriemhild a fatal feast has given."

With that outspake a warrior, "Aye! now I see the day.
Since we can hope no better in this our hard assay,
Let each don straight his harness, and think upon his life;
For soon will be upon us king Etzel's murderous wife."

The host he little doubted but all the guests were dead,
By toil and fiery torture alike so ill bestead.
But yet within were living six hundred fearless wights;
Crowned king about him ne'er had better knights.

The scouts who watched the strangers had now the truth descried,
That, spite of all the travail and torment that had tried
The strength of lords and liegemen, they had survived it all,
And safe and sound as ever stalked up and down the hall.

'Twas told the queen, that many unharmed were yet to see;
"No! no!" made Kriemhild answer, "sure it can never be
That such a fiery tempest has spared a single head.
Far sooner will I credit that one and all are dead."

Still longed both lords and liegemen for mercy and for grace,
If they might look for either from any there in place;
But neither grace nor mercy found they in Hunnish land,
So vengeance for their ruin they took with eager hand.

And now by early morning a deafening hostile din
Greeted the weary warriors; sore peril hemmed them in.
From all sides round, against them a shower of missiles flew;
The dauntless band full knightly stood on defense anew.

The mighty men of Etzel came on emboldened more,
For that they hoped from Kriemhild to win her precious store;
And others too would frankly their king's command obey;
Thus had full many among them to look on death that day.

Of promises and presents strange marvels might be told.
She bade bring bucklers forward heaped high with ruddy gold;
She gave to all who'd take it; none empty went away.
Never were spent such treasures to work a foe's decay.

The best part of the champions came on in warlike gear.
Then cried the valiant Folker, "We're still to be found here.
Warriors advance to battle ne'er saw I yet so fain,
As those, who to destroy us king Etzel's gold have ta'en."

Then from within cried many, "Nearer, ye warriors, still!
What's to be done, do quickly, whether for good or ill.
Here's not a man among us but is resolved to die."
Darts straight filled all their bucklers, so thick the Huns let fly.

What can I tell you further? Twelve hundred men or more
To force the fatal entrance attempted o'er and o'er,
But with sharp wounds the strangers soon cooled their fiery mood.
None the stern strife could sever; flow might you see the blood

From gashes deep and deadly; full many there were slain,
Comrade there for comrade wept and wailed in vain,
Till all in death together sank Etzel's valiants low.
Sore mourned for them their kinsmen in wild but bootless woe.

Deaths of Hagan and Gunther: the End.

His vanquished foe Sir Dietrich bound in a mighty band,
And led him thence to Kriemhild, and gave into her hand
The best and boldest champion that broadsword ever bore.
She after all her anguish felt comfort all the more.

For joy the queen inclined her before the welcome guest;
"Sir knight! in mind and body heaven keep thee ever blest!
By thee all my long sorrows are shut up in delight.
Ever, if death prevent not, thy service I'll requite."

"Fair and noble Kriemhild," thus Sir Dietrich spake,
"Spare this captive warrior, who full amends will make
For all his past transgressions; him here in bonds you see;
Revenge not on the fettered th' offenses of the free."

With that she had Sir Hagan to durance led away,
Where no one could behold him, where under lock he lay.
Meanwhile the fierce king Gunther shouted loud and strong,
"Whither is gone the Berner? He hath done me grievous wrong."

Straight, at the call, to meet him Sir Dietrich swiftly went.
Huge was the strength of Gunther, and deadly his intent.
There he no longer dallied; from th' hall he forward ran;
Sword clashed with sword together, as man confronted man.

Howe'er renowned was Dietrich, and trained in combat well,
Yet Gunther fought against him so furious and so fell,
And bore him hate so deadly, now friendless left and lone,
It seemed past all conceiving, how Dietrich held his own.

Both were of mighty puissance, and neither yielded ground;
Palace and airy turret rung with their strokes around,
As their swift swords descending their tempered helmets hewed.
Well there the proud king Gunther displayed his manly mood.

Yet him subdued the Berner, as Hagan erst befell;
Seen was the blood of the warrior forth through his mail to well
Beneath the fatal weapon that Dietrich bore in fight.
Tired as he was, still Gunther had kept him like a knight.

So now at length the champion was bound by Dietrich there,
How ill soe'er it fitteth a king such bonds to bear.
Gunther and his fierce liegeman if he had left unbound,
He weened they'd deal destruction on all, whome'er they found.

Then by the hand Sir Dietrich took the champion good,
And in his bonds thence led him to where fair Kriemhild stood.
She cried, "Thou'rt welcome, Gunther, hero of Burgundy."
"Now God requite you, Kriemhild, if you speak lovingly."

Said he, "I much should thank you, and justly, sister dear,
If true affection prompted the greeting which I hear;
But, knowing your fierce temper, proud queen, too well I see,
Such greeting is a mocking of Hagan and of me."

Then said the noble Berner, "High-descended dame,
Ne'er have been brought to bondage knights of such peerless fame,
As those, whom you, fair lady, now from your servant take.
Grant these forlorn and friendless fair treatment for my sake."

She said, she fain would do so; then from the captive pair
With weeping eyes Sir Dietrich retired and left them there.
Straight a bloody vengeance wreaked Etzel's furious wife
On those redoubted champions, and both bereft of life.

In dark and dismal durance them kept apart the queen,
So that from that hour neither was by the other seen,
Till that at last to Hagan her brother's head she bore.
On both she took such vengeance as tongue ne'er told before.

To the cell of Hagan eagerly she went;
Thus the knight bespake she, ah! with what fell intent!
"Wilt thou but return me what thou from me hast ta'en,
Back thou may'st go living to Burgundy again."

Then spake grim-visaged Hagan, "You throw away your prayer,
High-descended lady; I took an oath whilere,
That, while my lords were living, or of them only one,
I'd ne'er point out the treasure; thus 'twill be given to none."

Well knew the subtle Hagan, she ne'er would let him 'scape,
Ah! when did ever falsehood assume so foul a shape?
He feared that, soon as ever the queen his life had ta'en,
She then would send her brother to Rhineland back again.

"I'll make an end, and quickly," Kriemhild fiercely spake.
Her brother's life straight bade she in his dungeon take.
Off her brother's head was smitten; she bore it by the hair
To the lord of Trony; such sight he well could spare.

Awhile in gloomy sorrow he viewed his master's head;
Then to remorseless Kriemhild thus the warrior said,
"E'en to thy wish this bus'ness thou to an end hast brought,
To such an end, moreover, as Hagan ever thought.

"Now the brave king Gunther of Burgundy is dead;
Young Giselher and eke Gernot alike with him are sped;
So now, where lies the treasure, none knows save God and me,
And told shall it be never, be sure, she-fiend, to thee."

Said she, "Ill hast thou quitted a debt so deadly scored;
At least in my possession I'll keep my Siegfried's sword.
My lord and lover bore it, when last I saw him go.
For him woe wrung my bosom, that passed all other woe."

Forth from the sheath she drew it; that could not he prevent;
At once to slay the champion was Kriemhild's stern intent.
High with both hands she heaved it, and off his head did smite.
That was seen of king Etzel; he shuddered at the sight.

"Ah!" cried the prince impassioned, "harrow and welaway!
That the hand of a woman the noblest knight should slay
That e'er struck stroke in battle, or ever buckler bore!
Albeit I was his foeman, needs must I sorrow sore."

Then said the aged Hildebrand, "Let not her boast of gain,
In that by her contrivance this noble chief was slain.
Though to sore strait he brought me, let ruin on me light,
But I will take full vengeance for Trony's murdered knight."

Hildebrand the aged fierce on Kriemhild sprung;
To the death he smote her as his sword he swung.
Sudden and remorseless he his wrath did wreak.
What could then avail her her fearful thrilling shriek?

There now the dreary corpses stretched all around were seen;
There lay, hewn in pieces, the fair and noble queen.
Sir Dietrich and king Etzel, their tears began to start;
For kinsmen and for vassals each sorrowed in his heart.

The mighty and the noble there lay together dead;
For this had all the people dole and drearihead.
The feast of royal Etzel was thus shut up in woe.
Pain in the steps of Pleasure treads ever here below.

'Tis more than I can tell you what afterwards befell,
Save that there was weeping for friends beloved so well;
Knights and squires, dames and damsels, were seen lamenting all.
So here I end my story. This is *the Nibelungers' Fall.*

AUCASSIN AND NICOLETE.

A Song Poem of the Twelfth Century.

Translated by ANDREW LANG.

[Andrew Lang, the distinguished Scotch scholar, critic, poet, and translator, was born at Selkirk, March 31, 1844. He was educated at Edinburgh Academy, St. Andrews University, and Balliol College, Oxford, where he took a classical first-class. In 1868 he was elected Fellow of Merton, and in 1885 received an honorary LL.D. from St. Andrews. He is one of the foremost critics in Great Britain, an authority on folklore, and a constant contributor to periodical literature. In verse he has written: "Ballades and Lyrics of Old France" (1872), his first publication; "Ballades in Blue China"; "Rhymes à la Mode"; "Grass of Parnassus"; "Ban and Arrière Ban." Among his chief prose works are: "Custom and Myth"; "Myth, Ritual, and Religion"; "Books and Bookmen"; "Letters to Dead Authors"; "Homer and the Epic"; a series of fairy books; the novels "Mark of Cain" and "The World's Desire" (with H. Rider

Haggard); translations of the Odyssey (with Prof. Butcher), and the Iliad (with Leaf and Myers); biographies of Northcote and Lockhart. The monthly causeries, "At the Sign of the Ship," in *Longman's Magazine*, are from his pen.]

'Tis of Aucassin and Nicolete.

Who would list to the good lay
Gladness of the captive gray?
'Tis how two young lovers met,
Aucassin and Nicolete,
Of the pains the lover bore
And the sorrows he outwore,
For the goodness and the grace,
Of his love, so fair of face.

Sweet the song, the story sweet,
There is no man hearkens it,
No man living 'neath the sun,
So outwearied, so foredone,
Sick and woeful, worn and sad,
But is healèd, but is glad,
'Tis so sweet.

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale: —

How the Count Bougars de Valence made war on Count Garin de Biaucaire, war so great, and so marvelous, and so mortal that never a day dawned, but alway he was there, by the gates and walls, and barriers of the town with a hundred knights, and ten thousand men at arms, horsemen and footmen: so burned he the Count's land, and spoiled his country, and slew his men. Now the Count Garin de Biaucaire was old and frail, and his good days were gone over. No heir had he, neither son nor daughter, save one young man only, such an one as I shall tell you. Aucassin was the name of the damoiseau: fair was he, goodly, and great, and featly fashioned of his body and limbs. His hair was yellow, in little curls, his eyes blue and laughing, his face beautiful and shapely, his nose high and well set, and so richly seen was he in all things good, that in him was none evil at all. But so suddenly overtaken was he of Love, who is a great master, that he would not, of his will, be dubbed knight, nor take arms, nor follow tourneys, nor do whatsoever him beseemed. Therefore his father and mother said to him: —

"Son, go take thine arms, mount thy horse, and hold thy land, and help thy men, for if they see thee among them, more stoutly will they keep in battle their lives and lands, and thine, and mine."

"Father," said Aucassin, "I marvel that you will be speaking. Never may God give me aught of my desire if I be made knight, or mount my horse, or face stour and battle wherein knights smite and are smitten again, unless thou give me Nicolete, my true love, that I love so well."

"Son," said the father, "this may not be. Let Nicolete go; a slave girl she is, out of a strange land, and the Captain of this town bought her of the Saracens, and carried her hither, and hath reared her and let christen the maid, and took her for his daughter in God, and one day will find a young man for her, to win her bread honorably. Herein hast thou naught to make or mend, but if a wife thou wilt have, I will give thee the daughter of a King, or a Count. There is no man so rich in France, but if thou desire his daughter, thou shalt have her."

"Faith! my father," said Aucassin, "tell me where is the place so high in all the world, that Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, would not grace it well? If she were Empress of Constantinople or of Germany, or Queen of France or England, it were little enough for her; so gentle is she and courteous, and debonaire, and compact of all good qualities."

Here singeth one: —

Aucassin was of Biaucaire
Of a goodly castle there,
But from Nicolete the fair
None might win his heart away
Though his father, many a day,
And his mother said him nay,
"Ha! fond child, what wouldest thou?
Nicolete is glad enow!
Was from Carthage cast away,
Paynims sold her on a day!
Wouldst thou win a lady fair
Choose a maid of high degree
Such an one is meet for thee."
"Nay of these have I no care,
Nicolete is debonaire,
Her body sweet and the face of her

Take my heart as in a snare,
Loyal love is but her share
That is so sweet."

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale: —

When the Count Garin de Biaucaire knew that he would not avail to withdraw Aucassin his son from the love of Nicolete, he went to the Captain of the city, who was his man, and spake to him, saying: —

"Sir Count; away with Nicolete thy daughter in God; cursed be the land whence she was brought into this country, for by reason of her do I lose Aucassin, that will neither be dubbed knight, nor do aught of the things that fall to him to be done. And wit ye well," he said, "that if I might have her at my will, I would burn her in a fire, and yourself might well be sore adread."

"Sir," said the Captain, "this is grievous to me that he comes and goes and hath speech with her. I had bought the maiden at mine own charges, and nourished her, and baptized, and made her my daughter in God. Yea, I would have given her to a young man that should win her bread honorably. With this had Aucassin thy son naught to make or mend. But, sith it is thy will and thy pleasure, I will send her into that land and that country where never will he see her with his eyes."

"Have a heed to thyself," said the Count Garin, "thence might great evil come on thee."

So parted they each from other. Now the Captain was a right rich man: so had he a rich palace with a garden in face of it; in an upper chamber thereof he let place Nicolete, with one old woman to keep her company, and in that chamber put bread and meat and wine and such things as were needful. Then he let seal the door, that none might come in or go forth, save that there was one window, over against the garden, and strait enough, wherethrough came to them a little air.

Here singeth one: —

Nicolete as ye heard tell
Prisoned is within a cell
That is painted wondrously
With colors of a far countrie,
And the window of marble wrought,
There the maiden stood in thought,

With straight brows and yellow hair
Never saw ye fairer fair!
On the wood she gazed below,
And she saw the roses blow,
Heard the birds sing loud and low,
Therefore spoke she woefully:
"Ah me, wherefore do I lie
Here in prison wrongfully:
Aucassin, my love, my knight,
Am I not thy heart's delight,
Thou that lovest me aright!
'Tis for thee that I must dwell
In the vaulted chamber cell,
Hard beset and all alone!
By our Lady Mary's Son
Here no longer will I wonn,
If I may flee!"

Then speak they, say they, tell they the Tale: —

Nicolete was in prison, as ye have heard soothly, in the chamber. And the noise and bruit of it went through all the country and all the land, how that Nicolete was lost. Some said she had fled the country, and some that the Count Garin de Biaucaire had let slay her. Whosoever had joy thereof, Aucassin had none, so he went to the Captain of the town and spake to him saying: —

"Sir Captain, what hast thou made of Nicolete, my sweet lady and love, the thing that best I love in all the world? Hast thou carried her off or ravished her away from me? Know well that if I die of it, the price shall be demanded of thee, and that will be well done, for it shall be even as if thou hadst slain me with thy two hands, for thou hast taken from me the thing that in this world I love the best."

"Fair Sir," said the Captain, "let these things be. Nicolete is a captive that I did bring from a strange country. Yea, I bought her at my own charges of the Saracens, and I bred her up and baptized her, and made her my daughter in God. And I have cherished her, and one of these days I would have given her a young man, to win her bread honorably. With this hast thou naught to make, but do thou take the daughter of a King or a Count. Nay more, what wouldst thou deem thee to have gained, hadst thou made her thy leman, and taken her to thy

bed? Plentiful lack of comfort hadst thou got thereby, for in Hell would thy soul have lain while the world endures, and into Paradise wouldst thou have entered never."

"In Paradise what have I to win? Therein I seek not to enter, but only to have Nicolete my sweet lady that I love so well. For into Paradise go none but such folk as I shall tell thee now: Thither go these same old priests, and halt old men and maimed, who all day and night cower continually before the altars and in the crypts; and such folk as wear old amices and old clouted frocks, and naked folk and shoeless, and covered with sores, perishing of hunger and thirst, and of cold, and of little ease. These be they that go into Paradise; with them have I naught to make. But into Hell would I fain go; for into Hell fare the goodly clerks, and goodly knights that fall in tourneys and great wars, and stout men at arms, and all men noble. With these would I liefly go. And thither pass the sweet ladies and courteous that have two lovers, or three, and their lords also thereto. Thither goes the gold, and the silver, the cloth of *vair*, and cloth of *gris*, and harpers, and makers, and the prince of this world. With these I would gladly go, let me but have with me Nicolete, my sweetest lady."

"Certes," quoth the Captain, "in vain wilt thou speak thereof, for never shalt thou see her; and if thou hadst word with her, and thy father knew it, he would let burn in a fire both her and me, and thyself might well be sore adread."

"That is even what irketh me," quoth Aucassin. So he went from the Captain sorrowing.

Here singeth one:—

Aucassin did so depart
Much in dole and heavy at heart
For his loss so bright and dear,
None might bring him any cheer,
None might give good words to hear,
To the palace doth he fare
Climbeth up the palace stair,
Passeth to a chamber there,
Thus great sorrow doth he bear
For his lady and love so fair.

"Nicolete how fair art thou,
Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,
Sweet the mirth of thy replies,

Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace,
All for thee I sorrow now,
Captive in an evil place,
Whence I ne'er may go my ways
Sister, sweet friend!"

So say they, speak they, tell they the Tale: —

While Aucassin was in the chamber sorrowing for Nicolete his love, even then the Count Bougars de Valence, that had his war to wage, forgat it no whit, but had called up his horsemen and his footmen, so made he for the castle to storm it. And the cry of battle arose, and the din, and knights and men at arms busked them, and ran to walls and gates to hold the keep. And the townsfolk mounted to the battlements, and cast down bolts and pikes. Then while the assault was great, and even at its height, the Count Garin de Biaucaire came into the chamber where Aucassin was making lament, sorrowing for Nicolete, his sweet lady that he loved so well.

"Ha! son," quoth he, "how caitiff art thou, and cowardly, that canst see men assail thy goodliest castle and strongest. Know thou that if thou lose it, thou losest all. Son, go to, take arms, and mount thy horse, and defend thy land, and help thy men, and fare into the stour. Thou needst not smite nor be smitten. If they do but see thee among them, better will they guard their substance, and their lives, and thy land and mine. And thou art so great, and hardy of thy hands, that well mightst thou do this thing, and to do it is thy devoir."

"Father," said Aucassin, "what is this thou sayest now? God grant me never aught of my desire, if I be dubbed knight, or mount steed, or go into the stour where knights do smite and are smitten, if thou givest me not Nicolete, my sweet lady, whom I love so well."

"Son," quoth his father, "this may never be: rather would I be quite disinherited and lose all that is mine, than that thou shouldst have her to thy wife, or to love *par amours*."

So he turned him about. But when Aucassin saw him going he called to him again, saying,

"Father, go to now, I will make with thee fair covenant."

"What covenant, fair son?"

"I will take up arms, and go into the stour, on this cove-

nant, that, if God bring me back sound and safe, thou wilt let me see Nicolete my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss."

"That will I grant," said his father.

At this was Aucassin glad.

Here one singeth: —

Of the kiss heard Aucassin
That returning he shall win.
None so glad would he have been
Of a myriad marks of gold
Of a hundred thousand told.
Called for raiment brave of steel,
Then they clad him, head to heel,
Twyfold hauberk doth he don,
Firmly braced the helmet on.
Girt the sword with hilt of gold,
Horse doth mount, and lance doth wield,
Looks to stirrups and to shield,
Wondrous brave he rode to field.
Dreaming of his lady dear
Setteth spurs to the destrere
Rideth forward without fear,
Through the gate and forth away
To the fray.

So speak they, say they, tell they the Tale: —

Aucassin was armed and mounted as ye have heard tell. God! how goodly sat the shield on his shoulder, the helm on his head, and the baldric on his left haunch! And the damoiseau was tall, fair, featly fashioned, and hardy of his hands, and the horse whereon he rode swift and keen, and straight had he spurred him forth of the gate. Now believe ye not that his mind was on kine, nor cattle of the booty, nor thought he how he might strike a knight, nor be stricken again: nor no such thing. Nay, no memory had Aucassin of aught of these; rather he so dreamed of Nicolete, his sweet lady, that he dropped his reins, forgetting all there was to do, and his horse, that had felt the spur, bore him into the press and hurled among the foe, and they laid hands on him all about, and took him captive, and seized away his spear and shield, and straight-

way they led him off a prisoner, and were even now discoursing of what death he should die.

And when Aucassin heard them,

"Ha! God," said he, "sweet Savior. Be these my deadly enemies that have taken me, and will soon cut off my head? And once my head is off, no more shall I speak with Nicolete, my sweet lady that I love so well. Natheless have I here a good sword, and sit a good horse unwearied. If now I keep not my head for her sake, God help her never, if she love me more!"

The damoiseau was tall and strong, and the horse whereon he sat was right eager. And he laid hand to sword, and fell a smiting to right and left, and smote through helm and *nasal*, and arm and clenched hand, making a murder about him, like a wild boar when hounds fall on him in the forest, even till he struck down ten knights, and seven he hurt, and straightway he hurled out of the press, and rode back again at full speed, sword in hand. The Count Bougars de Valence heard say they were about hanging Aucassin, his enemy, so he came into that place, and Aucassin was ware of him, and gat his sword into his hand, and lashed at his helm with such a stroke that he drave it down on his head, and he being stunned, fell groveling. And Aucassin laid hands on him, and caught him by the *nasal* of his helmet, and gave him to his father.

"Father," quoth Aucassin, "lo here is your mortal foe, who hath so warred on you with all malengin. Full twenty years did this war endure, and might not be ended by man."

"Fair son," said his father, "thy feats of youth shouldst thou do, and not seek after folly."

"Father," saith Aucassin, "sermon me no sermons, but fulfill my covenant."

"Ha! what covenant, fair son?"

"What, father, hast thou forgotten it? By mine own head, whosoever forgets, will I not forget it, so much it hath me at heart. Didst thou not covenant with me when I took up arms, and went into the stour, that if God brought me back safe and sound, thou wouldst let me see Nicolete, my sweet lady, even so long that I may have of her two words or three, and one kiss? So didst thou covenant, and my mind is that thou keep thy word."

"I!" quoth the father, "God forsake me when I keep this covenant! Nay, if she were here, I would let burn her in the fire, and thyself shouldst be sore adread."

"Is this thy last word?" quoth Aucassin.

"So help me God," quoth his father, "yea!"

"Certes," quoth Aucassin, "this is a sorry thing meseems when a man of thine age lies.

"Count of Valence," quoth Aucassin, "I took thee?"

"In sooth, sir, didst thou," saith the Count.

"Give me thy hand," saith Aucassin.

"Sir, with good will."

So he set his hand in the other's.

"Now givest thou me thy word," saith Aucassin, "that never whiles thou art living man wilt thou avail to do my father dishonor, or harm him in body, or in goods, but do it thou wilt?"

"Sir, in God's name," saith he, "mock me not, but put me to my ransom; ye cannot ask of me gold nor silver, horses nor palfreys, *vair* nor *gris*, hawks nor hounds, but I will give you them."

"What?" quoth Aucassin. "Ha, knowest thou not it was I that took thee?"

"Yea, sir," quoth the Count Bougars.

"God help me never, but I will make thy head fly from thy shoulders, if thou makest not troth," said Aucassin.

"In God's name," said he, "I make what promise thou wilt."

So they did the oath, and Aucassin let mount him on a horse, and took another and so led him back till he was in all safety.

Here one singeth: —

When the Count Garin doth know
That his child would ne'er forego
Love of her that loved him so,
Nicolete, the bright of brow,
In a dungeon deep below
Childe Aucassin did he throw.
Even there the Childe must dwell
In a dun-walled marble cell.
There he waileth in his woe
Crying thus as ye shall know.

"Nicolete, thou lily white,
My sweet lady, bright of brow,
Sweeter than the grape art thou,

Sweeter than sack posset good
In a cup of maple wood!
Was it not but yesterday
That a palmer came this way,
Out of Limousin came he,
And at ease he might not be,
For a passion him possessed
That upon his bed he lay,
Lay, and tossed, and knew not rest
In his pain discomforted.
But thou camest by the bed,
Where he tossed amid his pain,
Holding high thy sweeping train,
And thy kirtle of ermine,
And thy smock of linen fine,
Then these fair white limbs of thine,
Did he look on, and it fell
That the palmer straight was well,
Straight was hale—and comforted,
And he rose up from his bed,
And went back to his own place,
Sound and strong, and full of face!
My sweet lady, lily white,
Sweet thy footfall, sweet thine eyes,
And the mirth of thy replies.
Sweet thy laughter, sweet thy face,
Sweet thy lips and sweet thy brow,
And the touch of thine embrace.
Who but doth in thee delight?
I for love of thee am bound
In this dungeon underground,
All for loving thee must lie
Here where loud on thee I cry,
Here for loving thee must die
For thee, my love."

[Nicolete escapes, hears Aucassin's plaints, comforts him awhile, then hides in a forest lodge; on his release he searches for and joins her. They fly to the kingdom of Torelore, are captured by pirates and parted. Aucassin finally succeeds Garin in the viscountship of Biaucaire; Nicolete is taken to Carthage, remembers that she is the king's daughter, and a marriage is arranged for her. To escape this she dons minstrel's garb and takes ship to Biaucaire; there she sings of her adventures in presence of Aucassin, makes herself known, and they are married.]

POEMS OF THE TROUBADOURS.

Translated by E. TAYLOR and S. AUSTIN.

The Countess de Die.

[Later twelfth century.]

I sing of one I would not sing,
  Such anguish from my love hath sprung;
I love him more than earthly thing:
  But beauty, wit, or pleadings, wrung
From my heart's depth, can gain for me
Nor gratitude nor courtesy;
And I am left, deceived, betrayed,
Of him, like frail or faithless maid.

On one sweet thought my soul has dwelt, —
  That my unchanging faith was thine;
Not Seguis for Valensa felt
  A love more pure and high than mine:
In all beside thou art above
My highest thoughts, — but not in love, —
Cold as thou art, and proud to me,
To others all humility.

Yet must I wonder, gazing there
  On that severe and chilling mien:
It is not just, another fair
  Should fill the heart where I have been:
Whate'er her worth, remember thou
Love's early days, love's fondest vow;
Heaven grant no idle word of mine
Have caused this cold neglect of thine!

When I remember all thy worth,
  Thy rank, thy honors, — well I see
There cannot be the heart on earth
  That would not bend in love to thee:
But thou, whose penetrating eyes
Can quickly pierce through each disguise,
The tenderest, truest heart wilt see,
And surely then remember ME.

On worth, on rank, I might rely,
On beauty, or, yet more, on love;
But one soft song at least I'll try —
A song of peace, thy heart to move:
And I would learn, beloved one, now
Why cold and harsh and rude art thou;
If love hath given her place to pride,
Or cold dislike in thee preside?

This, and much more my messenger should say,
Warning all hearts 'gainst Pride's relentless sway.

Pons de Capdueil.

[Later twelfth century.]

Of all whom grief in bonds of slavery
Most straitly holds, the veriest wretch am I:
Death is my heart's desire; he that should bring
That death to me would bring a welcome thing.
O'er life's sad remnant grief alone is spread,
Naught, naught but grief, since Azalais is dead:
Grief, sorrow, sense of loss, weigh down my head.
Then hasten, death, my willing spirit cries,
For never could'st thou seize a better, fairer prize.

Well may we weep, well sigh in spirit o'er her,
So fair a creature ne'er was formed before her;
And who in times to come such courtesy,
Such worth, such beauty as hath been, shall see?
Ah! what avail wit, honor, sprightly guise,
Graceful address, and pleasant courtesies,
And kindest words, and actions ever wise?
Ah sad, bereavèd age! for *thee* I mourn;
Small boast indeed is thine, such jewel from thee torn.

Well may we judge that spirits of love on high
Joy to receive her in their company;
Oft have I heard, and deemed the witness true,
"Whom *man* delights in, *God* delights in too:"
Then well I trust that in that palace gate,
Mid lilies sweet, and roses delicate,
Blissful she dwells, while angels round her wait,
And sing her praises with loud acclaim, and tell
How fit such beauteous flower in Paradise to dwell!

Youth's gay delights for me no charms bestow;
This busy world is nothing to me now;
Counts, dukes, and barons in their 'customed pride
No more are great; I turn from all aside,
And thousand ladies cannot fill the void.
E'en heaven itself seems angry, to look down,
Its beauteous gift recalling with a frown:
With her our songs, our mirth away are sped,
And naught remains but sighs and vain desires instead.

And woe is me for thee, lost Azalais!
Henceforth no joy within my soul may stay;
Henceforth I take my leave of song, for aye;
Tears, sighs, and sorrow henceforth ever come,
And wrap my spirit in unceasing gloom.

Thus Andrieu, then, I every hope resign,
All thoughts of love, that never shall be mine.

Bernard de Ventadour.

[Twelfth century.]

When nightingales their lulling song
For me have breathed the whole night long,
Thus soothed, I sleep; — yet, when awake,
Again will joy my heart forsake,
Pensive, in love, in sorrow, pining,
All other fellowship declining:
Not such was once my best employ,
When all my heart, my song, was joy.

And none who knew that joy, but well
Could tell how bright, unspeakable,
How far above all common bliss,
Was then my heart's pure happiness;
How lightly on my fancy ranged,
Gay tale and pleasant jest exchanged,
Dreaming such joy must ever be
In love like that I bore for thee.

They that behold me little dream
How wide my spirit soars above them,
And, borne on fancy's pinion, roves
To seek the beauteous form it loves:

Know that a faithful herald flies
To bear her image to my eyes, —
My constant thought, — forever telling
How fair she is, all else excelling.

I know not when we meet again,
For grief hath rent my heart in twain:
For thee the royal court I fled, —
But guard me from the ills I dread,
And quick I'll join the bright array
Of courteous knights and ladies gay.

Ugonet, faithful messenger!
This to the Norman queen go bear,
And sing it softly to her ear.

Bertrand de Born.

[Latter half of the twelfth century.]

The beautiful spring delights me well,
When flowers and leaves are growing;
And it pleases my heart to hear the swell
Of the birds' sweet chorus flowing
In the echoing wood;
And I love to see, all scattered around,
Pavilions, tents, on the martial ground;
And my spirit finds it good
To see, on the level plains beyond,
Gay knights and steeds caparisoned.

It pleases me, when the lancers bold
Set men and armies flying;
And it pleases me, too, to hear around
The voice of the soldiers crying;
And joy is mine
When castles strong, besiegèd, shake,
And walls uprooted totter and crack;
And I see the foemen join,
On the moated shore all compassed round
With the palisade and guarded mound.

Lances and swords, and stainèd helms,
And shields dismantled and broken,

On the verge of the bloody battle scene,
The field of wrath betoken;
And the vassals are there,
And there fly the steeds of the dying and dead;
And where the mingled strife is spread,
The noblest warrior's care
Is to cleave the foeman's limbs and head—
The conqueror less of the living than dead.

I tell you that nothing my soul can cheer—
Or banqueting or reposing—
Like the onset cry of "Charge them" rung
From each side, as in the battle closing,
Where the horses neigh,
And the call to "aid" is echoing loud;
And there on the earth the lowly and proud
In the foss together lie;
And yonder is piled the mangled heap
Of the brave that scaled the trench's steep.

Barons! your castles in safety place,
Your cities and villages too,
Before ye haste to the battle scene;
And, Papiol! quickly go,
And tell the lord of "Oc and No" [1]
That peace already too long hath been!

Pierre Vidal.

[Died 1229.]

I eagerly inhale the breeze
From thee, sweet Provence, blowing;
And all that's thine delights me so,
Such pleasant thoughts bestowing,
That if thy very name is named
I listen joyously,
And ask a hundred words for one—
So sweet to hear of thee.

And surely none can name a spot
So sweet in memory biding,
As 'twixt the Durance and the sea
Where the swift Rhone is gliding:

[1] "Yes and No": *i.e.* Richard Cœur de Lion."

There ever fresh delights abound,
  There, midst its people gay,
I left my heart with one whose smile
  Would drive each grief away.

Ne'er let the day be lightly named
  When first I saw that lady:
From her my joy and pleasure flows;
  And he whose tongue is ready
To give her praise, whate'er he says,
  Of fair or good, is true:
She is the brightest, past compare,
  That e'er the wide world knew.

If aught of goodness or of grace
  Be mine, *hers* is the glory;
She led me on in wisdom's path,
  And set the light before me;
In her I joy, in her I sing,
  If ever, pleasantly;
The sweetness there is not my own,
  But hers in whom I joy.

Giraud de Borneil.

[First half of the thirteenth century.]

Companion dear! or sleeping or waking,
  Sleep not again! for lo! the morn is nigh,
And in the east that early star is breaking,
  The day's forerunner, known unto mine eye;
    The morn, the morn is near.

Companion dear! with carols sweet I'll call thee;
  Sleep not again! I hear the birds' blithe song
Loud in the woodlands; evil may befall thee,
  And jealous eyes awaken, tarrying long,
    Now that the morn is near.

Companion dear! forth from the window looking,
  Attentive mark the signs of yonder heaven;
Judge if aright I read what they betoken:
  Thine all the loss, if vain the warning given;
    The morn, the morn is near.

Companion dear! since thou from hence wert straying,
Nor sleep nor rest these eyes have visited;
My prayers unceasing to the Virgin paying,
That thou in peace thy backward way might tread.
The morn, the morn is near.

Companion dear! hence to the fields with me!
Me thou forbad'st to slumber through the night.
And I have watched that livelong night for thee;
But thou in song or me hast no delight,
And now the morn is near.

Answer.

Companion dear! so happily sojourning,
So blest am I, I care not forth to speed:
Here brightest beauty reigns, her smiles adorning
Her dwelling place, — then wherefore should I heed
The morn or jealous eyes?

POEMS OF THE TROUVÈRES.

Thibaud, King of Navarre.

[1201–1253.]

Lady, the fates command, and I must go, —
Leaving the pleasant land so dear to me:
Here my heart suffered many a heavy woe;
But what is left to love, thus leaving thee?
Alas! that cruel land beyond the sea!
Why thus dividing many a faithful heart,
Never again from pain and sorrow free,
Never again to meet, when thus they part?

I see not, when thy presence bright I leave,
How wealth, or joy, or peace can be my lot;
Ne'er yet my spirit found such cause to grieve
As now in leaving thee: and if thy thought
Of me in absence should be sorrow-fraught,
Oft will my heart repentant turn to thee,

Dwelling, in fruitless wishes, on this spot,
And all the gracious words here said to me.

O gracious God! to thee I bend my knee,
For thy sake yielding all I love and prize;
And O, how mighty must that influence be,
That steals me thus from all my cherished joys!
Here, ready, then, myself surrendering,
Prepared to serve thee, I submit; and ne'er
To one so faithful could I service bring,
So kind a master, so beloved and dear.

And strong my ties — my grief unspeakable!
Grief, all my choicest treasures to resign;
Yet stronger still th' affections that impel
My heart tow'rd Him, the God whose love is mine. —
That holy love, how beautiful! how strong!
Even wisdom's favorite sons take refuge there;
'Tis the redeeming gem that shines among
Men's darkest thoughts — forever bright and fair.

Barbe de Verrue.

[Author of "Aucassin and Nicolete"?]

The wise man sees his winter close
Like evening on a summer day;
Each age, he knows, its roses bears,
Its mournful moments and its gay.

Thus would I dwell with pleasing thought
Upon my spring of youthful pride;
Yet, like the festive dancer, glad
To rest in peace at eventide.

The gazing crowds proclaimed me *fair*,
Ere, autumn-touched, my green leaves fell:
And now they smile, and call me *good;*
Perhaps I like that name as well.

On beauty, bliss depends not; then
Why should I quarrel with old Time?
He marches on; — how vain his power
With one whose *heart* is in its prime!

Though now perhaps a *little* old,
Yet still I love with youth to bide;
Nor grieve I if the gay coquettes
Seduce the gallants from my side.

And I can joy to see the nymphs
For fav'rite swains their chaplets twine,
In gardens trim, and bower so green,
With flowerets sweet and eglantine.

I love to see a pair defy
The noontide heat in yonder shade;
To hear the village song of love
Sweet echoing through the woodland glade.

I joy too (though the idle crew
Mock somewhat at my lengthened tale)
To see how lays of ancient loves
The listening circle round regale.

They fancy time for *them* stands still,
And pity *me* my hairs of gray,
And smile to hear how once their sires
To me could kneeling homage pay.

And I, too, smile, to gaze upon
These butterflies in youth elate,
So heedless, sporting round the flame
Where thousands such have met their fate.

FRAIGNE.

[First half of the fourteenth century.]

And where then goest thou, gentle sigh,
Passing so softly by?
Goest thou to carry misery
To some poor wretched lover?
Come, tell me all without deceit,
Thy secret aim discover;
And whither goest thou, gentle sigh,
Passing so softly by?

Now Heaven conduct thee safely on,
  According to thy will;
One boon alone I ask of thee,
  Wound — but forbear to *kill.*
And where then goest thou, gentle sigh,
  Passing so softly by?

Christine de Pisan.

[Born 1363.]

The choicest of the fleurs-de-lis,
In praise of whom all tongues agree —
He is the one, in every way,
My heart and ev'ry heart to sway.
He is the youngest, noblest, fairest,
Most courteous, mild, the best, the dearest,
  The choicest of the fleurs-de-lis.

Therefore it is my spirit's pride
To love *him*, loved by all beside;
And can I coldly be reproved,
Thus choosing one so warmly loved,
  The choicest of the fleurs-de-lis?

Charles of Orleans.

[1415.]

  Hence away, anxious folly!
  Care, depart, and melancholy!
Think ye all my life to measure
Like the past, at your good pleasure?
That, at least, ye shall not do;
Reason shall be lord o'er you:
  Hence away, then, anxious folly!
  Care, depart, and melancholy!

Should ye e'er return again
Hither with your gloomy train,
Cursed of the gods be ye,
And the hour ye come to me!
  Hence away, anxious folly,
  Care, and boding melancholy!

THE RESCUE OF MALÁTÍ.

By BHAVABHÚTI.

(From "Málatí and Mádhava": called the "Romeo and Juliet of India." Written in the eighth century A.D.)

Persons: MÀDHAVA, *the lover;* MÁLATÍ, *the heroine;* KAPÁLA-KUNDALÁ, *priestess of the fearful goddess* CHAMUNDÁ; AGHORAGHANTA, *priest of the same.*

SCENE: *Inside of the Temple of* CHÁMUNDÁ. — AGHORAGHANTA, *dancing and invoking the goddess, is about to sacrifice Málatí.*

Málatí [*dressed as a victim*] —
Unpitying sire, thy hapless daughter dies!
Mother beloved, remorseless fate consigns
Thy gentle heart to agony. Revered
And holy dame, who lived but for thy Málatí,
Whose every thought was for her happiness,
Thy love will teach thee long and bitter anguish.
Ah, my dear friend, Lavangiká, to thee
But in thy dreams I henceforth shall appear!

Mádhava [*enters behind*] —
My fears were true — 'tis she! but still she lives.
[*Listens to Aghoraghanta's invocation.*
What luckless chance is this, that such a maid,
With crimson garb and garland like a victim
Adorned for sacrifice, should be the captive
Of impious wretches, like a timid fawn
Begirt by ravenous wolves: that she, the child
Of the all-powerful minister, should lie
Thus in the jaws of death? Ah, cruel destiny,
How ruthless are thy purposes!

Kapála-Kundalá — Fair maid,
Think upon him whom thou in life hast loved,
For pitiless death is near thee.

Málatí — Ah, Mádhava,
Lord of my heart! Oh may I after death
Live in thy memory! They do not die,
Whom love embalms in long and fond embrace.

Kapála-Kundalá —
Poor child, her heart is Mádhava's.

Aghoraghanta [*raising his sword*] — No matter —
Come what come may, we must delay no longer.
This offering vowed to thee, divine Chámundá,
Deign to accept.

Mádhava [*rushing forward and snatching Málatí up in his arms*]
Vile wretch, forbear!
Kapála-Kundalá — The term profane is thine.
Málatí —
Oh, save me, save me! [*Embraces Mádhava.*]
Mádhava — Princess, do not fear.
A faithful friend, who in the hour of death
Finds courage to declare his love, is near thee.
Be of good courage — on this impious wretch
The retribution of his crimes descends.
Aghoraghanta —
What sinful youth is this that interrupts
Our solemn rite?
Kapála-Kundalá — The lover of the maiden,
The pupil of Kámandaki, who treads
These precincts for unholy purposes,
And vends the flesh of man.
Mádhava — Inform me, princess,
How has this chanced?
Málatí — I know not. I reposed
At eve upon the terrace. When I woke
I found myself a prisoner. — But what led
Your steps to this retreat?
Mádhava [*ashamed*] — By passion urged,
Incited by the hope my life might be
Yet blest by this fair hand, I hither came
To invoke the unclean spirits of the dead.
Your cries I heard, and instant hurried here.
Málatí —
And wert thou thus regardless of thyself,
And wandering here for me?
Mádhava — Blest was the chance
That snatched my love from the uplifted swords
Like the pale moon from Ráhu's[1] ravenous jaws.
My mind is yet with various passions tossed,
And terror, pity, wonder, joy, and rage,
By turns possess my soul.
Aghoraghanta — Rash Brahman boy,
Thou seek'st thy fate. The pitying stag defies
The tiger in the rescue of his doe,
And both are made the forest monarch's prey.
So shalt thou perish, who darest hope to save
The victim of my sacrifice. Thy blood,
As flies the severed head before my scymetar,

[1] The dragon supposed to cause eclipses by swallowing the moon.

Shall stream an offering to the mighty mother
Of all created beings.

Mádhava — Wretch accursed,
Impious and vile! Couldst thou raise thy sword
Against this delicate frame, that timid shrunk
Even from the flowers her fond companions cast
In sportive mood upon her — but my arm
Like Yama's[1] mace now falls upon thy head.

Málatí —
Lord of my life, refrain from violence:
His crime is baffled, let him be. Avoid
All needless peril.

Kapála-Kundalá — Holy sir, be firm;
Destroy the culprit.

Mádhava and Aghoraghanta [*to the women, each concerning the other*] — Banish your alarms:
The villain dies. What other chance should wait
The issue of the conflict, when the lion,
Whose talons light upon the elephant's brow,
As falls the thunderbolt upon the mountain,
Raises their might against the feeble deer.
[*Noise behind.*
What, ho! Ye who are now in search of Málatí,
The venerable priestess whose commands
Are ever wise, enjoins ye to surround
The temple of Karálá. This can be
The act of none but him who ministers
To the terrific goddess, and the princess
Can be an offering for no other shrine.

Kapála-Kundalá —
We are surrounded!

Aghoraghanta — Greater is the need
Of manly resolution.

Málatí — My dear father!
My venerable mistress!

Mádhava — I will place
The princess out of peril with her friends,
Then swift return for vengeance.

[*He carries Málatí off and returns confronting Aghoraghanta.*]
Now let the falchion piecemeal hew thy form,
Ring on thy bones, and cleave thy sinewy joints,
Sport in the yielding marrow, and divide,
Resistless in its fury, limb from limb.
[*Exeunt fighting.*

[1] Regent of hell and judge of the dead.

RUSTAM AND AKWAN DEV.

By FIRDUSI.

(From the "Shah-nameh": translated by E. H. Palmer.)

[Abul Kasim Mansur "Firdusi" or "Firdausi" ("maker of a Paradise"), the Persian Homer, was born about 941, became deeply learned in his country's antiquities, and won early repute as a brilliant and facile poet. Mahmúd of Ghazni, who ruled Persia from Afghanistan, gave him a commission to poetize the vast royal collection of Persian legends and traditions; which he did in the "Shah-Nameh" or Book of Kings, of 60,000 verses, coming down to the end of the Sassanid dynasty, which at once and permanently became the epic glory of Persia. He quarreled with Mahmúd over the pay, libeled him savagely, and for some years was in exile and great danger; and though at last reconciled, died shortly after, in 1020, having spent his later years in great poverty.]

Kai Khosrau sat in a garden bright
With all the beauties of balmy Spring;
And many a warrior armor-dight
With a stout kamand and an arm of might
Supported Persia's King.

With trembling mien and a pallid cheek,
A breathless hind to the presence ran;
And on bended knee, in posture meek,
With faltering tongue that scarce could speak,
His story thus began: —

"Alackaday! for the news I bear
Will like to the follies of Fancy sound;
Thy steeds were stabled and stalled with care,
When a Wild Ass sprang from its forest lair
With a swift resistless bound, —

"A monster fell, of a dusky hue,
And eyes that flashed with a hellish glow;
Many it maimed and some it slew,
Then back to the forest again it flew,
As an arrow leaves the bow."

Kai Khosrau's rage was a sight to see:
"Now curses light on the foul fiend's head!

Full rich and rare shall his guerdon be
Whose stalwart arm shall bring to me
The monster, alive or dead!"

But the mail-clad warriors kept their ground,
And their bronzèd cheeks were blanched with fear;
With scorn the Shah on the cowards frowned,—
"One champion bold may yet be found
While Rustam wields a spear!"

No tarrying made the son of Zal,
Small reck had he of the fiercest fray;
But promptly came at the monarch's call,
And swore that the monster fiend should fall
Ere closed the coming day.

The swift Rakush's sides he spurred,
And speedily gained the darksome wood;
Nor was the trial for long deferred,—
But soon a hideous roar was heard,
Had chilled a baser blood.

Then darting out like a flashing flame,
Traverse his path the Wild Ass fled;
And the hero then with unerring aim
Hurled his stout kamand, but as erst it came,
Unscathed the monster fled.

"Now Khuda in heaven!" bold Rustam cried,—
"Thy chosen champion deign to save!
Not all in vain shall my steel be tried,
Though he who my powers has thus defied
Be none but Akwan Dev."

Then steadily chasing his fiendish foe,
He thrust with hanger, he smote with brand:
But ever avoiding the deadly blow
It vanished away like the scenes that show
On Balkh's delusive sand.

For full three wearisome nights and days
Stoutly he battled with warlike skill;
But the Demon such magical shifts essays
That leaving his courser at large to graze,
He rests him on a hill.

But scarce can slumber his eyelids close,
Ere Akwan Dev from afar espies;
And never disturbing his foe's repose
The earth from under the mound he throws,
And off with the summit flies.

"Now, daring mortal!" the Demon cried,—
"Whither wouldst have me carry thee?
Shall I cast thee forth on the mountain side,
Where the lions roar and the reptiles glide,
Or hurl thee into the sea?"

"O bear me off to the mountain side,
Where the lions roar and the serpents creep!
For I fear not the creatures that spring or glide;
But where is the arm that can stem the tide,
Or still the raging deep?"

Loud laughed the fiend as his load he threw
Far plunging into the roaring flood;
And louder laughed Rustam as out he flew,
For he fain had chosen the sea, but knew
The fiend's malignant mood.

Soon all the monsters that float or swim,
With ravening jaws down on him bore;
But he hewed and hacked them limb from limb,
And the wave pellucid grew thick and dim
With streaks of crimson gore.

With thankful bosom he gains the strand,
And seeketh his courser near and far,
Till he hears him neigh, and he sees him stand
Among the herds of a Tartar band,
The steeds of Isfendiyar.

But Rustam's name was a sound of dread,
And the Tartar heart it had caused to quake;
The herd was there, but the hinds had fled,—
So all the horses he captive led
For good Kai Khosrau's sake.

Then loud again through the forest rings
The fiendish laugh and the taunting cry;

But his kamand quickly the hero flings,
And around the Demon it coils and clings,
As a cobweb wraps a fly.

Kai Khosrau sat in his garden fair,
Mourning his Champion lost and dead,
When a shout of victory rent the air,
And Rustam placed before his chair
A Demon Giant's head.

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPUR.

TRANSLATED BY EDWARD FITZGERALD.

[EDWARD FITZGERALD, English poet, was born in Suffolk in 1809, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1830. He was a man of independent fortune, who spent his literary life mainly in making versions of Oriental literature, the Greek classics, and Calderon, largely new work based on the nominal originals. They include among others the quatrains of Omar Khayyám, Æschylus's "Agamemnon," Sophocles' "Œdipus," Calderon's "Vida es Sueño," and "El Magico Prodigioso" in verse and others in prose, Attár's "Bird Parliament," and Jami's "Salaman and Absal." He died in 1883.]

[GHIAS-UD-DÍN OMAR KHAYYÁM (Tent Maker), was born at Naisháput, Persia, probably about 1050, and died about 1123, living in the reigns of the great Seljuk Sultans Alp Arslán and Malik Shah. He was a great mathematician and astronomer as well as poet. His verses were entirely in disconnected quatrains (*rubáiyát*), flung off according to the mood of the moment, and so without coherence of thought, though predominantly *pococurante* in philosophy of life. Fitzgerald has selected some scores of them and framed them — at best very freely translated, often only the general idea followed, many torn in pieces and the fragments put together differently, and some verses added without credit to Omar at all — into an eclogue of speculation on life and destiny, rather more melancholy in tone than the genuine Omar, and dwelling less on wine and women.]

I.

WAKE! For the Sun, who scattered into flight
The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
Drives Night along with them from Heaven, and strikes
The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II.

Before the phantom of False Morning died,
Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
"When all the Temple is prepared within,
Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outside?"

III.

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted — "Open then the Door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

IV.

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

V.

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
And Jamshyd's Seven-ringed Cup where no one knows;
But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
And many a Garden by the Water blows.

VI.

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
High-piping Pehleví, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
Red Wine!" — the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That sallow cheek of hers t' incarnadine.

VII.

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
Your Winter garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To flutter — and the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII.

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,
The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX.

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say:
Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

X.

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,
Or Hátim call to Supper — heed not you.

XI.

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot —
And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!

XII.

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread — and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness —
Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

XIII.

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come;
Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

XIV.

Look to the blowing Rose about us — "Lo,
Laughing," she says, "into the world I blow,
At once the silken tassel of my Purse
Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw."

XV.

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

XVI.

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes — or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
Lighting a little hour or two — is gone.

XVII.

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
  How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

XVIII.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
  And Bahrám, that great Hunter — the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

XIX.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
  That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

XX.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River Lip on which we lean —
  Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

XXI.

Ah, my Belovéd, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears:
  To-morrow! — Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Seven thousand Years.

XXII.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
  Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

XXIII.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
  Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend — ourselves to make a Couch — for whom?

XXIV.

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
  Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and — sans End!

XXV.

Alike for those who for To-day prepare,
And those that after some To-morrow stare,
  A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,
"Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There."

XXVI.

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discussed
Of the Two Worlds so wisely — they are thrust
  Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scattered, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVII.

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
  About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same door where in I went.

XXVIII.

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
  And this was all the Harvest that I reaped —
"I came like Water, and like Wind I go."

XXIX.

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing
Nor *Whence*, like Water willy nilly flowing;
  And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *Whither*, willy nilly blowing.

XXX.

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence?*
And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
  Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
Must drown the memory of that insolence!

XXXI.

Up from Earth's Center through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many a Knot unraveled by the Road;
But not the Master Knot of Human Fate.

XXXII.

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
There was the Veil through which I might not see:
Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
There was — and then no more of THEE and ME.

XXXIII.

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs revealed
And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XXXIV.

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
A lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
As from Without — "THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!"

XXXV.

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
I leaned, the Secret of my Life to learn:
And Lip to Lip it murmured — "While you live,
Drink! — for, once dead, you never shall return."

XXXVI.

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answered, once did live,
And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kissed,
How many Kisses might it take — and give!

XXXVII.

For I remember stopping by the way
To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
And with its all-obliterated Tongue
It murmured — "Gently, Brother, gently, pray!"

XXXVIII.

And has not such a Story from of Old
Down Man's successive generations rolled
  Of such a clod of saturated Earth
Cast by the Maker into Human mold?

XXXIX.

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
  To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
There hidden — far beneath, and long ago.

XL.

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
Of Heavenly Vintage from the soil looks up,
  Do you devoutly do the like, till Heaven
To Earth invert you — like an empty Cup.

XLI.

Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
To-morrow's tangle to the winds resign,
  And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII.

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in what All begins and ends in — Yes;
  Think then you are To-DAY what YESTERDAY
You were — To-MORROW you shall not be less.

XLIII.

So when that Angel of the darker Drink
At last shall find you by the river brink,
  And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
Forth to your Lips to quaff — you shall not shrink.

XLIV.

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
  Were't not a Shame — were't not a Shame for him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

XLV.

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;
  The Sultán rises, and the dark Feerásh
Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI.

And fear not lest Existence closing your
Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
  The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has poured
Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

XLVII.

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
  Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
As the Sea's self should heed a pebble cast.

XLVIII.

A Moment's Halt — a momentary taste
Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste —
  And Lo! — the phantom Caravan has reached
The NOTHING it set out from — Oh, make haste!

XLIX.

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
About THE SECRET — quick about it, Friend!
  A Hair perhaps divides the False and True —
And upon what, prithee, may life depend?

L.

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
Yes; and a single Alif were the clew —
  Could you but find it — to the Treasure-house,
And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

LI.

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
Running Quicksilver-like eludes your pains;
  Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and
They change and perish all — but He remains;

LII.

A moment guessed — then back behind the Fold
Immerst of Darkness round the Drama rolled
  Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

LIII.

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
Of Earth, and up to Heaven's unopening Door,
  You gaze To-DAY, while You are You — how then
To-MORROW, when You shall be You no more?

LIV.

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
  Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV.

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
I made a Second Marriage in my house;
  Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

LVI.

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though with Rule and Line
And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
  Of all that one should care to fathom, I
Was never deep in anything but — Wine.

LVII.

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
Reduced the Year to better reckoning? — Nay,
  'Twas only striking from the Calendar
Unborn To-morrow and dead Yesterday.

LVIII.

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
  Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
He bid me taste of it; and 'twas — the Grape!

LIX.

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two and Seventy jarring Sects confute:
The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute:

LX.

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

LXI.

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
And if a Curse — why, then, Who set it there?

LXII.

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
To fill the Cup — when crumbled into Dust!

LXIII.

Oh threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
One thing at least is certain — *This* Life flies;
One thing is certain and the rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

LXIV.

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
Which to discover we must travel too.

LXV.

The Revelations of Devout and Learned
Who rose before us, and as Prophets burned,
Are all but Stories, which, awoke from Sleep
They told their comrades, and to Sleep returned.

LXVI.

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
Some letter of that After-life to spell:
And by and by my Soul returned to me,
And answered "I Myself am Heaven and Hell:"

LXVII.

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves
So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII.

We are no other than a moving row
Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

LXIX.

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
Upon this Checkerboard of Nights and Days;
Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXX.

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all — HE knows — HE knows!

LXXI.

The Moving Finger writes; and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXII.

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,
Lift not your hands to *It* for help — for It
As impotently moves as you or I.

LXXIII.

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
And there of the Last Harvest sowed the Seed:
And the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXXIV.

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
TO-MORROW'S Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why:
Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXXV.

I tell you this — When, started from the Goal,
Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
Of Heaven Parwín and Mushtarí they flung,
In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul

LXXVI.

The Vine had struck a fiber: which about
If clings my Being — let the Dervish flout;
Of my Base metal may be filed a Key
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXXVII.

And this I know: whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXXVIII.

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
A conscious Something to resent the yoke
Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXXIX.

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
Pure Gold for what he lent him dross-allayed —
Sue for a Debt he never did contract,
And cannot answer — Oh the sorry trade!

LXXX.

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
  Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

LXXXI.

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And even with Paradise devise the Snake:
  For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blackened — Man's forgiveness give — and take!

* * * * * * *

LXXXII.

As under cover of departing Day
Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
  Once more within the Potter's house alone
I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

LXXXIII.

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
That stood along the floor and by the wall;
  And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
Listened perhaps, but never talked at all.

LXXXIV.

Said one among them — "Surely not in vain
My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
  And to this Figure molded, to be broke,
Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again."

LXXXV.

Then said a Second — "Ne'er a peevish Boy
Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
  And He that with his hand the Vessel made
Will surely not in after Wrath destroy."

LXXXVI.

After a momentary silence spake
Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make;
  "They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?"

LXXXVII.

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
I think a Súfi pipkin — waxing hot —
"All this of Pot and Potter — Tell me, then,
Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?"

LXXXVIII.

"Why," said another, "Some there are who tell
Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
The luckless Pots he marred in making — Pish!
He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well."

LXXXIX.

"Well," murmured one, "Let whoso make or buy,
My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry:
But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
Methinks I might recover by and by."

XC.

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
The little Moon looked in that all were seeking:
And then they jogged each other, "Brother! Brother!
Now for the Porter's shoulder knot a creaking!"

* * * * * * *

XCI.

Ah, with the Grape my fading life provide,
And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
By some not unfrequented Garden Side.

XCII.

That even my buried Ashes such a snare
Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air
As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

XCIII.

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
Have drowned my Glory in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

And when like her, oh Sáki, you shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
And in your joyous errand reach the spot
Where I made One — turn down an empty Glass!

THE BIRD PARLIAMENT.

By ATTÁR.

(Translated by Edward Fitzgerald.)

[Ferîd ud Dîn, "Attár" (Perfumer), was born near Naishápur, Persia, 1119, and died after 1200, during the break-up of the Seljuk power, according to one account murdered by a Mongol trooper. Of his many works, only this has been translated.]

Once on a time from all the Circles seven
Between the steadfast Earth and rolling Heaven,
The Birds, of all Note, Plumage, and Degree,
That float in Air, and roost upon the Tree;
And they that from the Waters snatch their Meat,
And they that scour the Desert with long Feet:
Birds of all Natures, known or not to Man,
Flock'd from all Quarters into full Divan,
On no less solemn business than to find
Or choose, a Sultan Khalif of their kind,
For whom, if never theirs, or lost, they pin'd.
The Snake had his, 'twas said; and so the Beast
His Lion-lord: and Man had his, at least:
And that the Birds, who nearest were the Skies,
And went apparel'd in its Angel Dyes,
Should be without — under no better Law
Than that which lost all others in the Maw —
Disperst without a Bond of Union — nay,
Or meeting to make each the other's Prey —
This was the Grievance — this the solemn Thing
On which the scatter'd Commonwealth of Wing,
From all the four Winds, flying like to Cloud
That met and blacken'd Heav'n, and Thunder-loud
With sound of whirring Wings and Beaks that clash'd
Down like a Torrent on the Desert dash'd:
Till by Degrees, the Hubbub and Pellmell
Into some Order and Precedence fell,

And, Proclamation made of Silence, each
In special Accent, but in general Speech
That all should understand, as seem'd him best,
The Congregation of all Wings Addrest.

And first, with Heart so full as from his Eyes
Ran Weeping, up rose Tajidar the Wise;[1]
The mystic Mark upon whose Bosom show'd
That He alone of all the Birds THE ROAD
Had travel'd: and the Crown upon his Head
Had reach'd the Goal; and He stood forth and said:—

"Oh Birds, by what Authority divine
I speak, you know, by HIS authentic Sign,
And Name, emblazon'd on my Breast and Bill:
Whose Counsel I assist at, and fulfill:
At his Behest I measured as he plann'd
The Spaces of the Air and Sea and Land;
I gaug'd the secret sources of the Springs
From Cloud to Fish: the Shadow of my Wings
Dream'd over sleeping Deluge: piloted
The Blast that bore Sulayman's Throne: and led
The Cloud of Birds that canopied his Head;
Whose Word I brought to Balkis: and I shar'd
The Counsel that with Ásaf he prepar'd.
And now You want a Khalif: and I know
Him, and his whereabout, and How to go:
And go alone I could, and plead your cause
Alone for all: but, by the eternal laws,
Yourselves by Toil and Travel of your own
Must for your old Delinquency atone.
Were you indeed not blinded by the Curse
Of Self-exile, that still grows worse and worse,
Yourselves would know that, though *you* see him not,
He is with you this Moment, on this Spot,
Your Lord through all Forgetfulness and Crime,
Here, There, and Everywhere, and through all Time.
But as a Father, whom some wayward Child
By sinful Self-will has unreconcil'd,
Waits till the sullen Reprobate at cost
Of long Repentance should regain the Lost;
Therefore, yourselves to see as you are seen,
Yourselves must bridge the Gulf you made between
By such a Search and Travel to be gone
Up to the mighty mountain Káf, whereon

[1] A species of lapwing.

Hinges the World, and round about whose Knees
Into one Ocean mingle the Sev'n Seas;
In whose impenetrable Forest-folds
Of Light and Dark 'Symurgh' his presence holds;
Not to be reach'd, if to be reach'd at all
But by a Road the stoutest might appall;
Of Travel not of Days or Months, but Years —
Lifelong perhaps: of Dangers, Doubts, and Fears
As yet unheard of: Sweat of Blood and Brain
Interminable — often all in vain —
And, if successful, no Return again:
A Road whose very Preparation scar'd
The Traveler who yet must be prepar'd.
Who then this Travel to Result would bring
Needs both a lion's Heart beneath the Wing,
And even more, a Spirit purified
Of Worldly Passion, Malice, Lust, and Pride:
Yea, ev'n of *Worldly* Wisdom, which grows dim
And dark, the nearer it approaches *Him*,
Who to the Spirit's Eye alone reveal'd,
By sacrifice of Wisdom's self unseal'd;
Without which none who reach the Place could bear
To look upon the Glory dwelling there."

One Night from out the swarming City Gate
Stept holy Bajazyd, to meditate
Alone amid the breathing Fields that lay
In solitary Silence leagues away,
Beneath a Moon and Stars as bright as Day.
And the Saints wondering such a Temple were,
And so lit up, and scarce one worshiper,
A voice from Heav'n amid the stillness said: —
"The Royal Road is not for all to tread,
Nor is the Royal Palace for the Rout,
Who, even if they reach it, are shut out.
The Blaze that from my Harim window breaks
With fright the Rabble of the Roadside takes;
And ev'n of those that at my Portal din,
Thousands may knock for one that enters in."

Thus spoke the Tajidar: and the wing'd Crowd,
That underneath his Word in Silence bow'd,
Clapp'd Acclamation: and their Hearts and Eyes
Were kindled by the Firebrand of the Wise.

They felt their Degradation: they believ'd
The word that told them how to be retriev'd,
And in that glorious Consummation won
Forgot the Cost at which it must be done.
"They only *long'd* to follow: they would go
Whither he led, through Flood, or Fire, or Snow"—
So cried the Multitude. But some there were
Who listen'd with a cold disdainful air,
Content with what they were, or grudging Cost
Of Time or Travel that might all be lost;
These, one by one, came forward, and preferr'd
Unwise Objection: which the wiser Word
Shot with direct Reproof, or subtly round
With Argument and Allegory wound.

Then came *The Nightingale*, from such a Draught
Of Ecstasy that from the Rose he quaff'd
Reeling as drunk, and ever did distil
In exquisite Divisions from his Bill
To inflame the Hearts of Men — and thus sang He: —
"To me alone, alone, is giv'n the Key
Of Love; of whose whole Mystery possesst,
When I reveal a little to the Rest,
Forthwith Creation listening forsakes
The Reins of Reason, and my Frenzy takes:
Yea, whosoever once has quaff'd this wine
He leaves unlisten'd David's Song for mine.
In vain do Men for my Divisions strive,
And die themselves making dead Lutes alive:
I hang the Stars with Meshes for Men's Souls:
The Garden underneath my Music rolls.
The long, long Morns that mourn the Rose away
I sit in silence, and on Anguish prey:
But the first Air which the New Year shall breathe
Up to my Boughs of Message from beneath
That in her green Harim my Bride unveils,
My Throat bursts silence and *her* Advent hails,
Who in her crimson Volume registers
The Notes of Him whose Life is lost in hers.
The Rose I love and worship now is here;
If dying, yet reviving, Year by Year;
But that you tell of, all my Life why waste
In vainly searching; or, if found, not taste?"

So with Division infinite and Trill
On would the Nightingale have warbled still,

And all the World have listen'd; but a Note
Of sterner Import check'd the love-sick Throat.

"Oh watering with thy melodious Tears
Love's Garden, and who dost indeed the Ears
Of men with thy melodious Fingers mold
As David's Finger Iron did of old:
Why not, like David, dedicate thy Dower
Of Song to something better than a Flower?
Empress indeed of Beauty, so they say,
But one whose Empire hardly lasts a day,
By Insurrection of the Morning's Breath
That made her hurried to Decay and Death:
And while she lasts contented to be seen,
And worship, for the Garden's only Queen,
Leaving thee singing on thy Bough forlorn,
Or if she smile on Thee, perhaps in Scorn."

Like that fond Dervish waiting in the throng
When some World-famous Beauty went along,
Who smiling on the Antic as she pass'd —
Forthwith Staff, Bead, and Scrip away he cast,
And groveling in the Kennel, took to whine
Before her Door among the Dogs and Swine.
Which when she often went unheeding by,
But one day quite as heedless ask'd him — "Why?" —
He told of that one Smile, which, all the Rest
Passing, had kindled Hope within his Breast —
Again she smiled and said, "Oh self-beguiled
Poor Wretch, *at* whom and not *on* whom I smiled."

Then from a Ruin where conceal'd he lay
Watching his buried Gold, and hating Day,
Hooted *The Owl* — "I tell you, my Delight
Is in the Ruin and the Dead of Night
Where I was born, and where I love to wone
All my Life long, sitting on some cold stone
Away from all your destroying Companies,
In some dark Corner where a Treasure lies,
That, buried by some Miser in the Dark,
Speaks up to me at Mid-night like a Spark;
And o'er it like a Talisman I brood,
Companion of the Serpent and the Toad.

What need of other Sovereign, having found,
And keeping as in Prison underground,
One before whom all other Kings bow down,
And with his glittering Heel their Foreheads crown?"

"He that a Miser lives and Miser dies,
At the Last Day what Figure shall he rise?"

A Fellow all his life lived hoarding Gold,
And, dying, hoarded left it. And behold,
One Night his Son saw peering through the House
A Man, with yet the semblance of a Mouse,
Watching a crevice in the Wall — and cried —
"My Father?" — "Yes," the Mussulman replied,
"Thy Father!" — "But why watching thus?" — "For fear
Lest any smell my Treasure buried here." —
"But wherefore, Sir, so metamousified?" —
"Because, my Son, such is the true outside
Of the inner Soul by which I lived and died."

Then *The Shah-Falcon*, tossing up his Head
Blink-hooded as it was — "Behold," he said,
"I am the chosen Comrade of the King,
And perch upon the Fist that wears the Ring;
Born, bred, and nourisht in the Royal Court,
I take the Royal Name and make the Sport.
And if strict Discipline I undergo
And half my Life am blinded — be it so;
Because the Shah's Companion ill may brook
On aught save Royal Company to look.
And why am I to leave my King, and fare
With all these Rabble Wings I know not where?" —

"Oh blind indeed" — the Answer was, "and dark
To any but a vulgar Mortal Mark,
And drunk with Pride of Vassalage to those
Whose Humor like their Kingdom comes and goes;
All Mutability; who one Day please
To give: and next Day what they gave not seize:
Like to the Fire: a dangerous Friend at best,
Which who keeps farthest from does wiseliest."

A certain Shah there was in Days foregone
Who had a lovely Slave he doted on,

And cherish'd as the Apple of his Eye,
Clad gloriously, fed sumptuously, set high,
And never was at Ease were *He* not by,
Who yet, for all this Sunshine, Day by Day
Was seen to wither like a Flower away.
Which, when observing, one without the Veil
Of Favor ask'd the Favorite — "Why so pale
And sad?" thus sadly answer'd the poor Thing —
"No Sun that rises sets until the King,
Whose Archery is famous among Men,
Aims at an Apple on my Head; and when
The stricken Apple splits, and those who stand
Around cry, 'Lo! the Shah's unerring Hand!'
Then He too laughing asks me, 'Why so pale
And sorrow-some? as could the Sultan fail,
Who such a master of the Bow confest,
And aiming by the Head that he loves best.'"

Then from a Pond, where all day long he kept,
Waddled the dapper *Duck* demure, adept
At infinite Ablution, and precise
In keeping of his Raiment clean and nice.
And "Sure of all the Race of Birds," said He,
"None for Religious Purity like Me,
Beyond what strictest Rituals prescribe —
Methinks I am the Saint of all our Tribe,
To whom, by Miracle, the Water, that
I wash in, also makes my Praying-Mat."

To whom, more angrily than all, replied
The Leader, lashing that religious Pride,
That under ritual Obedience
To outer Law with inner might dispense:
For, fair as all the Feathers to be seen,
Could one see *through*, the Maw was not so clean:
But He that made both Maw and Feather too
Would take account of, seeing through and through.

A Shah returning to his Capital,
His subjects drest it forth in Festival,
Thronging with Acclamation Square and Street,
And kneeling flung before his Horse's feet
Jewel and Gold. All which with scarce an Eye
The Sultan Superciliously rode by:

Till coming to the public Prison, They
Who dwelt within those grisly Walls, by way
Of Welcome, having neither Pearl nor Gold,
Over the wall Chopt Head and Carcass roll'd,
Some almost parcht to Mummy with the Sun,
Some wet with Execution that day done.
At which grim Compliment at last the Shah
Drew Bridle: and amid a wild Hurrah
Of savage Recognition, smiling threw
Silver and Gold among the wretched Crew,
And so rode forward. Whereat of his Train
One wondering that, while others sued in vain
With costly gifts, which carelessly he pass'd,
But smiled at ghastly Welcome like the last;
The Shah made answer — "All that Pearl and Gold
Of ostentatious Welcome only told:
A little with great Clamor from the Store
Of Hypocrites who kept at home much more.
But when those sever'd Heads and Trunks I saw —
Save by strict Execution of my Law
They had not parted company; not one
But told my Will not talk'd about, but *done.*"

And then, with drooping Crest and Feather, came
Others, bow'd down with Penitence and Shame.
They long'd indeed to go; "But how begin,
Mesh'd and entangled as they were in Sin
Which often-times Repentance of past Wrong
As often broken had but knit more strong?"

Whom the wise Leader bid be of good cheer,
And, conscious of the Fault, dismiss the Fear,
Nor at the very Entrance of the Fray
Their Weapon, ev'n if broken, fling away:
Since Mercy on the broken Branch anew
Would blossom were but each Repentance true.
For did not God his Prophet take to Task?
"*Sev'n-times* of Thee did Kárún Pardon ask;
Which, hadst thou been like Me his Maker — yea,
But present at the Kneading of his Clay
With those twain Elements of Hell and Heav'n, —
One prayer had won what Thou deny'st to Sev'n."

For like a Child sent with a fluttering Light
To feel his way along a gusty Night

Man walks the World: again and yet again
The Lamp shall be by Fits of Passion slain:
But shall not He who sent him from the Door
Relight the Lamp once more, and yet once more?

When the rebellious Host from Death shall wake
Black with Despair of Judgment, God shall take
Ages of holy Merit from the Count
Of Angels to make up Man's short Amount,
And bid the murmuring Angel gladly spare
Of that which, undiminishing his Share
Of Bliss, shall rescue Thousands from the Cost
Of Bankruptcy within the Prison lost.

Another Story told how in the Scale
Good Will beyond mere Knowledge would prevail.

In Paradise the Angel Gabriel heard
The Lips of Allah trembling with the Word
Of perfect Acceptation: and he thought,
"Some perfect Faith such perfect Answer wrought,
But whose?" — And therewith slipping from the Cript
Of Sidra, through the Angel-ranks he slipt
Watching what Lip yet trembled with the Shot
That so had hit the Mark — but found it not.
Then, in a Glance to Earth, he threaded through
Mosque, Palace, Cell, and Cottage of the True
Belief — in vain: so back to Heaven went
And — Allah's Lips still trembling with assent!
Then the tenacious Angel once again
Threaded the Ranks of Heav'n and Earth — in vain —
Till, once again return'd to Paradise,
There, looking into God's, the Angel's Eyes
Beheld the Prayer that brought that Benison
Rising like Incense from the Lips of one
Who to an Idol bowed — as best he knew
Under that False God worshiping the True.

And then came others whom the summons found
Not wholly sick indeed, but far from sound:
Whose light inconstant Soul alternate flew
From Saint to Sinner, and to both untrue;
Who like a niggard Tailor, tried to match
Truth's single Garment with a worldly Patch.

A dangerous Game; for, striving to adjust
The hesitating Scale of either Lust,
That which had least within it upward flew,
And still the weightier to the Earth down drew,
And, while suspended between Rise and Fall,
Apt with a shaking Hand to forfeit all.

There was a Queen of Egypt like the Bride
Of Night, Full-moon-faced and Canopus-eyed,
Whom one among the meanest of her Crowd
Loved — and she knew it (for he loved aloud)
And sent for him, and said, "Thou lov'st thy Queen:
Now therefore Thou hast this to choose between:
Fly for thy life: or for this one night Wed
Thy Queen, and with the Sunrise lose thy Head."
He paused — he turn'd to fly — she struck him dead.
"For had he truly loved his Queen," said She,
"He would at once have giv'n his Life for me,
And Life and Wife had carried: but he lied;
And loving only Life, has justly died."

Others were sure that all he said was true:
They were extremely wicked, that they knew:
And much they long'd to go at once — but some,
They said, so unexpectedly had come
Leaving their Nests half-built — in bad Repair —
With Children in — Themselves about to pair —
"Might he not choose a better Season — nay,
Better perhaps a Year or Two's Delay,
Till all was settled, and themselves more stout
And strong to carry their Repentance out —
And then" —
"And then, the same or like Excuse,
With harden'd Heart and Resolution loose
With dallying: and old Age itself engaged
Still to shirk that which shirking we have aged;
And so with Self-delusion, till, too late,
Death upon all Repentance shuts the Gate;
Or some fierce blow compels the Way to choose,
And forced Repentance half its Virtue lose."

As of an aged Indian King they tell
Who, when his Empire with his Army fell

Under young Mahmúd's Sword of Wrath, was sent
At sunset to the Conqueror in his Tent;
But, ere the old King's silver head could reach
The Ground, was lifted up — with kindly Speech,
And with so holy Mercy reassur'd,
That, after due Persuasion, he abjur'd
His Idols, sate upon Mahmúd's Divan,
And took the Name and Faith of Mussulman.
But when the Night fell, in his Tent alone
The poor old King was heard to weep and groan
And smite his Bosom; which, when Mahmúd knew,
He went to him and said, "Lo, if Thou rue
Thy lost Dominion, Thou shalt wear the Ring
Of thrice as large a Realm." But the dark King
Still wept, and Ashes on his Forehead threw,
And cried, "Not for my Kingdom lost I rue;
But thinking how at the Last Day, will stand
The Prophet with *The Volume* in his Hand,
And ask of me, 'How was't that, in thy Day
Of Glory, Thou didst turn from Me and slay
My People; but soon as thy Infidel
Before my True Believer's Army fell
Like Corn before the Reaper — thou didst own
His Sword who scoutedst *Me*?' Of seed so sown
What profitable Harvest should be grown?" . . .

The Moths had long been exiled from the Flame
They worship: so to solemn Council came,
And voted *One* of them by Lot be sent
To find their Idol. One was chosen: went.
And after a long Circuit in sheer Gloom,
Seeing, he thought, the *Taper* in a Room
Flew back at once to say so. But the chief
Of Mothistán slighted so slight Belief,
And sent another Messenger, who flew
Up to the House, in at the window, through
The Flame itself; and back the Message brings,
With yet no sign of Conflict on his wings.
Then went a Third, who spurr'd with true Desire,
Plunging at once into the sacred Fire,
Folded his Wings within, till he became
One Color and one Substance with the Flame.
He only knew the Flame who in it burn'd;
And only He could tell who ne'er to tell return'd.

APOLOGUES AND MORALS OF SA'DI.

[From the "Gulistan."]

TRANSLATED BY FRANCIS J. GLADWIN.

[SA'DI, the assumed name of Shaikh Muslih al Din, one of the greatest of Persian poets, was born at Shiraz about 1190, a descendant of Ali, Mohammed's son-in-law. He studied at Bagdad, whence he made his first of fifteen pilgrimages to Mecca, and traveled extensively in Europe, Asia, and Africa. While in Syria he was taken prisoner by the Crusaders and compelled to work on the fortifications of Tripoli, but was ransomed by a merchant of Aleppo, who gave him his daughter in marriage. Sa'di lived to an extreme old age, and after his death was honored by his native city with a mausoleum, which is still visited. His most celebrated work is the "Gulistan," or Rose Garden, a collection of unconnected moral stories (and some in a western view immoral, or at least overcunning and cynical), historical and fictitious, with an admixture of verse.]

TAKING THOUGHT FOR THE FUTURE.

A PERSON had arrived at the head of his profession in the art of wrestling; he knew three hundred and sixty capital sleights in this art, and every day exhibited something new; but having a sincere regard for a beautiful youth, one of his scholars, he taught him three hundred and fifty-nine sleights, reserving, however, one sleight to himself. The youth excelled so much in skill and in strength that no one was able to cope with him. He at length boasted, before the Sultan, that the superiority which he allowed his master to maintain over him was out of respect to his years, and the consideration of having been his instructor; for otherwise he was not inferior in strength, and was his equal in point of skill. The king did not approve of this disrespectful conduct, and commanded that there should be a trial of skill. An extensive spot was appointed for the occasion. The ministers of state, and other grandees of the court, were in attendance. The youth, like a lustful elephant, entered with a percussion that would have removed from its base a mountain of iron. The master, being sensible that the youth was his superior in strength, attacked with the sleight which he had kept to himself. The youth not being able to repel it, the master with both hands lifted him from the ground, and, raising him over his head, flung him on the earth. The multitude shouted. The king commanded that a dress, and a reward in money, should be bestowed on the master, and reproved and derided the youth for having presumed to put

himself in competition with his benefactor, and for having failed in the attempt. He said, "O king, my master did not gain the victory over me through strength or skill; but there remained a small part in the art of wrestling which he had withheld from me, and by that small feint he got the better of me." The master observed: "I reserved it for such an occasion as the present; the sages having said, Put not yourself so much in the power of your friend, that if he should be disposed to be inimical, he may be able to effect his purpose. Have you not heard what was said by a person who had suffered injury from one whom he had educated? Either there never was any gratitude in the world, or else no one at this time pratices it. I never taught any one the art of archery, who in the end did not make a butt of me."

They have related that a certain vizier had shown clemency towards those of an inferior degree, and had sought to accommodate every one. It happened that, having fallen under the king's displeasure, they all exerted their interest to obtain his release, and those to whose custody he was committed showed him great indulgence in guarding him, and the other grandees represented his virtues to the king, till at length the monarch pardoned his fault.

A righteous man, when apprised of the circumstances, said: "Sell even your patrimonial garden to gain the hearts of your friends. In order to boil your wellwisher's pot, it is advisable to burn all your furniture. Do good even unto the wicked; for it is best to close the dog's mouth with a morsel."

One of the sons of Haroon ur Rusheed went to his father in a rage, complaining that the son of a certain officer had spoken disrespectfully of his mother. Haroon asked his ministers what was the just punishment for such an offense. One was for having him put to death; another said that his tongue ought to be cut out; and another, that he should be fined and banished. Haroon said, "My son, charity requires that you should pardon him; but if you have not strength of mind to do this, then abuse his mother in return, but not so much as to exceed the bounds of vengeance, for then the injury would be imputable to our side." In the opinion of the wise, he is not a brave man who combats with a furious elephant; but he is a man indeed, who, even in wrath, uttereth not idle words. A man of a bad dis-

position abused another, who took it patiently, and called him a hopeful youth. "I am worse than you can say of me, for I know my own defects better than you can possibly discover them."

There were two brothers, one of whom was in the service of the king, and the other ate the bread of his own industry. Once the rich man said to his poor brother, "Why do you not enter into the service of the king, to relieve yourself from the affliction of labor?" He asked: "And why do you not work, that you may be relieved from the baseness of servitude? for the sages have said that to eat one's bread, and to sit down at ease, is preferable to wearing a golden girdle and standing up in service; to use your hands in making mortar of quicklime is preferable to placing them on your breast in attendance on the Umeer. Precious life has been spent in these cares, What shall I eat in the summer, and with what shall I be clothed in the winter? O ignoble belly, satisfy yourself with a loaf of bread, that you may not bend your back in servitude."

Somebody brought to Noushirvan the Just the good tidings that the God of majesty and glory has taken away such an one, who was your enemy. He asked: "Have you heard that he will by any means spare me? The death of my enemy is no cause of joy to me, since neither is my own life eternal."

CONTENTMENT.

I heard of a Durwaish [mendicant priest] who was suffering great distress from poverty, and sewing patch upon patch, but who comforted himself with the following verse, "I am contented with stale bread, and a coarse woolen frock, since it is better to bear the weight of one's own necessities than to suffer the load of obligation from mankind." Somebody said to him: "Why do you sit quiet, whilst such an one in this city has a liberal mind, and possesses universal benevolence, being ever willing to assist the pious, and always ready to comfort every heart? If he were apprised of your condition, he would consider it an obligation to satisfy your wants." He replied, "Be silent, for it is better to die of want than to expose our necessities; for they have said that to sew patch upon patch and be patient, is preferable to writing a petition to a great man for

clothing." Of a truth, it is equal to the torments of hell to enter into paradise by the help of one's neighbor.

Silence is Golden.

A sensible young man, who had made considerable progress in learning and virtue, was at the same time so discreet, that he would sit in the company of learned men without uttering a word. Once his father said to him, "My son, why do you not also say something of what you know?" He replied: "I fear lest they should question me about something of which I am ignorant, whereby I should suffer shame.

"Have you not heard of a Sufi that was driving some nails into his sandals, when an officer, laying hold of his sleeve, said, 'Come and shoe my horse?' Whilst you are silent, no one has any business with you; but when you speak, you must be ready with your proofs."

A certain poet went to the chief of a gang of robbers, and recited verses in his praise: the chief ordered him to be stripped of his clothes and expelled the village. The dogs attacking him in his rear, he wanted to take up some stones, but they were frozen to the ground. Thus distressed he said, "What a vile set of men are these, who let loose their dogs and fasten their stones."

The chief, having heard him from a window, laughed and said, "O wise man, ask a boon of me."

He answered: "I want my garment, if you will vouchsafe to bestow it. A man entertains hopes from those who are virtuous. I have no expectation from your virtue, only do me no injury. We are satisfied with your benevolence in suffering us to depart."

The chief of the robbers took compassion on him, ordered his garment to be restored, and added to it a robe of fur, together with some direms.

Rules for Conduct in Life.

Two persons took trouble in vain, and used fruitless endeavors, — he who acquired wealth, without enjoying it, and he who taught wisdom, but did not practice it. How much soever you may study science, when you do not act wisely, you are ignorant. The beast whom they load with books is not profoundly learned and wise: what knoweth his empty skull whether he carrieth firewood or books?

Science is to be used for the preservation of religion, and not for the acquisition of wealth. Whosoever prostituted his abstinence, reputation, and learning for gain, formed a granary and then consumed it entirely.

A learned man, without temperance, is a blind man carrying a link: he showeth the road to others, but doth not guide himself. He who through inadvertency trifled with life, threw away his money without purchasing anything.

Three things are not permanent without three things: wealth without commerce, science without argument, nor a kingdom without government.

Showing mercy to the wicked is doing injury to the good, and pardoning oppressors is injuring the oppressed. When you connect yourself with base men, and show them favor, they commit crimes with your power, whereby you participate in their guilt.

Reveal not to a friend every secret that you possess, for how can you tell but what he may some time or other become your enemy? Likewise inflict not on an enemy every injury in your power, for he may afterwards become your friend. The matter which you wish to preserve as a secret, impart it not to any one, although he may be worthy of confidence; for no one will be so true to your secret as yourself.

It is safer to be silent than to reveal one's secret to any one, and telling him not to mention it. O good man! stop the water at the spring head, for when it is in full stream you cannot arrest it. You should never speak a word in secret which may not be related in every company.

Speak in such manner between two enemies, that, should they afterwards become friends, you may not be put to the blush. Hostility between two people is like fire, and the evil-fated backbiter supplies fuel. Afterwards, when they are reconciled together, the backbiter is hated and despised by both parties. To kindle a flame between two persons, is to burn yourself inconsiderately in the midst.

When you see an enemy weak, twist not your whiskers in boasting: there is marrow in every bone, and every coat covers a man.

Anger, when excessive, createth terror; and kindness out of season destroys authority. Be not so severe as to cause disgust, nor so lenient as to encourage audacity. Severity and lenity should be tempered together,—like the surgeon, who when he uses the lancet applies also a plaster. A wise man carries not severity to excess, nor suffers such relaxation as will lessen his own dignity. He overrates not himself; neither doth he altogether neglect his consequence. A shepherd said to his father, "O thou who art wise, teach me one maxim from your experience." He replied, "Be complacent, but not to that degree that they may insult you with the sharp teeth of the wolf."

A wicked man is a captive in the hand of the enemy, for wherever he goeth he cannot escape from the clutches of his own punishment. If the wicked man should escape to heaven from the hand of calamity, he would continue in calamity from the sense of his own evil disposition.

Bruise the serpent's head with the hand of your enemy, which cannot fail of producing one of these two advantages. If the enemy succeeds, you have killed the snake; and if the latter prevails, you have got rid of your enemy.

In the day of battle consider not yourself safe because your adversary is weak; for he who becomes desperate will take out the lion's brains.

When you have anything to communicate that will distress the heart of the person whom it concerns, be silent, in order that he may hear from some one else. O nightingale! bring thou the glad tidings of spring, and leave bad news to the owl!

Take care how you listen to the voice of the flatterer, who, in return for his little stock, expects to derive from you considerable advantage. If one day you do not comply with his wishes, he imputes to you two hundred defects instead of perfections.

Unless some one points out to an orator his defects, his discourse will never be correct. Be not vain of the elegance of your discourse from the commendation of an ignorant person, neither upon the strength of your own judgment.

Every one thinks his own wisdom perfect, and his own child beautiful. A Jew and a Mohammedan were disputing in a

manner that made me laugh. The Mohammedan said in wrath, "If this deed of conveyance is not authentic, may God cause me to die a Jew!" The Jew said, "I make oath on the Pentateuch, and if I swear falsely, I am a Mohammedan like you." If wisdom was to cease throughout the world, no one would suspect himself of ignorance.

He who when he hath the power doeth not good, when he loses the means will suffer distress. There is not a more unfortunate wretch than the oppressor; for in the day of adversity, nobody is his friend.

Life depends upon the support of a single breath, and worldly existence is between two non-existences. Those who sell religion for the world are asses; they sell Joseph, and get nothing in return.

I have heard that in the land of the East they are forty years in making a china cup: they make a hundred in a day at Bagdad, and consequently you see the meanness of the price. A chicken, as soon as it comes out of the egg, seeks its food; but an infant hath not reason and discrimination. That which was something all at once, never arrives at much perfection; and the other by degrees surpasses all things in power and excellence. Glass is everywhere, and therefore of no value; the ruby is obtained with difficulty, and on that account is precious.

Publish not men's secret faults; for by disgracing them you make yourself of no repute.

If every night was a night of power, many of such nights would be disregarded. If every stone was a Budukshân ruby, the ruby and the pebble would be of equal value.

The vicious cannot endure the sight of the virtuous; in the same manner as the curs of the market howl at a hunting dog, but dare not approach him.

When a mean wretch cannot vie with another in virtue, out of his wickedness he begins to slander. The abject envious wretch will slander the virtuous man when absent; but when brought face to face, his loquacious tongue becomes dumb.

The wise man who engages in a controversy with those who

are ignorant of the subject, should not entertain any expectation of gaining credit. If an ignorant man, by his loquacity, should overpower a wise man, it is not to be wondered at, because a common stone will break a jewel. Why is it surprising if a nightingale should not sing, when a crow is in the same cage? If a virtuous man is injured by a vagabond, he ought not to be sorry, or angry. If a worthless stone bruise a golden cup, its own worth is not thereby increased, nor the value of the gold lessened.

If a wise man, falling in company with mean people, does not get credit for his discourse, be not amazed; for the sound of the harp cannot overpower the noise of the drum; and the fragrance of ambergris is overcome by fetid garlic. The ignorant wretch was proud of his loud voice, because he had impudently confounded the man of understanding. Are you ignorant that the musical mode of Hijaz is confounded by the noise of the warrior's drum? If a jewel falls into the mud, it is still the same precious stone; and if dust flies up to the sky, it retains its original baseness. A capacity without education is deplorable, and education without capacity is thrown away. Ashes, although of high origin, fire being of a noble nature, yet having no intrinsic worth, are no better than dust. Sugar obtains not its value from the cane, but from its innate quality. Musk has the fragrance in itself, and not from being called a perfume by the druggist. The wise man is like the druggist's chest, — silent, but full of virtues; and the blockhead resembles the warrior's drum, — noisy, but an empty prattler. A wise man in the company of those who are ignorant, has been compared by the sages to a beautiful girl in the company of blind men, or to the Koran in the house of an infidel. When the land of Canaan was without virtue, the birth of Joseph did not increase its dignity. Show your virtue, if you possess nobility; for the rose sprang from the thorn, and Abraham from Azur.

A friend whom you have been gaining during your whole life, you ought not to be displeased with in a moment. A stone is many years becoming a ruby; take care that you do not destroy it in an instant against another stone.

Reason is under the power of sense; as a man becomes weak in the hand of an artful woman. Shut the door of that house

of pleasure, which you hear resounding with the loud voice of a woman.

Two things are morally impossible: to enjoy more than Providence has allotted, or to die before the appointed time. Destiny will not be altered by our uttering a thousand lamentations and sighs, nor by our praises or complaints. The angel who presides over the treasury of winds, what does he care if the lamp of an old widow is extinguished?

The envious man begrudgeth the bountiful goodness of God, and is inimical to those who are innocent.

I heard a little fellow with dry brains speaking disrespectfully of a person of rank. I said, "O sir, if you are unfortunate, what crime have fortunate men committed?" Wish not ill to the envious man, for the unfortunate wretch is a calamity to himself. Where is the need of your showing enmity towards him who has such an adversary at his heels?

A learned man without works is a bee without honey. Say to the austere and uncivil bee, "When you cannot afford honey, do not sting."

They asked Iman Mûrsheed Mohammed Ben Mohammed Ghezaly, on whom be the mercy of God! by what means he had attained to such a degree of knowledge? He replied, "In this manner, — whatever I did not know, I was not ashamed to inquire about." There will be reasonable hopes of recovery when you get a skillful physician to feel your pulse. Inquire about everything that you do not know; since, for the small trouble of asking, you will be guided in the respectable road of knowledge.

Whenever you are certain that anything will be known to you in time, be not hasty in inquiring after it, as you will thereby lessen your authority and respectability. When Lokman saw that in the hand of David iron became miraculously like wax, he did not ask how he did it, being persuaded that without asking it would be made known.

Tell your story in conformity to the temper of the hearer, if you know that he is well disposed towards you. Any wise man who associates with Mujnoon will talk of nothing else but of the face of Leila.

What can an old prostitute do but vow not to sin any more? or a degraded superintendent of police, besides promising not to injure mankind? A youth who makes choice of retirement, is a lionlike man in the path of God; for an old man is not able to move from his corner.

It is said in the Gospel, "O sons of Adam, if I should grant you riches, you would be more intent on them than on me; and if I should make you poor, your hearts would be sorrowful; and then, how could you properly celebrate my praise, and after what manner would you worship me? Sometimes in affluence you are proud and negligent; and again in poverty, you are afflicted and wounded. Since such is your disposition, both in happiness and in misery, I know not at what time you will find leisure to worship God."

A Durwaish [mendicant priest] whose end is good is better than a king whose end is evil. It is better to suffer sorrow before, than after, the enjoyment of happiness.

The sky enriches the earth with showers, and the earth returns it nothing but dust. A jar exudes whatever it contains. If my disposition is not worthy in your sight, quit not your own good manners. The Almighty beholdeth the crime, and concealeth it; and the neighbor seeth not, yet proclaimeth it aloud. God preserve us! if men knew what is done in secret, no one would be free from the interference of others.

Those who do not pity the weak, will suffer violence from the powerful. It does not always happen that the strong arm can overpower the hand of the weak. Distress not the heart of the weak, lest you fall by one more powerful than yourself.

The gamester wants three sixes, but three aces turn up. Pasture land is a thousand times better than the plain; but the horse has not command of the reins.

A Durwaish, in his prayer, said, "O God, show pity towards the wicked, for on the good thou hast already bestowed mercy, by having created them virtuous."

When you perceive what is just, and that it must be given, it is better to give it with kindness than with contention and displeasure. If a man does not pay the tax willingly, the officer's servant will exact it by force.

MEDICINE AND ITS SUBJECTS.

By AVICENNA.

[Avicenna (a corruption of Ibn Sinâ), the greatest philosopher of the Eastern Mohammedan world, and one of the most universally accomplished men of any country, was born in the district of Bokhara 980 A.D. A precocious boy, he mastered all branches of mediæval science at the great Bagdad school, finally learning medicine from a Christian; his repute was so great that at seventeen he was called to attend the emir of Bokhara, whom he cured, and was given great rewards and free use of the royal library. The emir dying, and he becoming highly unpopular, he left Bagdad, wandered about, and finally settled at Jorjân, opening a school of philosophy. Again winning dislike, he went to Hamadan, and was made vizier to the emir, where he was so much disliked that the emir barely saved him from death at the soldiers' hands; retiring awhile, was made court physician, and wrote his great encyclopædia of philosophy, the "Shefâ." He lectured and studied part of each twenty-four hours, and caroused another part. Imprisoned for treason by the emir's successor, he escaped and was attached to the prince of Ispahan; but destroyed his constitution by debauchery and drugs, and died in 1037. The influence of his philosophy throughout the Middle Ages was enormous, as well on Jews and Christians as Moslems; he maintained the uncreated eternal existence of the world, and determinism, with the immortality of the soul.]

I.

Medicine, I would explain, is the science by which the conditions of the human body are known, as to the means by which it is healed or the reverse, and health in possession is preserved, or lost health restored. True, some will have it that medicine is divided into theoretic and practical; but you have made the entire subject theoretic when you have explained what science is. We will answer this, however, by saying that there is some portion of the arts which is theoretic and practical; and of philosophy, that it is theoretic and practical; and of medicine it is alleged that it is theoretic and practical. In either one of these branches we wish to convey one thing when we call it theoretic, and another when we call it practical; yet it is not necessary for us to proclaim the diversity which exists between them, except in medicine. So when we shall have explained concerning medicine what part of it is theoretic, and that all outside of that is practical, it is not to be supposed we intend to say that one of the divisions of medicine is to know and another to practice, — as many judge in examining this subject, — but you ought to know that what we wish to convey is otherwise, and that neither of the two divisions of medicine is anything but science; only one of them means the

elements of knowing a condition, the other those of operating on it.

Lately, it is true, we have appropriated to the first of the two the name of science or the theoretic, and to the second we have appropriated the name of the practical. By the theoretic of this we mean that when we shall have known it, we shall acquire so much knowledge; as when it is said in medicine that the classes of fevers are three, and that the combinations are nine. And by the practical of this we mean not an operation in its effect, nor the task of causing corporeal motions, but the division of medicine which, when we shall have known it, will aid us in the research into knowledge or opinion: as it is said in medicine, that to inflamed imposthumes are to be applied at first things which drive them away and cool them off and thicken them up, and afterwards we must mix the repellents with relaxants, and after checking it, soothing relaxants will be enough; and further, that imposthumes are of matter which the principal members expel. Therefore this teaching will aid you in forming a judgment; and this judgment is a proof of the character of the operation. And when you have known the character of the two divisions, you will have become an expert in scientific knowledge and operative knowledge, even if you have never operated.

Nor can any one explain that there are three conditions of the human body, — sickness, health, and a condition which is neither sickness nor health, — when two have sufficed for you; for it is possible that when one who teaches this has fully considered it, he may not find one of the two things. Further, if this trinity were necessary, that which we have told you was a departure from health would produce infirmity and the third condition, the absence of which has been given as the definition of health; which is the habit or condition from which sound operations of this subject proceed. . . . But we will not quarrel with physicians over this; for I am not one who should dispute with them in this matter: nor will this contention with them, nor those who are opposed to them, be any assistance in medicine, for in this matter the certainty of either doctrine pertains to first principles.

II.

Since medicine considers the human body as to the means whence it is cured and is drawn away from health; and since

the knowledge of anything is not acquired or completed, since it has had causes, unless it is known by its causes; we ought therefore in medicine to know the causes of health and sickness. And because health and sickness and their causes are often manifest, and often hidden and not to be comprehended except by the significance of symptoms, we ought also in medicine to know the symptoms which occur in health and sickness. Now it was declared in the ascertained sciences that the knowledge of anything is not acquired except through the knowledge of its causes and beginnings, if it has had causes and beginnings; nor completed except by means of knowing its accidents and accompanying essentials. There are, then, four sorts of causes: material, efficient, formal, and final.

Material causes, on which health and sickness depend, are — the affected member, which is the immediate subject, and the humors; and in these are the elements. And these two are subjects according to their mixings together; perhaps they become altered. In the composition and alteration of the substance which is thus composed, a certain unity is attained.

Efficient causes are the causes changing and preserving the conditions of the human body: as airs and what are united with them; and viands, and waters, and drinks, and what are united with them; and evacuation and retention; and districts and cities, and habitable places, and what are united with them; and bodily and animate movings and restings, and sleepings and wakings on account of them; and changes in age, and diversities in it, and in races and arts and manners, and in things which befall the human body when they touch it, and are either against nature or are not against nature.

Formal causes are physical constitutions, and virtues which result from them, and combinations.

Final causes are operations. And in the science of operations without doubt lies the science of virtues, and the science of virtues as we have set forth. These therefore are the subjects of the doctrine of medicine; whence one inquires concerning the human body, how it is cured or diseased. One ought to attain perfection in this research, — namely, how health may be preserved and sickness removed. And the causes of this kind are rules in eating and drinking, and the choice of air, and the measure of movement and rest; and doctoring with medicines; and doctoring with the hands. All this with physicians is according to three species: of the well, of the sick, and of the medium whom we have spoken of.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF AVERROËS.

By ERNEST RENAN.

(Translated for this work.)

[Joseph Ernest Renan: Noted French historian and essayist; born at Tréguier, Brittany, February 27, 1823; died at Paris, October 2, 1892. He was educated for the priesthood, but being beset by doubts concerning the accepted tenets of faith, he left the seminary of St. Sulpice and devoted himself to science and literature. He made a careful study of the Semitic languages and of religious history. Among his principal works are: "General History of the Semitic Languages" (1856), "Studies of Religious History" (1857), "Translation of the Book of Job" (1858), "The Origin of Language" (1858), "Essays, Moral and Critical" (1859), "The Life of Jesus" (1863), "The Apostles" (1866), "St. Paul" (1869), "Antichrist" (1873), "The Gospels" (1877), "The Christian Church" (1879), "Marcus Aurelius" (1881), "New Studies in Religious History" (1884), "Discourses and Conferences" (1884), and the dramas "Caliban" (1878), "Fountain of Youth" (1880), "The Priest of Némi" (1885), and "The Abbess of Jouarre" (1886).]

[Averroës (a corruption of Ibn-Roshd), Arab philosopher, one of the two or three greatest intellects of modern Europe, was born 1126 at Cordova, Spain, of a line of Moslem judges; his father was a prominent jurist. A profound student of all then known science, — mathematics, astronomy, natural history, medicine, philosophy, theology, — he became a favorite of and private physician to two successive Caliphs, a noted commentator on Aristotle, and a judge. Accused by the orthodox party, late in life, of hostility to religion (his philosophy was, though he openly professed respect for it), he was banished for a couple of years, till the accession of the liberal party enabled the Caliph to recall him. He died shortly after, in 1198. He wrote on all the subjects above named, on law, ethics, and others; and his works had enormous influence all through the Middle Ages. The great Christian Schoolmen (Aquinas and others) devoted their lives to refuting his doctrines, though compelled to use his own logical method; the Church had to put down by bloody persecutions the religious movements those doctrines set going; most of orthodox Europe, for centuries, cursed him as arch-infidel and Antichrist, a part adopted and spread his philosophy, and even many of his greatest foes were his chief admirers and in part his followers. He was called "The Great Commentator" — *i.e.*, on Aristotle, the head of all philosophy.]

I. Theory of the Intellect.

The function of the intellect being to perceive the forms of things, it must be itself absolutely devoid of form, and transparent like a crystal which permits nothing to pass but the image of objects. For if it had forms of its own, these forms would mingle themselves with those of the objects perceived and alter the truth of perception. The intellect, then, regarded in the subject, is nothing but pure receptivity. But to stop there, as Alexander of Aphrodisias has done, is not to exhaust the

analysis of the matter of the understanding. It does not suffice to accord to the intellect a vague and indeterminate disposition to receive forms. In fact, we conceive the intellect empty and without form; then if it were nothing but a simple disposition to receive forms, we should conceive it as nothingness. "Ah, Alexander!" cries Ibn-Roshd [Averroës], "you pretend that Aristotle wished to speak of nothing but a disposition, and not of a subject disposed. In truth, I am ashamed of you for such language and so singular a commentary. A disposition is not in action any of the things which it is adapted to receive. Then if Aristotle has not presented the intellect except as an aptitude to receive forms, he has made it an aptitude without a subject, which is absurd. And we see Theophrastus, Nicholas, Themistius, and the other Peripatetics remain much more faithful to Aristotle's text. That hypothesis was fabricated only by Alexander; all the philosophers of his time concur in rejecting it, and Themistius repels it as an absurdity; very different in this from the doctors of our times, in whose eyes one cannot be a perfect philosopher unless he is an Alexandrist." One must accord the intellect, then, an objective existence, and the action of the understanding has no place except by the concurrence of the subjective (passive or potential) and the objective intellect (active). The passive intellect is individual and perishable, like all the faculties of the mind which attain nothing but the variable; the active intellect, on the contrary, being entirely separated from man and exempt from all mingling with matter, is unique, and the notion of number is not applicable to it except by reason of the individuals who share in it.

Without being expressed with the precision which we demand to-day in philosophic researches, this solution satisfies the principal conditions of the problem, and determines with sufficient sharpness the parts of the absolute and the relative in the matter of the understanding. The refutations of Ibn-Roshd's theory which the Middle Ages have attempted have been in general defective, like all refutations which try to grasp a system by its weak side rather than its true one. Certainly if there is to the world a revolting absurdity, it is the unity of minds, as people have professed to understand it; and if Averroës had not been able to uphold such a doctrine minutely, Averroism would deserve to figure in the annals of insanity and not in those of philosophy. The argument incessantly repeated against the Averroist theory by Albert (Magnus)

and by St. Thomas — "Why, then the same mind is at the same time wise and foolish, gay and sad" — that argument, I say, which Averroës had foreseen and refuted, would then be peremptory, and would suffice to sweep that extravagance from the field of the human spirit on the morrow of its appearance. But in contemplating it close to, we see that such is not the thought of Ibn-Roshd, and that this doctrine connects itself in the spirit to a theory of the universe which fails neither in elevation nor originality.

The personality of consciousness has never been very clearly revealed to the Arabs. The unity of the objective reason has struck them much more forcibly than the multiplicity of the subjective reason. Convinced, besides, that all parts of the universe are similar and living, they have regarded human thought in its entirety as a resultant out of superior forces and as a general phenomenon of the universe. Without doubt, in a philosophy which separates as vaguely as the Arab philosophy the psychologic order and the ontological order, and which never tells precisely whether the field of its speculations is within man or outside him, such a manner of expression was not without danger. We should note that Ibn-Roshd has said quite clearly that he has not so expressed it. The unity of the intellect signifies nothing more than the universality of the principles of pure reason, and the unity of the psychologic constitution in the whole human race. We could not doubt, nevertheless, that such was not his thought, when we hear him repeat incessantly that the active intellect does not differ from the consciousness which we have of the universe; that the immortality of the intellect signifies the immortality of the human race; and that if Aristotle has said that intellect is not sometimes thinking and sometimes not, that must be understood relatively to the species, which never disappears, and which at some point of the universe exercises without interruption its intellectual faculties. "A living and permanent humanity," such, in the sense of the Averroist theory, is the unity of the intellect. The immortality of the active intellect is thus nothing else than the eternal rebirth of humanity, and the perpetuity of civilization. ("Just as knowledge and being itself are something individual to man himself, and the arts themselves in their own special modes are seen to be within man himself, so the inhabited universe is esteemed not to be outside of some aspect of philosophy or natural arts. For although in some part these arts may be absent, for instance in the northern quarter of the

earth, it does not follow that the remaining quarters are deprived of them.") The reason is constituted as something absolute, independent of individuals, as an integral part of the universe; and humanity, which is nothing but the action of that reason, as a being necessary and eternal.

Thence, also, the necessity of philosophy, its providential function, and its strange axiom: "It is of necessity that there should be some philosopher in the human race" (Averroës). For all power should pass into action, otherwise it will be vain. At every moment of time and every point of space an intelligence must be contemplating the absolute reason. Now man alone, through the speculative sciences, enjoys the prerogative. Man and philosophy, then, are equally necessary in the plan of the universe.

The defect of this system is in separating too deeply the two elements of intellectual phenomena, and introducing a cosmic agent in a problem which ought to be resolved by simple psychology. To erect man like a statue in the face of the sun, and wait for life to descend and animate it, is to await the impossible. Every system which places the sources of reason outside of man, condemns itself never to explain the fact of understanding. Consciousness alone is in contact with itself, psychology should not address itself to any external motor in order to fill up the gaps in its hypotheses. Ibn-Roshd, on his part, does not dissemble the difficulties of his system. If the intellect is a unity in all men, it is in all in the same degree, the disciple has nothing to learn from the master. When a man perceives anything intelligible, all perceive it at the same time as he; the psychologic fact loses all individuality. Just so in the celestial bodies, each species is composed of but a single individual, because such species having but one motor, the majority must be as idle as if a pilot had many ships under his orders or a workman many tools; just so if many minds have but one motor, there is a superfetation in nature.

More than this, the fact of creating intelligible things, which is proper to the active intellect, is not always in the same man to the same degree; it springs from, and grows with, the acquired intellect, or the speculative intellect, and that is why Theophrastus, Themistius, and still others have identified the speculative and the active intellect. Ibn-Roshd rightly answers that the active intellect, upon entering into communication with a relative being, must subject itself to the conditions of that relativity; that the union of the intellect with the individual

mind has no place either by the multiplication of the intellect or by the unification of individuals, but by the action of the intellect on sensible images, an action analogous to that of form or matter; that this union is nothing else than the eternal participation of humanity in a certain number of eternal principles like it. These principles, in communicating themselves to incorruptible beings, do not participate in its corruptibility; they are independent of individuals, and as true in the desert regions of the globe as in those where there are men to perceive them. The uncreated types of Plato are chimeras, if taken literally; but they have nothing that is not true, if interpreted in the sense of the objective reality of universals. Thus, the intellect is at the same time single and multiple. If it were absolutely single, it would follow that everybody would perceive only the same object. If it multiplied itself up to the number of those who have understanding, the community of intelligences would be destroyed, knowledge would be incommunicable. On the contrary, if we maintain at the same time the unity of the object and the multiplicity of subjects, all objections are resolved.

The passive intellect aspires to unite itself to the active intellect, as power summons action, as matter summons form, as flame darts toward the combustible body. Now this effort does not stop at the first degree of possession which is called the *acquired intellect.* The mind can arrive at a much more intimate union with the universal intellect, at a sort of identification with the primordial reason. The acquired intellect has served to conduct man to the sanctuary; but it vanishes when the end is attained, much as sensation prepares the imagination and disappears when the action of the imagination becomes too intense. Thus the active intellect exercises on the mind two distinct actions, of which one has for its aim the elevation of the material intellect to the perception of the intelligible, the other to lead it farther on up to union with the intelligibles themselves. Man, arrived at that condition, comprehends everything by the reason which he has made his own. Become like God, he is in some sort all beings, and understands them as they are; for beings and their causes are nothing outside of the knowledge he has of them. There is in every being a divine tendency to receive as much of that noble purpose as accords with his nature. The animal itself shares in it, and bears in itself the power of attaining the first rank. How admirable is

that condition, cries Ibn-Roshd, and how strange an existence! Therefore, it is not at the origin, but at the limit of human development, that we arrive, when all in man is in action and nothing in potentiality.

II. On the Immortality of the Soul.

The extreme precision with which Peripateticism has separated the two elements of the understanding, the relative element and the absolute element, must lead it to divide the human personality in the question of immortality. In spite of the efforts of orthodox Aristotelianism, the opinion of the philosopher on that point could not be doubtful. The universal intellect is incorruptible and separable from the body; the individual intellect is perishable and ends with the body.

All the Arabs have taken in this sense the thought of Aristotle. The active intellect alone is immortal; now, the active intellect is nothing else than the common reason of humanity; humanity alone, then, is eternal. The Divine Providence, says the commentator, has accorded to perishable being the force to reproduce itself, to console it, and to give that sort of immortality in default of the other. Sometimes, it is true, the opinion of Ibn-Roshd can be taken in the sense that the inferior faculties (sensibility, memory, love, hate) have no exercise in the other life, while the superior faculties (the reason) alone survive the dissolution of the body. That is very much the interpretation which Albert and St. Thomas give to the opinion of Aristotle. But the constant doctrine of the Arabian philosophers, which Ibn-Roshd in general is far from softening down, should serve to complete the thought on this point, which he has never, it must be avowed, expressly treated. Now, the denial of immortality and the resurrection, the doctrine that man ought not to expect any other reward than what he finds here below in his own perfection, constitutes the principal reproach which the zealots of orthodoxy, Gazali and the Motecallemîn, oppose to the *Philosophers*.

The soul is sometimes presented as absolutely independent of the body. "The sight of the old man is feeble, not because the visual faculty is enfeebled, but because the eye, which serves as the instrument, is enfeebled. If the old man had a young man's eyes, he would see as well as the young man. Further, sleep furnishes an evident proof of the *substratum* of

the mind ; for all the operations of the mind, and all the organs which serve as the instruments of its operations, are as if annihilated during that time, and yet the mind does not cease to exist. Thus the wise man comes to partake the beliefs of the vulgar on immortality. The intellect, moreover, is not attached to any particular organ, while the senses are localized and can be affected by contradictory sensations in different parts of the body." Regarding only this isolated passage, one would be tempted to attribute to Ibn-Roshd the orthodox sentiments on immortality which the next page denies. He there upholds more sharply than ever that "the mind is not divided according to the number of the individuals," that "it is one in Socrates and in Plato," and that "individuation only comes from sensibility."

It is not altogether without some reason that many Averroists of the Renaissance, Niphus for instance, invoke the theory of the unity of the intellect against the absolute negations of Pomponat. Averroës himself has sought by this turn of thought to preserve a ghost of immortality. If the mind were bounded and individualized in the individual, it would decay with it as the magnet with the iron ; the distinction of individuals comes from matter, the form on the contrary is common to many. Now, that which makes permanence is the form and not the matter. The form gives the name to the things ; a hatchet without sharpness is no longer a hatchet, but iron. It is only by abuse of language that a dead body can be called a man. Then, so far as pluralized, the individual disappears ; but so far as it shares a common type — that is to say, so far as it is a species — it is immortal. The individual mind, moreover, perceives nothing except through the imagination. Just as sense perceives only in presence of the object, so the mind perceives only before the image. It follows from this that the individual thought is not eternal; for if it were, images would be also. Incorruptible in itself, the intellect becomes corruptible by the conditions of its exercise.

As to the popular myths on another life, Ibn-Roshd does not conceal the aversion with which they inspire him. "Among dangerous fiction," he says, "must be counted those which tend to make men regard virtue only as a means of attaining happiness. Virtue in that case has no existence, since men abstain from pleasure only in the hope of being repaid with usury. The hero will go in search of death only to escape a

greater evil. The just will respect property only in order to acquire double." Elsewhere he vehemently blames Plato for having sought to represent to the imagination, by the myth of Er (Spring) the Armenian, the state of souls in another life. "These fables," he says, "serve only to distort the minds of the people, and especially of children, without being of any real benefit toward ameliorating them. I know perfectly moral men who reject all these fictions, and do not yield in virtue to those who admit them."

AVERROËS ON MAN.

This intellect which is in action is what man may at last apprehend in himself, and this is the intellect which is called *quaesitus* (acquired), and is the complement and the action, and what was the first matter with potency for him. And on account of this, the moment the form was renewed, the potency of separate forms was renewed in it, how far soever it descends or ascends from complement to complement, and from form to form more noble and nearer to action, so that at last it arrives at this complement and this action with which no potency is any longer mingled. And since man himself, to whom this complement is personal, is more noble than everything else found here, because he is himself the connecting link and continuation between things apprehended by sense but found defective (that is, because in them potency is always mingled with action) and between things found noble (in which potency is in no way mingled with action), and of these latter are the pure abstract intelligences; and it is agreed as true that all which is created in this epoch is for man's sake, and everything is devoted to his service, because he was the first complement which was created in potency in the primal matter: it is therefore demonstrated that he does unjustly who separates man from science, which is the road to the possession of this complement, because it is not doubtful that he who does this contradicts the device or intention of the Creator in devising this complement. And just as he is fortunate who spends his time in service or study, and approaches excellence in it, so he in this approximation. And this is what I saw was to be put in such doubt; and if anything shall have been revived, I will add it to this if God wills. And praised be God, and may He bring us all to that which may be His will, and lead us into that for which we were formed first and afterward, and this is in life and in death.

ABÉLARD.

I. Early Career: Relations with Héloïse.

By GEORGE HENRY LEWES.

(From "Biographical History of Philosophy.")

[George Henry Lewes: An English author, husband of George Eliot; born in London, April 18, 1817; died there November 28, 1878. His career was varied: he attended school in London, Jersey, Brittany, and Greenwich, studied law and medicine, became an actor and a playwright, and finally an author and journalist. Among his writings are: "Biographical History of Philosophy" (4 vols., 1845–1846), "The Spanish Drama" (1847), "Rose, Blanche, and Violet" (1848), "Life of Maximilien Robespierre" (1849), "The Noble Heart" (1850), "Life and Works of Goethe" (1855), "Seaside Studies" (1858), "Physiology of Common Life" (2 vols., 1859–1860), "Studies in Animal Life" (1862), "Aristotle" (1864), "Problems of Life and Mind" (5 vols., 1874–1879), and "The Physical Basis of Mind" (1877).]

The name of Abélard has been immortalized by association with that of a noble woman. It is because Héloïse loved him that posterity feels interested in him. M. Michelet indeed thinks that to Abélard she owes her fame — "without his misfortunes she would have remained obscure, unheard of:" and in one sense this is true; but true it also is that, without her love, Abélard would have long ago ceased to inspire any interest, for his was essentially a shallow, selfish nature. His popularity was rapid, loud, and scandalous. He was fitted for it, lived for it. But many a greater name has faded from the memories of men; many a once noisy reputation fails to awaken a single echo in posterity. Apart from the consecration of passion and misfortune, there is little in his life to excite our sympathy. Viewed in connection with Héloïse, he must always interest us; viewed away from her, he presents the figure of a quick, vivacious, unscrupulous, intensely vain Frenchman. But in several respects he represents the philosophic struggle of the twelfth century; and in this light we may consider him.

He was born in Brittany in 1079, of a noble family named Bérenger; the name of Abélard came to him later. His father joined to his knightly accomplishments a taste for literature, as literature was then understood; and this taste became so dominant in the mind of the youth, that he renounced the career of arms altogether for that of learning. Dialectics was the great science of that day, almost rivaling in importance the theology which it served and disturbed by turns. It was an

exercise of intellectual ingenuity, for which this youth manifested surprising aptitude. He traveled through various provinces disputing with all comers, like a knight-errant of philosophy, urged thereto by the goading desire of notoriety. This love of notoriety was his curse through life. At the age of twenty he came to Paris, hoping there to find a fitting opportunity of display — an arena for his powers as a disputant. He attended the lectures of William de Champeaux, the most renowned master of disputation, to whom students flocked from all the cities of Europe. The new pupil soon excited attention. The beauty of his person, the easy grace of his manner, his marvelous aptitude for learning, and still more marvelous facility of expression, soon distinguished him from the rest. The master grew proud of his pupil, loved him through his pride, and doubtless looked on him as a successor. But it soon became evident that the pupil, so quick at learning, did not sit there merely to learn: he was waiting for some good opportunity of display, waiting to attack his venerable master, whose secret strength and weakness he had discovered. The opportunity came; he rose up, and in the midst of all the students provoked William de Champeaux to discussion, harassed and finally vanquished him. Rage and astonishment agitated the students; rage and terror the master. The students were indignant, because they clearly saw Abélard's motive.

Abélard dates the origin of all his woes from this occasion, when he created enmities which pursued him through life; and with a sophistication common to such natures, he attributes the enmities to envy at his ability, instead of to the real causes, — namely, his inordinate vanity and selfishness. For a time, indeed, the rupture with his master seemed successful. Although only two and twenty years of age, he established a school of philosophy at Melun, which became numerously attended, and spread his name far and wide. Emboldened by success, he removed his school still nearer to Paris — to Corbeil — in order, as he frankly tells us, that he might be more importunate to his old master. But his rival was still powerful, aged in science and respect; intense application was necessary, and in the struggle Abélard's overtasked energies gave way. He was commanded by the physicians to shut up his school, and retire into the country for repose and fresh air.

In two years he returned to Paris, and saw with delight that his reputation had not been weakened by absence, but that

on the contrary his scholars were more eager than ever. His old antagonist, William de Champeaux, had renounced the world and retired to a cloister, where he opened the school of Saint Victor, afterwards so celebrated. His great reputation, although suffering from Abélard's attacks, drew crowds. One day, when the audience was most numerous, he was startled by the appearance of Abélard among the students, — come, as he said, to learn rhetoric. William was troubled, but continued his lecture. Abélard was silent until the question of "universals" was brought forward, and then suddenly changing from a disciple to an antagonist, he harassed the old man with such rapidity and unexpectedness of assault, that William confessed himself defeated, and retracted his opinion. That retraction was the death of his influence. His audience rapidly dwindled. No one would listen to the minor points of dialectics from one who confessed himself beaten on the cardinal point of all. The disciples passed over to the victor. When the combat is fierce between two lordly stags, the hinds stand quietly by, watching the issue of the contest; and if their former lord and master, once followed and respected, is worsted, they all without hesitation pass over to the conqueror, and henceforth follow him. Abélard's school became acknowledged as preëminent; and as if to give his triumph greater emphasis, the professor to whom William de Champeaux had resigned his chair was either so intimidated by Abélard's audacity, or so subjugated by his ability, that he offered his chair to Abélard and ranged himself among the disciples.

Abélard was not content even with this victory. Although undisputed master in dialectics, he could not hear of any other teacher without envy. A certain Anselm taught theology at Laon with immense success, and this was enough to trouble Abélard's repose; accordingly to Laon he went, ridiculed Anselm's style, laughed at the puerile admiration of the scholars, and offered to surpass the master in the explanation of Scripture. The scholars first laughed, then listened, and admired. Abélard departed, having excited anarchy in the school and anguish in the heart of the old man.

His career at this period was brilliant. His reputation had risen above that of every living man. His eloquence and subtlety charmed hundreds of serious students, who thronged beneath the shadows of the cathedral in ceaseless disputation, thinking more of success in dispute than of the truths

involved. M. Guizot estimates these students at not less than five thousand — of course not all at the same time. Amidst these crowds, Abélard might be seen moving with imposing haughtiness of carriage, not without the careless indolence which success had given; handsome, manly, gallant-looking, the object of incessant admiration. His songs were sung in the streets, his arguments were repeated in cloisters. The multitude reverentially made way for him, as he passed; and from behind their window curtains peeped the curious eyes of women. His name was carried to every city in Europe. The Pope sent hearers to him. He reigned, and he reigned alone.

It was at this period that the charms and helpless position of Héloïse attracted his vanity and selfishness. He resolved to seduce her; resolved it, as he confesses, after mature deliberation. He thought she would be an easy victim; and he who had lived in abhorrence of libertinage felt that he had now attained such a position that he might indulge himself with impunity. We are not here attributing hypothetic scoundrelism to Abélard; we are but repeating his own statements. "I thought, too," he adds, "that I should the more easily gain the girl's consent, knowing as I did to how great a degree she both possessed learning and loved it." He tells us how he "sought an opportunity of bringing her into familiar and daily intercourse with me, and so drawing her the more easily to consent to my wishes. With this view I made a proposal to her uncle, through certain of his friends, that he should receive me as an inmate of his house, which was very near to my school, on whatever terms of remuneration he chose, alleging as my reason that I found the care of a household an impediment to study, and its expense too burdensome." The uncle, Fulbert, was prompted by avarice, and the prospect of gaining instruction for his niece, to consent. He committed her entirely to Abélard's charge, "in order that whenever I should be at leisure from the school, whether by day or by night, I might take the trouble of instructing her; and should I find her negligent, use forcible compulsion. Hereupon I wondered at the man's excessive simplicity, with no less amazement than if I had beheld him intrust a lamb to the care of a famishing wolf; for in thus placing the girl in my hands for me not only to teach, but to use forcible coercion, what did he do but give full liberty to my desires, and offer the opportunity, even had

it not been sought — seeing that should enticement fail, I might use threats and stripes in order to subdue her?"

The crude brutality of this confession would induce us to suppose it was a specimen of that strange illusion which often makes reflective and analytic minds believe that their enthusiasms and passions were calculations, had we not sufficient evidence throughout Abélard's life of his intense selfishness and voracious vanity. Whatever the motive, the incident is curious; history has no other such example of passionate devotion filling the mind of a woman for a dialectician. It was dialectics he taught her — since he could teach her nothing else. She was a much better scholar than he; in many respects better read. She was perfect mistress of Latin, and knew enough Greek and Hebrew to form the basis of her future proficiency. He knew nothing of Greek or Hebrew — he expressly declares that he was forced to read Greek authors in Latin versions. In the study of arid dialectics, then, must we imagine Abélard and Héloïse thrown together; and in the daily communion of their minds, passion ripened, steeped in that vague, dreamlike, but intense delight produced by the contact of great intelligences; and thus, as the Spanish translator of her letter says, "buscando siempre con pretexto del estudio los parages mas retirados" [ever seeking on pretext of study the more retired spots] they sought in the still air and countenance of delightful studies a solitude more exquisite than any society. "The books were open before us," says Abélard, "but we talked more of love than philosophy, and kisses were more frequent than sentences." . . .

At length, even Fulbert became aware of what was passing under his roof. A separation took place; but the lovers continued to meet in secret. Abélard arranged for Héloïse an escape to Brittany, where she resided with his sister, and gave birth to a son. When Fulbert heard of her flight, he was frantic with rage. Abélard came cringing to him, imploring pardon, and offered the reparation of marriage provided it were kept secret; because his marriage, if made known, would be an obstacle to his rising in the church, and the miter already glimmered before his ambitious eyes. Fulbert consented; but Héloïse, with womanly self-abnegation, would not consent. She would not rob the world of its greatest luminary. "I should hate this marriage," she exclaimed, "because it would be an opprobrium and a calamity." She recalled to Abélard

various passages in Scripture and ancient writers, in which wives are accursed, pointing out to him how impossible it would be for him to consecrate himself to philosophy unless he were free; how could he study amid the noises of children and domestic troubles of a household? how much more honorable it would be for her to sacrifice herself to him! She would be his concubine. The more she humiliated herself for him, the greater would be her claims upon his love; and thus she would be no obstacle to his advancement, no impediment to the free development of his genius.

Gladly would Abélard have profited by this sublime passion; but he was a coward, and his heart trembled before Fulbert. He therefore endeavored to answer her arguments; and she, finding that his resolution was fixed — a resolution which he very characteristically calls a bit of stupidity, *meam stultitiam*, burst into tears and consented to the marriage, which was performed with all secrecy. Fulbert and his servants, however, in violation of their oath, divulged the secret, whereupon Héloïse boldly denied that she was married. The scandal became great; but she persisted in her denials, and Fulbert drove her from the house with reproaches. Abélard removed her to the nunnery of Argenteuil, where she assumed the monastic dress, though without taking the veil. Abélard furtively visited her. Meanwhile Fulbert's suspicions were roused lest this seclusion in the nunnery should be but the first step to her taking the veil, and so ridding Abélard of all impediment. Those were violent and brutal times, but the vengeance of Fulbert startled even the Paris of those days with horror. With his friends and accomplices, he surprised Abélard sleeping, and there inflicted that atrocious mutilation which Origen in a moment of religious frenzy inflicted on himself. [The object was a double revenge, as according to canon law the mutilation disbarred Abélard from church positions; so the disavowal of marriage gained him nothing. Fulbert and his ruffians were punished.]

In shame and anguish Abélard sought the refuge of a cloister. He became a monk. But the intense selfishness of the man would not permit him to renounce the world without also forcing Héloïse to renounce it. Obedient to his commands, she took the veil, thus once again sacrificing herself to him whom she had accepted as a husband with unselfish regret, and whom she abandoned in trembling, to devote herself hence-

forth, without hope, without faith, without love, to her divine husband.

The gates of the convent closed forever on that noble woman, whose story continues one of pure heroism to the last. With her disappearance the great interest in Abélard disappears. On the 21st of April, 1142, he expired, aged sixty-three. "He lived in wretchedness and died in humiliation;" [says a French biographer] "but he had glory, and he was loved."

II. Later Career: Struggle with St. Bernard.

By HENRY HART MILMAN.

(From the "History of Latin Christianity.")

[Henry Hart Milman: A leading English church historian; born in London, February 10, 1791; died September 24, 1868. He was a clergyman, became canon of Westminster, and was dean of St. Paul's, 1849–1868. He had some poetic gift, was professor of poetry in Oxford, 1821–1831, and wrote epics and a drama ("Fazio"), now forgotten. But his historical work was important and enduring. He was a liberal, the first to write sacred history with the critical canons of other history, and a storm of detraction followed him till a younger school far outran him in the same direction. His "History of the Jews" was published in 1830, "History of Christianity under the Empire" in 1840, and his greatest work, "History of Latin Christianity" (to 1455), in 1855. His edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall" has never been superseded, though later editions have added to his notes.]

[Abélard's later career is by no means without interest; his great contest with St. Bernard is notable in church history. Dean Milman thus tells it:—]

The fame of Abélard, and his pride and ungovernable soul, still pursued him; his talents retained their vigor; his temper was unsubdued. The monastery of St. Denys was dissolute. Abélard became a severe reformer; he rebuked the abbot and the whole community for their lax discipline, their unexemplary morals. He retired to a private cell, and near it opened a school. So great was the concourse of scholars, that lodging and provision could not be found for the countless throng. On the one side was an object of the most excessive admiration, on the other of the most implacable hatred. His enemies urged the bishop of the province to interdict his lectures, as tainted with secular learning unbecoming a monk. His disciples, with more dangerous adulation, demanded of the great teacher the satisfaction of their reason on the highest points of theology, which they could no longer receive in simple faith. They would no

longer be blind leaders of the blind, nor pretend to believe what they did not clearly comprehend. Abélard composed a theological treatise, in which he discussed the awful mystery of the Trinity in Unity.

His enemies were on the watch. Two of his old discomfited antagonists at Laon, named Alberic and Litolf, denounced him before Rodolph, archbishop of Rheims, and Conon, bishop of Prænestе, the legate of the Pope (1121). He was summoned to appear before a council at Soissons. A rumor was spread abroad that he asserted that there were three Gods. He hardly escaped being stoned by the populace, but no one ventured to cope with the irresistible logician. Abélard offered his book: not a voice was raised to arraign it. The prudent and friendly Godfrey, bishop of Chartres, demanded a fair hearing for Abélard; he was answered by a general cry that the whole world could not disentangle his sophisms. The council was drawing to a close. The enemies of Abélard persuaded the archbishop and the legate, who were unlettered men and weary of the whole debate, to command the book to be burned, and the author to be punished by seclusion in a monastery for his intolerable presumption in writing and lecturing on such subjects without the authority of the Pope and of the church. This was a simple and summary proceeding. Abélard was compelled to throw his book into the fire with his own hands, and, weeping at the loss of his labors, to recite aloud the Athanasian creed. He was then sent, as to a prison, to the convent of St. Médard, but before long was permitted to return to his cell at St. Denys.

His imprudent passion for truth plunged him in a new calamity. He ventured to question, from a passage in Bede, whether the patron saint of the abbey was indeed the Dionysius of St. Paul, the famous Areopagite. The monks had hardly endured his remonstrances against their dissolute lives; when he questioned the authenticity of their saint, their fury knew no bounds. They declared that Bede was an incorrigible liar, Abélard a sacrilegious heretic: their founder had traveled in Greece, and brought home irrefragable proofs that their St. Denys was the convert of St. Paul. It was not the honor of the monastery alone which was now at stake, but that of the whole realm. Abélard was denounced as guilty of treasonable impiety against France by thus deposing her great tutelar saint. The vengeance of the king was invoked against him. Abélard

[illegible]

[illegible] loveis;

[illegible] ter's: in-

[illegible] and chaff.

[illegible] Scripture.

[illegible]

dialectic disputations rather than gloomy ascetic practices the occupation, — awoke the vigilant jealousy of the two great reformers of the age, Norbert, the archbishop of Magdeburg, whose great achievement had been the subjection of the regular canons to a severer rule, and Bernard, whose abbey of Clairvaux was the model of the most rigorous, most profoundly religious, monastic life. The founder of the Paraclete was at least a formidable rival, if not a dangerous antagonist. Abélard afterwards scornfully designated these two adversaries as the new apostles; but they were the apostles of the ancient established faith, himself that of the new school — the heresy, not less fearful because undefinable, of free inquiry. There was as yet no declaration of war, no direct accusation, no summons to answer specific charges before council or legate; but that worse hostility of secret murmurs, of vague suspicions spread throughout Christendom, of solemn warnings, of suggested fears. Abélard, in all his pride, felt that he stood alone, an object of universal suspicion; he could not defend himself against this unseen, unaggressive warfare; he was as a man reported to be smitten with the plague, from whom the sound and healthy shrunk with an instinctive dread, and who had no power of forcing an examination of his case. His overweening haughtiness broke down into overweening dejection. He was so miserable that in his despair he thought seriously of taking refuge beyond the borders of Christendom, of seeking elsewhere that quiet which was refused him by Christian hostility, to live as a Christian among the declared foes of Christianity.

Whether from personal respect, or the national pride of the Bretons in their distinguished countryman, he was offered the dignity of abbot in a monastery on the coast of Brittany in Morbihan, that of St. Gildas de Rhuys. It was a bleak and desolate region, the monks as rude and savage as the people; even the language was unknown to Abélard. There, on the very verge of the world, on the shores of the ocean, Abélard sought in vain for quiet. The monks were as lawless in life as in manners; there was no common fund, yet Abélard was expected to maintain the buildings and religious services of the community. Each monk spent his private property on his wife or his concubine. Abélard, always in extremes, endeavored to submit this rugged brotherhood to the discipline of a Norbert or a Bernard; but rigor in an abbot who knows not how to rouse religious enthusiasm is resented as tyranny.

fled; both he and the prior of a monastery near Troyes, who was so rash as to be one of his believers, were threatened with excommunication. The blow so shocked the abbot of St. Denys (he was said indeed to have broken his constitution by intemperance) that he died, and thus relieved Abélard from one of his most obstinate and bitter enemies. The court was appeased, and through the royal interest Abélard was permitted to withdraw to a more peaceful solitude.

After some delay Abélard availed himself of the royal permission; he found a wild retreat, near the small river Ardrissan, not far from Troyes. There, like the hermits of old, he built his solitary cabin of osiers and of thatch. But the sanctity of Antony or of Benedict, or of the recent founder of the Cistercian order, was not more attractive than the cell of the philosopher. Abélard, thus degraded in the eyes of men and in his own estimation by his immorality and by its punishment, branded with the suspicion of heresy by a council of the church, with a reputation for arrogance and an intractable temper, which brought discord wherever he went, an outcast of society rather than a world-wearied anchorite, had nevertheless lost none of his influence. The desert was peopled around him by his admiring scholars; they left the castle and the city to dwell in the wilderness; for their lofty palaces they built lowly hovels; for their delicate viands they fed on bread and wild herbs; instead of soft beds they reposed contentedly on straw and chaff. Abélard proudly adapted to himself the words of Scripture, "Behold, the whole world is gone after him; by our persecution we have prevailed nothing, we have but increased his glory." A monastery arose, which had hardly space in its cells for the crowding votaries; Abélard called it by the name of the Paraclete — a name which, for its novelty and seeming presumption, gave new offense to his multiplying enemies.

But it was not the personal hatred alone which Abélard had excited by his haughty tone and vituperative language, or even by his daring criticism of old legends. His whole system of teaching, the foundation and discipline and studies in the Paraclete, could not but be looked upon with alarm and suspicion. This new philosophic community, a community at least bound together by no religious vow and governed by no rigid monastic rules, — in which the profoundest and most awful mysteries of religion were freely discussed, in which the exercises were those of the school rather than of the cloister, and

dialectic disputations rather than gloomy ascetic practices the occupation, — awoke the vigilant jealousy of the two great reformers of the age, Norbert, the archbishop of Magdeburg, whose great achievement had been the subjection of the regular canons to a severer rule, and Bernard, whose abbey of Clairvaux was the model of the most rigorous, most profoundly religious, monastic life. The founder of the Paraclete was at least a formidable rival, if not a dangerous antagonist. Abélard afterwards scornfully designated these two adversaries as the new apostles; but they were the apostles of the ancient established faith, himself that of the new school — the heresy, not less fearful because undefinable, of free inquiry. There was as yet no declaration of war, no direct accusation, no summons to answer specific charges before council or legate; but that worse hostility of secret murmurs, of vague suspicions spread throughout Christendom, of solemn warnings, of suggested fears. Abélard, in all his pride, felt that he stood alone, an object of universal suspicion; he could not defend himself against this unseen, unaggressive warfare; he was as a man reported to be smitten with the plague, from whom the sound and healthy shrunk with an instinctive dread, and who had no power of forcing an examination of his case. His overweening haughtiness broke down into overweening dejection. He was so miserable that in his despair he thought seriously of taking refuge beyond the borders of Christendom, of seeking elsewhere that quiet which was refused him by Christian hostility, to live as a Christian among the declared foes of Christianity.

Whether from personal respect, or the national pride of the Bretons in their distinguished countryman, he was offered the dignity of abbot in a monastery on the coast of Brittany in Morbihan, that of St. Gildas de Rhuys. It was a bleak and desolate region, the monks as rude and savage as the people; even the language was unknown to Abélard. There, on the very verge of the world, on the shores of the ocean, Abélard sought in vain for quiet. The monks were as lawless in life as in manners; there was no common fund, yet Abélard was expected to maintain the buildings and religious services of the community. Each monk spent his private property on his wife or his concubine. Abélard, always in extremes, endeavored to submit this rugged brotherhood to the discipline of a Norbert or a Bernard; but rigor in an abbot who knows not how to rouse religious enthusiasm is resented as tyranny.

Among the wild monks of St. Gildas the life of Abélard was in constant peril. From their obtuse and ignorant minds his wonderful gifts and acquirements commanded no awe; they were utterly ignorant of his learned language; they hated his strictness and even his piety. Violence threatened him without the walls, treachery within. They tried to poison him; they even drugged the cup of the Holy Eucharist. A monk who had tasted food intended for him died in agony. The abbot extorted oaths of obedience, he excommunicated, he tried to the utmost the authority of his office. He was obliged at length to take refuge in a cell remote from the monastery with a very few of the better monks; there he was watched by robbers hired to kill him.

The deserted Paraclete in the meantime had been reoccupied by far different guests. Heloisa had lived in blameless dignity as the prioress of Argenteuil. The rapacious monks of St. Denys, to whom Argenteuil belonged, expelled the nuns and resumed the property of the convent. The Paraclete, abandoned by Abélard's scholars, and falling into decay, offered to Heloisa an honorable retreat with her sisters: she took possession of the vacant cells. A correspondence began with the abbot of St. Gildas. Abélard's history of his calamities — that most naked and unscrupulous autobiography — reawakened the soft but melancholy reminiscences of the abbess of the Paraclete. Those famous letters were written, in which Heloisa dwells with such touching and passionate truth on her yet unextinguished affection. Age, sorrow, his great calamity, his persecutions, his exclusive intellectual studies, perhaps some real religious remorse, have frozen the springs of Abélard's love, if his passion may be dignified with that holy name. In him all is cold, selfish, almost coarse: in Heloisa the tenderness of the woman is chastened by the piety of the saint; much is still warm, almost passionate, but with a deep sadness in which womanly, amorous regret is strangely mingled with the strongest language of religion.

The monastery of St. Gildas seemed at length to have been reduced to order; but when peace surrounded Abélard, Abélard could not be at peace. He is again before the world, again in the world; again committed, and now in fatal strife with his great and unforgiving adversary. His writings had now obtained popularity, as widespread and perilous as his lectures and his disputations. Abélard, it might seem, in desperation,

provoked the contest with that adversary in his stronghold. He challenged Bernard before kings and prelates whom Bernard ruled with irresistible sway; he entered the lists against authority where authority was supreme — in a great council. At issue with the deep devotional spirit of the age, he chose his time when all minds were excited by the most solemn action of devotion — the Crusade: he appealed to reason when reason was least likely to be heard.

A council had been summoned at Sens (1140) for a religious ceremony which more than all others roused the passions of local and national devotion — the translation of the body of the patron saint. The king, Louis VII., the counts of Nevers and Champagne, a train of nobles, and all the prelates of the realm were to be present. Before this audience Abélard dared his adversary to make good his charges of heresy, by which it was notorious that Bernard and his monks had branded his writings. Yet so great was the estimation of Abélard's powers that Bernard at first shrunk from the contest. "How should an unpracticed stripling like himself, unversed in logic, meet the giant who was practiced in every kind of debate?" He consented at length to appear, not as the accuser, only as a witness against Abélard. But already he had endeavored to influence the court: he had written to the bishops of France about to assemble at Sens rebuking their remissness, by which this wood of heresies, this harvest of errors, had been allowed to grow up around the spouse of Christ.

The words of Abélard cannot be cited to show his estimation of Bernard. Outwardly he had even shown respect to Bernard. On a visit of friendly courtesy to the neighboring abbess of the Paraclete, a slight variation in the service had offended Bernard's rigid sense of ecclesiastical unity: Abélard, with temper but with firmness, defended the change. But the quiet and bitter irony of his disciple [Berengar], who described the contest, may be accepted as an unquestionable testimony to the way of speaking in his esoteric circle and among his intimate pupils, of the even now almost canonized saint.

> [Berengar sneers at Bernard's repute for working miracles, as though the world and heaven moved only at his command.]

With these antagonistic feelings, and this disparaging estimate each of the other, met the two great champions. In Bernard the Past and the Present concentered all their powers and

influences, the whole strength of the sacerdotal, ceremonial, inflexibly dogmatic, imaginative religion of centuries — the profound and submissive faith, the monastic austerity, the cowering superstition; he was the spiritual dictator of the age, above kings, prelates, even above the pope; he was the model of holiness, the worker of perpetual wonders. Abélard cannot be accepted as a prophetic type of the future. Free inquiry could only emancipate itself at a much later period by allying itself with a strong counter-religious passion; it must oppose the strength of individual Christianity to the despotism of ecclesiastical religion. Abélard's religion (it were most unjust to question his religion) was but a colder form of the dominant faith; he was a monk, though against his own temperament and tone of feeling. But Abélard was pure intellect, utterly unimaginative, logical to the most naked precision, analytical to the minutest subtilty; even his devotion had no warmth; he ruled the mind, but touched no heart. At best, therefore, he was the object of wonder; Bernard the object of admiration, reverence, love, almost of adoration.

The second day of the council (the first had been devoted to the solemn translation of the relics) was appointed for this grand theological tournament. Not only the king, the nobles, the prelates of France, but all Christendom watched in anxious solicitude the issue of the conflict. Yet even before a tribunal so favorable, so preoccupied by his own burning words, Bernard was awed into calmness and moderation. He demanded only that the most obnoxious passages should be read from Abélard's works. It was to his amazement, no less than that of the whole council, when Abélard, instead of putting forth his whole strength in a reply, answered only, "I appeal to Rome," and left the hall of council. It is said, to explain this unexpected abandonment of the field by the bold challenger, that he was in danger of his life. At Sens, as before at Soissons, the populace were so exasperated at the daring heretic, who was reported to have impeached the doctrine of the Trinity, that they were ready to rise against him. Bernard himself would hardly have interfered to save him from that summary refutation; and Abélard, in the confidence of his own power and fame as a disputant, might perhaps expect Bernard to decline his challenge. He may have almost forgotten the fatal issue of the council of Soissons; at a distance, in his retreat in Brittany, such a tribunal might appear less awful than when he saw it in undisguised

and unappeased hostility before him. The council may have been disappointed at this sudden close of the spectacle which they were assembled to behold; but they were relieved from the necessity of judging between the conflicting parties.

The report of the council to Rome is in such terms as these: "Peter Abélard makes void the whole Christian faith by attempting to comprehend the nature of God through human reason; . . . the searcher of the Divine Majesty, the fabricator of heresy. Already has his book on the Trinity been burned by order of one council; it has now risen from the dead. His branches spread over the whole earth; he boasts that he has disciples in Rome itself, even in the college of Cardinals; he draws the whole world after him; it is time therefore to silence him by apostolic authority."

[Pope Innocent II. sentenced Abélard to silence, excommunicated his disciples, and reproved public disputation on the mysteries of the Trinity. The sentence was delivered before Abélard could reach Rome. But it could not have been different. Abélard, like many moderns, kept a religion and a philosophy which absolutely nullified each other, in water-tight compartments.]

Abélard had set out on his journey to Rome; he was stopped by severe illness, and found hospitable reception in the Abbey of Clugny. Peter the Venerable, the abbot of that famous monastery, did more than protect the outcast to the close of his life. He had himself gone through the ordeal of a controversy with the fervent Bernard, though their controversy had been conducted in a milder and more Christian spirit. Yet the abbot of the more luxurious or more polished Clugny might not be sorry to show a gentleness and compassion uncongenial to the more austere Clairvaux. He even wrought an outward reconciliation between the persecuted Abélard and the victorious Bernard. It was but an outward, a hollow reconciliation. Abélard published an apology, if apology it might be called, which accused his adversary of ignorance or of malice. The apology not merely repelled the charge of Arianism, Nestorianism, but even the slightest suspicion of such doctrines, and to allay the tender anxiety of Heloisa, who still took a deep interest in his fame and happiness, he sent her his creed, which might have satisfied the most austere orthodoxy.

Even in the highest quarters, among the most distinguished prelates, there was at least strong compassion for Abélard, admiration for his abilities, perhaps secret indignation at the

hard usage he had endured. Bernard knew that no less a person than Guido di Castello, afterwards Pope Cœlestine II., a disciple of Abélard, spoke of him at least with affection. To him Bernard writes, "He would not suppose that though Guido loved the man, he could love his errors." He suggests the peril of the contagion of such doctrines, and skillfully associates the name of Abélard with the most odious heresies. When he writes of the Trinity he has the savor of Arius; when of grace, of Pelagius; when of the person of Christ, of Nestorius. To the Cardinal Ivo he uses still stronger words — "Though a Baptist without in his austerities, he is a Herod within."

Still, for the last two years of his life, Abélard found peace, honor, seclusion, in the Abbey of Clugny. He died at the age of sixty-three: Peter the Venerable communicated the tidings of his death to the still faithful Heloisa. His language may be contrasted with that of St. Bernard. "I never saw his equal for humility of manners and habits. St. Germanus was not more modest; nor St. Martin more poor. He allowed no moment to escape unoccupied by prayer, reading, writing, or dictation. The heavenly visitor surprised him in the midst of these holy works." The remains of Abélard were transported to the Paraclete; an absolution obtained by Peter was deposited in his tomb; for twenty-one years the abbess of the Paraclete mourned over her teacher, her lover, her husband; and then reposed by his side.

III. From the First Two Letters between Héloïse and Abélard.

Héloïse to Abélard.

Your "Letter to a Friend" for consolation, belovedest, some one lately brought by chance to me. Instantly judging it from the superscription to be yours, I seized it to read as eagerly as I cherish the writer dearly; that him whose reality I have lost, I might recover in a sort of image by words at least. Those of that letter, I do not forget, were nearly all full of gall and wormwood; that is, they told the miserable story of our intercourse, and above all of your incessant afflictions.

You fulfilled with truth in that Letter what you promised the friend at the beginning of it; namely, that in comparison with yours he should rate his own woes nothing or trifles. Notably where you turned the pen to setting forth the persecu-

tions of your former teachers against you, then the outrage of supreme treachery on your body, as also the accursed envy and fierce hostility of your fellow-pupils, Alberich of Rheims and Lotulf of Lombardy; by whose promptings, what was done to that glorious work your Theology, and what to yourself as if condemned to prison, you did not pass over. Then you went on to the intriguing of your abbey and its false brethren, and the slanders, so perilous to you, of those two pseudo-Apostles [Norbert and Bernard] moved by acknowledged rivalry, also the scandal roused in so many by the name Paraclete given against usage to the Oratory; finally, with those unbearable and still continuing persecutions of your life, namely, by that merciless rack-renter, and the villains you call sons, monks for gain, you crown the deplorable history.

That nobody could either read or hear these things with dry eyes, you must believe; they renew my sorrows by as much as they so carefully describe the items, and increase them the more that you tell how perils still thicken against you; so that all of us alike are forced to despair of your life, and every day our trembling hearts and palpitating bosoms give birth to the wildest rumors of your murder.

By Him therefore, Christ, who has thus far protected you in all ways, we pray you deign in your shipwreck to reassure us, as his handmaids and yours, with frequent letters on these things about which you still feel anxious, that at least you may have us, who alone remain to you, as sharers in grief or joy. For those who grieve with the grieving usually afford some consolation, and whatever burden is loaded on many is borne more lightly or left behind; while if this storm quiets down the least bit, by so much as the letters are hastened will they be the more joyful. But whatever you write us of, you will confer not a little relief; this alone is enough, that you will show you remember us.

How joyful indeed are the letters of absent friends, Seneca himself teaches us by his own example, writing thus from somewhere to his friend Lucilius: "That you write often to me, I give thanks. For by that means alone can you show yourself to me. Never do I receive a letter of yours but instantly we are one." If the images of absent friends are joyful to us when they revive memory, and soothe the craving of absence with delusive and empty solace, how much more joyful are letters which bring true tokens of an absent friend! But

thank God, as to these at least, no envy shall anywise forbid restoring your presence to us, no obstacle shall hinder it, no neglect (I pray) shall retard it.

You have written your friend the consolation of a lengthy letter — for his mishaps, it is true, but about your own; in the zealous recounting of which, while you strive for his consolation you have added greatly to our desolation, and while you wish to doctor his wounds you have inflicted some new wounds of sorrow on us, and aggravated the old ones. Heal, I pray, those you have made yourself, you who are occupied in curing those made by others. You have indeed acted the part of a friend and companion, and paid the debt of friendship as well as companionship; but you have tied yourself by a heavier obligation to us, whom it is agreed to call not so much friends as dearest friends, not so much companions as daughters, or whatever sweeter and holier can be thought of.

But by how great an obligation you have bound yourself to these women does not lack for arguments or witnesses, that a doubt if any may be settled; and if all were silent, the fact itself would cry out. Why, after God you are the sole founder of this place, the sole architect of the Oratory, the sole builder of the congregation. You have built nothing here upon another's groundwork. Everything that is here is your creation. This solitude, vacant save for wild beasts and robbers, knew no residence of men, possessed no house. In these lairs of wild animals, in these hiding places of brigands, where God was never wont to be named, you have erected a divine tabernacle, and dedicated a fitting temple to the Holy Spirit. You have brought nothing to the building of this from the wealth of kings or princes — though you influence many and the greatest — that whatever was done might be credited to you alone. Clerics or scholars, emulously streaming hither to your teachings, furnished everything needful; and those who lived by church benefices did not know how to make offerings but only to receive, and those with hands out for taking had none for giving; in the making of offerings here, spendthrifts and beggars were made.

Yours therefore, truly your own is this novel plantation for a sacred use; great, yet still thick with tender plants, for whom watering is needed that they may flourish. This plantation is feeble enough from the very nature of the female sex; it is weak even though it is not new. Hence it needs the more

thorough and frequent culture, like that of the Apostle: "I have planted, Apollos has watered, but God gives the increase." The Apostle had planted and founded, with faith in prophecy, his doctrine among the Corinthians to whom he wrote. The disciple Apollos had watered them after the manner of the Apostle himself, with holy exhortations, and thus increase of righteousness was bountifully given them by divine grace. A vineyard of others' vines which you did not plant, turned to you in bitterness, you cultivate often by fruitless admonitions and vainly by holy discourses. Attend to what you owe your own, you who thus spend care on outsiders. You teach and admonish the unruly, and make no progress. Vainly before the swine do you strew the pearls of godly eloquence. You who spend so much on the obstinate, consider what you owe the obedient. You who lavish so much on your enemies, reflect on what you owe your daughters. And leaving out everything else, think by how great an obligation you have bound yourself to me; that what you owe to devoted women in common, you may pay to the one still more devoted to you alone.

How many and what treatises on doctrine, or of exhortation, or even of consolation, the Holy Fathers have composed for holy women, and how zealously, your grandeur knows better than my littleness. Hence your forgetfulness just now arouses no slight wonder in the feeble beginnings of our conversion [to a religious life] that neither from reverence to God nor love to us, nor admonished by the examples of the Holy Fathers, have you tried to console me, wavering and every day overcome by sorrow, either by conversation in presence or a letter in absence; me, to whom you know yourself bound by so much greater obligation, as it is confessed that you are joined to me by the contract of a nuptial sacrament; and the more beholden to me in that, since it is notorious that I have encircled you with a measureless love.

You know, dearest, everybody knows, how much I have given up for you; and that by a pitiful chance, that supreme and universally notorious treachery has robbed me of myself as well as you, and that my sorrow is incomparably greater for the manner of the losing than for the loss. But the greater the cause of grief, the greater the remedy to be administered for cheer. Anyway, it must come not from another but from yourself; for you who alone are the cause of grieving, must be alone in the grace of consoling. Why, you are the only one

who can sadden me, who can gladden me, or have power to comfort me. And you alone are the one who chiefly owes it to me; and now most of all, when I have fulfilled all your orders so utterly that I cannot take offense at you in anything, and at your command I could bear to destroy myself. And what is more, and wonderful to be told, my love has turned to such insanity that what alone it desires, that it deprives itself of without hope of recovery; for at your behest I instantly transformed not only my garb but my spirit, that I might show you that you were the owner both of my body and my soul.

Nothing whatever, God knows, have I asked of you but yourself; you pure and simple, not desiring anything you had. I expected no contract of marriage, no dower, not even to study my own pleasures or will, but yours, as you know. And if the name "wife" seems holier and more secure, the term "friend" [*amica*] always appeared sweeter to me; or if you would not think scorn, "concubine" or "harlot": in order that the more deeply I humiliated myself before you, the more favor I should obtain with you, and also the less I should injure your glory.

And you too, by your leave, had by no means forgotten this, in that Letter to a Friend sent for his consolation, which I have recalled above; in which you have not disdained to set forth some of the reasons with which I tried to turn you back from our ill-starred nuptials; but you are silent on most of those for which I preferred love to wifehood, liberty to fetters. I call God to witness that if Augustus, ruling over the whole world, should think me worthy of marriage, and would settle the entire globe on me to rule forever, it would seem dearer and worthier to me to be called your kept mistress than his empress. For not because one is richer or more powerful is he therefore better: the one is from fortune, the other of virtue. . . .

But what error imparted to others, obvious truth imparted to me, — since what they rated their husbands at, I, the whole world, not so much believed as knew to be true of you; so that the more truly my love was upon you, the further was it from error. Who among kings or philosophers could equal your fame? What district, city, or hamlet was not on fire to see you? Who, I ask, if you were walking in public, did not hasten to gaze on you; if you were departing, did not follow you with uplifted neck and straining eyes? What matron, what virgin,

did not long for you when absent and burn for you when present? What queen or the greatest lady did not envy me my joys and my nuptial beds?

Two gifts, I own, were especially yours, with which you could instantly lure the hearts of whatever women you liked; namely, charm of language and of singing, with which we know other philosophers are very little endowed. By these, as if mere sport to refresh you from the labor of philosophic exercise, you left many songs composed in amatory meter and rhythm; which being often repeated, from their exceeding grace both of words and music, kept your name constantly in everybody's mouth, insomuch that the sweetness of your melody prevented even the illiterate from forgetting you. And hence, chiefly, women sighed for love of you. And since most of those carols sung our love, in a little while they made me known through many lands, and kindled the envy of many women against me.

What quality of mind or person, indeed, did not adorn your youth? Who of the then envious ones would not my calamity now force to pity me, robbed of so many delights? What former enemy, man or woman, would not the compassion owed me soften now?

And though most harmful to you, I am (as you know) most innocent. For the result is no part of the crime. Equity weighs not what things are done, but in what spirit they are done. But what spirit I have always had toward you, you alone, who have experienced it, can judge. I commit everything to your search, I yield in all things to your testimony.

Tell me one thing if you can, why since our conversion [to a religious life], which you alone decreed should take place, I have fallen into such neglect and forgetfulness from you that I may neither be refreshed with conversation when present nor consoled with a letter when absent. Tell me, I say, if you can, or I must tell you what I think, or rather what everybody suspects. Desire rather than friendship made you my companion, the ardor of passion rather than love; so that when what you longed for came to an end, all you had displayed for its sake vanished likewise.

This, best beloved, is not so much my guess as that of everybody else, not so much special as general, not so much private as public. Would that to me alone it seemed so, and that in excuse for it your love could invent something else

through which my grief might calm down ever so little. Would that I could feign circumstances in which, while excusing you, I could by any means hide usefulness to myself.

Pay attention, do, to the things I ask; and they ought to seem small and very easy for you. While I am cheated of your presence, do at least by votive offerings of words, of which you have plenty, make the sweetness of your image present to me. It is useless to expect you to be generous in real things if I have to endure miserliness in words. Truly I believed myself to have earned a great deal from you now, when I had accomplished everything for your sake, and still persevered to the utmost in obedience to you; for indeed it was not devotion to religion that dragged me, a young girl, to the harshness of monastic intercourse, but merely your command. If I am earning nothing from you by it, how vainly I am laboring! Judge. No wages for me beyond this are to be expected from God, for whose love as yet I have certainly done nothing. You hastening to God I have followed in garb only, rather, have gone before; for as if mindful of Lot's wife having turned back, you deeded me to God by the sacred vestments and the monastic profession before yourself. For this, I know, I bitterly grieved and blushed, solely that I must feel ashamed of you, for I, God knows, would not hesitate in the world to precede or follow you rushing into a volcano. For my spirit was not with me, but with you. And now more than ever it is not with you it is nowhere. Indeed, to exist without you is nowise possible. But that it may be well with you, attend, I pray. Well indeed it might be with you if you were found well disposed, if you would return grace for grace, more things for great, words for deeds. Would, beloved, that you were indeed less on me, that it was more anxious! But because I make you so amply secure, I have to bear neglect. Remember, pray, the things I have done, and take heed how much you owe.

While I enjoyed the old delights with you, many thought it doubtful whether I was actuated by love or baser passion; but now the end shows from what beginning I started. I have definitely interdicted myself from pleasures, that I might obey your will. I have reserved nothing to myself, save thus now to become particularly yours. Weigh well, then, how great is your sin, if the much deserving you requite with little, or

rather at most nothing; especially when it is little you are asked for, and that the easiest for you.

By that God, therefore, to whom you have offered yourself up, I pray that in whatever mode you are able you will restore me your presence; I mean, some comfort to me by correspondence — at least that made, so that thus refreshed I may apply myself more cheerfully to divine obedience. When you formerly sought me for worldly pleasures, you visited me with thick-coming letters, and by frequent songs you put your Héloïse in the mouths of all. Every street and every house resounded with me. How much more righteously should you now urge me on to God than then to pleasure! Think well, I beg, on what you owe; attend to what I ask; and I end a long letter with a short close — Farewell, darling.

ABÉLARD'S ANSWER TO THE PRECEDING.

To Héloïse, his best beloved sister in Christ, Abélard her brother in him.

THAT since our conversion from the world to God, I have never written you aught of comfort or encouragement, is to be imputed not to my neglect but to your good sense, in which I always fully confide. I had not supposed that she to whom divine grace had abundantly imparted all that is necessary stood in need of them, since both by words and examples you can teach the erring, cheer the timid, stimulate the lukewarm.

You were wont to do precisely that long ago, when you held the priorate under the abbess; and if you provide with as much care for your daughters now as your sisters then, I believe it to be enough, and pronounce my instruction or exhortation wholly superfluous. But if to your humility it seems otherwise, and even in the things which pertain to God you need my tutorship and written discourse, write me which that I may reply to you as God shall point the way.

But thank God — who, inspiring in your heart's solicitude for my very dangerous and constant perils, has made you sharers in my affection — that by assent to your prayers the divine pity protects me, and swiftly bruises Satan under our feet. As to this psalter, particularly, which you urgently ask me for [probably by the messenger who carried the letter],

through which my grief might calm down ever so little. Would that I could feign circumstances in which, while excusing you, I could by any means hide usefulness to myself.

Pay attention, do, to the things I ask; and they ought to seem small and very easy for you. While I am cheated of your presence, do at least by votive offerings of words, of which you have plenty, make the sweetness of your image present to me. It is useless to expect you to be generous in real things if I have to endure miserliness in words. Truly I believed myself to have earned a great deal from you now, when I had accomplished everything for your sake, and still persevered to the utmost in obedience to you; for indeed it was not devotion to religion that dragged me, a young girl, to the harshness of monastic intercourse, but merely your command. If I am earning nothing from you by it, how vainly I am laboring! Judge. No wages for me beyond this are to be expected from God, for whose love as yet I have certainly done nothing. You hastening to God I have followed in garb — nay, rather, have gone before; for as if mindful of Lot's wife having turned back, you deeded me to God by the sacred vestments and the monastic profession before yourself. For this, I own, I bitterly grieved and blushed, solely that I must feel less sure of you; for I, God knows, would not hesitate in the least to precede or follow you rushing into a volcano. For my spirit was not with me, but with you. And now more than ever, if it is not with you it is nowhere. Indeed, to exist without you is nowise possible. But that it may be well with you, attend, I pray. Well indeed it might be with you if you were found well-disposed, if you would return grace for grace, small things for great, words for deeds. Would, beloved, that your love relied less on me, that it was more anxious! But because I make you so amply secure, I have to bear neglect. Remember, pray, the things I have done, and take heed how much you owe.

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But thank God — who, inspiring in your heart's solicitude for my very dangerous and constant perils, has made you sharers in my affection — that by assent to your prayers the divine pity protects me, and swiftly bruises Satan under our feet. As to this psalter, particularly, which you urgently ask me for [probably by the messenger who carried the letter],

sister once dear in the world, now dearest in Christ, I have hastened to send it. On it, for our great and many transgressions, and the imminence of my daily perils, you will offer a sacrifice of prayers to the everlasting God.

How great a place indeed with God and his saints the prayers of the faithful hold, and most of all those of women for their dear ones and of wives for their husbands, many witnesses and examples occur to us. Carefully heeding them, the Apostle admonishes us to pray without intermission. It is written that God said to Moses, "Let me alone, that my wrath may be kindled." And Jeremiah, "Verily, he saith, do not thou pray for this people, and do not withstand me." By which words God himself plainly promises that the prayers of saints as it were shall cast a sort of bridle on his anger, in order that even he may be coerced, that he may not rage against sinners as much as their blame requires. So that He whom justice spontaneously prompts to vengeance, the supplication of friends may bend, and as if reluctant, hold him back as by force. . . .

It is written elsewhere concerning the entire works of God, "He said and they were made." But in this very place it is recalled that he pronounced what affliction the people deserved, and, prevented by virtue of prayer, did not fulfill what he had threatened. Give heed therefore how great is the virtue of prayer, if we pray as we are commanded; when that which God forbade the prophet to pray for, yet by praying he obtained, and, turned Him aside from what he had said. Another prophet said to Him also, "When thou art angry, thou shalt remember mercy."

Let earthly princes hear this and attend, who on occasion of enacted and proclaimed laws are found more obstinate than righteous, and blush to seem remiss if they become merciful, and liars if they change their proclamation or do not carry out what they have incautiously decreed, though they amend words with deeds. I might have said that these indeed are rightly to be compared with Jephtha, who, what he had foolishly vowed more foolishly fulfilling, slew his own darling. . . .

Would that these things might encourage you and your convent of holy sisters more confidently to prayer, that for your sakes He through whom, Paul being witness, women have obtained back even their dead by resurrection, may preserve me alive. . . .

But let me leave out your convent, in which the devotion of many virgins and widows is perpetually offered up to God; to you alone let me come, whose holiness toward God I doubt not can do a great deal, and who particularly ought to do what you can for me, struggling in the crisis of such extreme adversity. Remember therefore always in your prayers him who is specially yours. . . .

You know, best beloved, how great a sense that my presence was dear to them your convent used formerly to display in prayer. Indeed, they were wont to fill out each hour of the day with a special supplication to God for me, sung responsively [concluding with this prayer]: "O God, who by thy servant hast deigned to assemble thy handmaids in thy name, we beseech thee that thou wilt protect him from all misfortune, and restore him unscathed to thy handmaids."

But if the Lord shall deliver me into the hands of my enemies, so that they shall prevail to slay me, or by any chance I may go the way of all flesh while absent from you, I pray that my body, wherever it may lie, either buried or exposed, may be brought back to your cemetery; where my daughters, or rather sisters in Christ, continually viewing my sepulcher, may be incited still further to pour out prayers for me to God. I judge no place safer or wholesomer for the grieving soul, forsaken in the wilderness of its sins, than that which is fitly consecrated to the Paraclete, — that is to say, the Comforter, — and specially designated by his name. Nor do I deem there is any place among the faithful where Christian burial can more appropriately take place than among devoted women. . . .

This finally I ask above everything, that whereas you now suffer anxiety over the peril of my body, you will then be equally solicitous for the welfare of my soul, displaying as much love for the dead as you have for the living, by special orders of prayer and fitting personal witness. Long life, farewell; long life and farewell to your sisters also. Long life, but I pray you to remember me in Christ.

THE LITTLE FLOWERS OF SAINT FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ITALIAN BY ABBY LANGDON ALGER.[1]

[ST. FRANCIS, founder of the Franciscan order, was born at Assisi, Italy, in 1182; son of a trader who dreamed of a high court career for the merry, refined, quick-witted youth, who studied little, dressed much, and won the love of all. But a sickness at twenty-five changed the whole current of Francis' ideals; he aspired to a life of self-sacrifice, sought out not only the poor and sick but lepers to care for, made a pilgrimage to Rome and threw all he had on the altar of St. Peter's, and joined a troop of beggars, giving in alms all he obtained. After a violent break with his father, from whom he took property without warrant to rebuild a ruined church, he founded, about 1208 or 1209, the famous mendicant order to revive the life which Christ enjoined on his disciples; the parallel sisterhood of poor Claras; and a third order, Tertiaries, or Brethren of Penitence, for those without vocation to an exclusively religious life. He traveled far and wide — to Spain, the Turkish dominions, and the Holy Land — preaching the gospel of poverty, and died, worn out, in 1226. The leading trait of his character was his passionate love for all earthly things, animals as well as human beings; he called the animals his brothers, and the stories of his magic power over them are doubtless based on truth.]

How Saint Francis received the Advice of Saint Clara and of Holy Brother Sylvester, that he should go forth and preach, converting the People; and he created the Third Order and preached to the Birds and silenced the young Swallows.

THAT humble servant of Jesus Christ, Saint Francis, shortly after his conversion, having already gathered together many companions and received them into the Order, fell into deep thought and into grave doubt as to what he should do, — whether he should devote himself wholly to prayer, or whether indeed he should sometimes preach; and on this subject he greatly desired to know the will of God. And forasmuch as the Saintly Humility which was in him would not let him trust to himself or to his own prayers alone, he strove to seek out the Divine will through the prayers of others; hence he called Brother Maximus, and spake to him thus: "Go to Sister Clara and tell her from me that she, with certain of her most spiritual companions, shall pray devoutly to God that it may please Him to reveal to me whether it is better that I should devote myself to preaching, or merely to prayer. And then go to Brother Sylvester and say the same words." This was that

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same Master Sylvester who had seen a golden cross come forth from the mouth of Saint Francis, which was as high as the heavens and as broad as the confines of the globe. And such were the devotion and the sanctity of this same Brother Sylvester, that whatsoever he asked of God, even that same he obtained, and his prayer was granted, and many times he spake with God; and yet Saint Francis also had great piety. Brother Maximus went forth, and according to the command of Saint Francis he fulfilled his errand first to Saint Clara and then to Brother Sylvester; who, when he had received it, incontinently fell to praying, and praying he heard the Divine voice, and turning to Brother Maximus he said: "Thus saith the Lord, which you shall repeat to Brother Francis, — that God did not call him unto this state for himself alone, but that he might reap a harvest of souls, and many through him shall be saved." Having this answer, Brother Maximus returned to Saint Clara to know that which she had obtained of God. And she made answer that she and her Companions had had from God the self-same answer which Brother Sylvester had had. With this Brother Maximus returned to Saint Francis; and Saint Francis received him with the utmost Affection, washing his feet and laying the cloth for him to dine. And after eating, Saint Francis called Brother Maximus into the thick wood; and there he knelt before him, and drawing down his Cowl over his face, he crossed his arms and asked him, saying, "What does my Lord and Master, Jesus Christ, command me to do?" Brother Maximus made answer: "Both to Brother Sylvester and to Sister Clara, with her Sisters, Christ has replied and made manifest that it is His will that you shall go forth into the world to preach; forasmuch as He did not call you for yourself alone, but even also for the salvation of others." And then Saint Francis, when that he had heard this answer and learned therefrom the will of Jesus Christ, rose up with the greatest fervor, saying, "Let us go forth in the name of God." And he took for his Companions Brother Maximus and Brother Andrew, holy men both; and going forth filled with the things of the Spirit, without considering their road or their way, they came to a Castle, which is called Savurniano, and Saint Francis began to preach; and he first commanded the Swallows, which were singing, to keep silence so long as until he should have preached; and the Swallows obeyed him; and he preached in this place with such fervor that all the men and the women in that

Castle, from devotion, would have followed after him and forsaken the Castle; but Saint Francis forbade them, saying, "Be not in haste, and depart not, and I will order all things which you are to do for the salvation of your soul." And then he created the Third Order, for the Universal Salvation of all men; and thus leaving many consoled and well disposed to penitence, he departed from thence and came to Cannajo and Bevagno. And passing on his way with the selfsame fervor, he raised his eyes and saw certain trees by the roadside in which were an infinite multitude of birds; at which Saint Francis marveled greatly, and said to his Companions, "Await me here in the road, and I will go and preach to my Sisters the birds." And he entered the field and began to preach to the birds which were on the ground; and suddenly those which were in the trees came down to him, and as many as there were they all stood quietly until St. Francis had done preaching; and even then they did not depart until such time as he had given them his blessing; and according to the later recital of Brother Maximus to Brother James of Maffa, Saint Francis, moving among them, touched them with his cape, but not one moved. The substance of Saint Francis' sermon was this: "My Sisters the birds, ye are greatly beholden unto God your Creator, and always and in every place it is your duty to praise Him, forasmuch as He hath given you freedom to fly in every place; also hath He given you raiment twofold and threefold almost, because He preserved your Seed in the ark of Noah, that your race might never be less. Again, ye are bounden to Him for the element of the air, which He has deputed unto you; moreover, you sow not, neither do you reap, and God feeds you, and gives you the streams and fountains for your thirst; He gives you mountains and valleys for your refuge; tall trees wherein to make your nests; and inasmuch as you neither spin nor weave, God clothes you, you and your children; hence ye should love your Creator greatly, Who gives you such great benefits, and therefore beware, my Sisters, of the sin of ingratitude, and ever strive to praise God." Saint Francis saying these words to them, all those birds, as many as there were, began to ope their beaks and stretch forth their necks and spread their wings and reverently to bow their heads even to the earth, and by their acts and their songs to set forth that the Holy Father gave them the utmost delight; and Saint Francis rejoiced with them, pleased and marveling much to see so vast a multitude of birds,

and their most beautiful variety, their attention and familiarity; for the which things in them he devoutly praised the Creator. Finally, his preaching ended, Saint Francis made them the sign of the Cross and gave them leave to depart; and then all those birds rose into the air with wondrous songs; and then, according to the Cross which Saint Francis had made them, they divided into four parts; and the one part flew towards the east, and the other towards the west, and the one part towards the south, and the other towards the north, and each band went away singing marvelous songs; signifying by this how that Saint Francis, the Ensign of the Cross of Christ, had come to preach to them, and had made the sign of the Cross over them, according to which they had scattered to the four quarters of the globe. Thus the preaching of the Cross of Christ renewed by Saint Francis was by him and his Brethren borne throughout the whole world; which Brethren, even as the birds, possessed nothing of this world's goods, but committed their life to the sole and only providence of God.

Of the Most Holy Miracle, which Saint Francis performed, when he converted the very fierce Wolf at Gubbio.

In the days when Saint Francis dwelt in the city of Gubbio, there appeared in that region a very great, terrible, and fierce Wolf, the which not only devoured animals, but even also men; insomuch that all the citizens of that place stood in great dread of him; forasmuch as many times he came very near to the town; and nevertheless none who chanced to meet with him alone could in any wise defend himself against him. And so great was the fear of this Wolf, that none ventured forth into the country. Wherefore Saint Francis, having compassion upon the men of that land, desired to go forth unto this Wolf, — albeit the citizens, every man among them, counseled him against it, — and making the sign of the Most Holy Cross, he set forth into the country round about, he with his companions, putting all his trust in God. And the others doubting whether they should go farther, Saint Francis took his way towards the place where the Wolf lay. And lo, seeing so many citizens, who had come forth to see such a miracle, the said Wolf came out to meet Saint Francis with open mouth; and drawing near to him, Saint Francis made the sign of the Most Holy Cross, and called unto him, saying: "Come hither, Brother Wolf; I command

you in the name of Christ Jesus, that you do no manner of evil either to me or any other man." Wonderful to relate! Immediately that Saint Francis made the sign of the Cross, the terrible Wolf closed his jaws and gave over running; and hearing this command, he came meekly as any lamb, and laid himself down at the feet of Saint Francis. And thereupon Saint Francis addressed him in these words, saying: "Brother Wolf, you do much harm in these parts, and you have done great evil, killing and devouring God's creatures without His sovereign leave. And not only have you killed and devoured beasts, but you have dared to kill men, made in the image of God; for the which thing you are worthy of the gallows, like any thief and villainous murderer; and all the people cry out and murmur against you, and all the land is hostile unto you. But I desire, Brother Wolf, to make peace between you and them, so that you may offend no more, and they shall forgive you all your past offences, and neither men nor dogs shall pursue you any more." Having uttered these words, the Wolf by the motions of his body and his tail and his eyes, and by bowing his head, set forth that he accepted that which Saint Francis said, and desired to observe it. Then Saint Francis began again: "Brother Wolf, inasmuch as it pleases you to make and to keep this peace, I promise you that I will see to it that your living shall be given you continually, so long as you shall live, by the men of this country, so that you shall not suffer hunger; forasmuch as I am well aware that hunger has caused your every crime. But since I get for you this grace, I require, Brother Wolf, your promise never again to do harm to any human being, neither to any beast. Do you promise?" And the Wolf, by bowing his head, plainly gave sign that he promised. And Saint Francis said farther: "Brother Wolf, I desire you to give me some token of this your promise, although I have full faith in your loyalty." And Saint Francis stretching forth his hand, the Wolf lifted up his right paw and confidingly laid it in the hand of Saint Francis, giving him this pledge of his faith, as best he could. And then Saint Francis said: "Brother Wolf, I charge you in the name of Christ Jesus that you now follow me, nothing doubting, and we will go forth and conclude this peace in God's name." And the Wolf obediently followed after him, like any lamb; so that the citizens, seeing this, marveled greatly. And suddenly the news was spread throughout all the city: so that the people, men as well as women, great as well

as small, young as well as old, flocked to the market place to behold the Wolf with Saint Francis. And all the people being gathered together, Saint Francis rose up and began to preach to them, saying among other things: "Inasmuch as for your sins, God hath permitted certain evil things and sundry pestilences; and far more dangerous as are the flames of Hell, which endure eternally for the damned, than is the wrath of the Wolf, which can but kill the body, — so much more therefore should ye fear the jaws of Hell, when the mouth of one small animal can terrify and alarm so vast a multitude! Turn then, my Beloved, unto God, and repent worthily of your sins, and God shall rid you of the Wolf in this present time, and of the fires of Hell in time to come." And having preached, Saint Francis said: "Hearken, my Brethren: Brother Wolf, who stands here before you, hath promised and given me a token of his good faith to make peace with you, and never to offend you more in anything whatsoever; and you must promise henceforth to give him daily all that is needful to him, and I will be bailsman for him, that he will firmly hold to his compact of peace." Then all the people with one accord promised to feed him continually. And Saint Francis, before them all, said to the Wolf: "And you, Brother Wolf, do you promise to keep the peace with these people, and to offend no more against men, neither against beasts, nor any other creatures?" And the Wolf knelt before him, and bowed his head, and with submissive motions of body and tail and ears showed in so far as he was able, that he would keep his every promise. Saint Francis said: "Brother Wolf, I desire that even as you gave me a pledge of this your promise outside the gates, so here before all these people you shall give me a token of your good faith, and that you will not cheat me of my promise and security which I have given for you." Then the Wolf, lifting up his right paw, laid it in the hand of Saint Francis. Upon this action and upon those which had gone before, there was such rejoicing and such marveling in all the people, both at the devotion of the Saint, and at the novelty of the miracle, and at the peace with the Wolf, that all began to cry aloud unto Heaven, praising and blessing God, that had sent unto them Saint Francis, who by his great merits had freed them from the mouth of this cruel beast. And then the said Wolf lived two years in Gubbio, and entered meekly into every house, going from door to door, doing no manner of mischief to any man, and none being done to him. And he was courteously

nourished by the people; and roaming thus through the land and from house to house, never any dog barked at his coming in or at his going out. Finally, after two years, Brother Wolf died of old age; at the which the citizens mourned much, inasmuch as seeing him moving so meekly through the city, they were the more mindful of the virtue and sanctity of Saint Francis.

CANTICA: OUR LORD CHRIST: OF ORDER.

BY ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI.

(Translated by D. G. Rossetti.)

SET Love in order, thou that lovest Me.
  Never was virtue out of order found;
And though I fill thy heart desirously,
  By thine own virtue I must keep My ground:
When to My love thou dost bring charity,
  Even she must come with order girt and gowned.
    Look how the trees are bound
    To order, bearing fruit;
    And by one thing compute,
In all things earthly, order's grace or gain.

All earthly things I had the making of
  Were numbered and were measured then by Me;
And each was ordered to its end by Love,
  Each kept, through order, clean for ministry.
Charity most of all, when known enough,
  Is of her very nature orderly.
    Lo, now! what heat in thee,
    Soul, can have bred this rout?
    Thou putt'st all order out.
Even this love's heat must be its curb and rein.

COGNITION, EXISTENCE, AND THE SOUL.

By THOMAS AQUINAS.

[St. Thomas, the most celebrated of the Church logicians, was born 1224, of the family of the counts of Aquino. Educated at the University of Naples, his love for philosophy determined him to become a monk to enjoy a life of study; his family imprisoned him to prevent it, but he escaped and entered the Dominican convent at Cologne, to attend the lectures of the famous Albertus Magnus. He would not waste time there in giving forth his own views, and was known as the "dumb ox"; but a few years later he began to lecture in Paris, and his immense knowledge of philosophy and ability in dialectic won him a great reputation. The Sorbonne assailed the mendicant orders; Thomas not only wrote a vindication of his order, but, in a debate before the Pope, got his opponents' books condemned. Called to teach in the cities of Italy, he finally settled in the convent at Naples, declining an archbishopric. He died in 1274. He was called the "Angelic Doctor," and his theological dicta were practically definitive for the Church; in modern times he is the one great philosophic authority appealed to by it, though, oddly, he disputed the Immaculate Conception. His work was to shape the scattered doctrines and precedents of the Church into a coherent system based on the logical forms of Aristotle, to combat the havoc which that logic was working with Christianity in the hands of the great Moslem philosophers. His chief production in this line was the "Summa Theologiæ," though his works fill many volumes.]

Cognition.

Democritus, and with him all the naturalistic philosophers, find the cause and means of cognition in the material atoms which, detaching themselves from objects, impinge on the senses. They do not admit that understanding differs from sensation; and as evidently cognition has for its first cause a modification of the sensory organs, they maintain that it operates through the senses. Plato, on the contrary, distinguishes between sensation and intellect; and as that which is corporeal cannot act on that which is spiritual, he accords to the latter a movement and a spontaneity of its own. The exterior impression is not the efficient cause of the thought, but rather the mediate cause by the happening of which the soul raises itself to the contemplation of eternal forms, of ideas, and produces also cognition in itself. With Democritus, Aristotle admits that the concurrence of the senses is necessary; with Plato, he distinguishes sensation from understanding, and recognizes the activity of the latter; only, according to him, impressions are made on the organ by action direct from the object, not by intermediaries and by emanation; and, further, the production

of thought does not result from the remembrance or contemplation of ideas, but from the direct activity of the understanding applied to the data of the senses. The active understanding causes the transfer from the faculty to the act, by a certain method of abstraction, of the phenomena received by the senses, and renders them intelligible, disencumbering them of the chains which matter has imposed upon them. . . .

It seems to us that Plato has wandered from the truth; for, in admitting that all knowledge reposes on the principle that likes are known by likes, he recognizes that the form of the object necessarily exists in that object after the same manner as in the thinking subject; and as the form of the thing thought is found in the understanding with the characters of universality, of immateriality, and of immobility, it must follow that it will be encountered after the same manner in the exterior object. But that is nowise necessarily true, for we see that the form is far from being the same in all sensible things: in some of them whiteness is most apparent, in others less conspicuous; in these it is mingled with sweetness, in those the latter does not exist. From this it results that the sensible form is of one fashion in the object which is exterior to the mind, and another fashion in the senses, which grasp the sensible forms apart from the matter, as the color of the gold without the gold. It must be said, then, that the mind cognizes bodies through the intellect by a cognition immaterial, universal, and necessary. . . .

If it should happen that the object of thought existed materially in the subject thinking, there would be no reason why everything material should not think: now, things which receive the matter of objects do not think at all; the planets, for example.

The more a being can be cognized immaterially, the more perfect is the manner of cognizing it. Whence the understanding, which abstracts a specie not alone from matter, but even from the material conditions which individuate it, cognizes more perfectly than the senses, which perceive the form of the cognized object without the matter, it is true, but with the material conditions. It is that which constitutes the superiority of the sight over the other senses, and that of the intellect over all the exterior senses.

WHETHER MATTER OR FORM CONSTITUTES INDIVIDUALITY.

The individual, that is, the last degree of being in the order of substances, of which the essential attributes cannot be affirmed of any other — springs from the conjunction of matter and form: now, the material form is not necessarily incommunicable; on the contrary, it is of its nature to be capable of communication to many portions of matter, to produce individual beings. Considered in itself, taken virtually and not actually, the sensible form is something general, which is not particularized except by its union with matter: at the same time, after the birth of the individual, the form does not logically lose its universal character, for if the thought disengages it by a purely logical procedure from the individual being whose generation has absorbed it, it appears with its universality and its power of communicating itself: whence evidently it results that the form cannot be the principle of individuation. Nevertheless, by blending itself with matter, it produces the individual; that is, a single personal being of which the attributes are incommunicable. It is necessary, then, that there should be in the second element of the generation a principle which the form does not possess; matter must comprise the germ of individuality, in order that it may be at last the principle of individuation.

Moreover, that which proves that matter alone can be the principle of individuation, is that the individual does not exist except under conditions of time and space: at such or such a moment, in such or such a place, — that is, under the category of quantity. Now, matter does not possess being except through quantity; not that this creates the substance of the matter, but it necessarily accompanies it, and determines it in all the points of its duration and its extension.

If it be objected that matter being naturally a general element, and common to a great number of beings under divine forms, it would not be able to furnish the principle of individuation, it must be observed that matter cannot be united to form except under a determined quantity; that consequently in its conjunction it is always particular, and presents itself under the sole condition which permits it to receive the form destined to produce the ordained individual. Now, this condition changes the manner of existence of the matter, which is one thing under one determination and another under another.

In other words, there must be distinguished in matter its essence and its mode. The essence, common, general, universal, remains and persists under all its forms; but the mode varies, following the forms with which the matter is clothed. This is the reason why the generality of its essence does not prevent the existence of the principle of individuation; for just as the accidents are not determined by the primary matter but by the particular subject, the individual existence in action, so the substantial forms are individualized by the portion of the primary matter which is their own subject.

(Supposed objection): Since the principle of individuation is matter, the essence which is composed of matter and form is something particular and not universal; and it follows that universals cannot be defined, since the essence is the object of the definition.

(Answer): It is not matter taken unconditioned which constitutes the principle of individuation, but matter designated — that is, taken under certain dimensions. That matter plays no part in the definition of man as-man, but it would play one in the definition of Socrates, if there were a definition of Socrates. In the definition of man in general, undesignated matter is taken, for in that definition we are not occupied with a particular body, but with body in general.

When form is received into matter, all its dimensions being bounded by the intellect, something becomes existent in the order of substance, and having the final completed fashion of an individual in the substance. But this does not become manifestible here and now except with limited and certain dimensions, which it is necessary to have whenever the form is received into the matter; since it is impossible that it should be received into matter, except a body be constituted of substance, under whose own figure are its dimensions. And therefore is it said that matter under assigned dimensions is the cause of individuation: not that the dimensions cause the individual, since an accident cannot cause its subject, but because by certain dimensions the individual is made manifest here and now, as by characters proper to and inseparable from the individual.

The essence of compounded substances is at the same time in the form and in the matter, that of simple and spiritual substances is in the form alone; whence it follows that the

former can be at once the same in species and diverse as to number. It is not so with the latter: In them the species is identical with the individual: there are as many individuals as species.

Truth.

All that exists has been created for a definite end by the Almighty power of God and after the laws of His intelligence: now, that intelligence is the source and the supreme law of all truth; then all beings, by the mere fact that they exist, are true in an absolute manner.

Beyond the absolute truth which streams from the divine essence, there exists a relative truth which is grasped by the action of the understanding; the understanding consists in an entire conformity of the subject thinking and the object thought. To recognize if the conformity is exact, the reason must rise to the forms of the divine conceptions, eternal types of all things, and take for the criterion of truth the ideas which the intellect has furnished it.

The Soul.

Let us say that it must necessarily be admitted that the human soul, or intellectual principle, is incorruptible. All that exists, in fact, is destroyed either by an internal cause which it bears in itself, or by an accidental and exterior one. It is impossible, moreover, that what subsists by itself should be accidentally destroyed; as the human soul, for example, which lives by its own force — differently from the souls of animals. But does the soul bear in itself a germ of destruction? No-wise. It is, on the contrary, a pure form; now, form is that which gives existence. Matter is destroyed when the form abandons it, when the existence acting upon it is removed. But it cannot be thus with form: we cannot suppose the action of existence destroyed in it: then it is impossible that it should cease to be.

The senses cannot cognize except in determined time and space; while the intellect grasps being in an absolute manner and under the category of indefinite time. Every intelligent being desires to exist always; that desire cannot be vain: we must then recognize that all intelligent substances must be incorruptible and immortal.

DIES IRÆ.

(Hymn by St. Thomas of Celano, about 1230.)

Dies iræ, dies illa!
Solvet sæclum in favilla,
Teste David cum Sibylla.

Quantus tremor est futurus,
Quando judex est venturus,
Cuncta stricte discussurus.

Tuba mirum spargens sonum
Per sepulchra regionum
Coget omnes ante thronum.

Mors stupebit et natura,
Cum resurget creatura,
Judicanti responsura.

Liber scriptus proferetur
In quo totum continetur,
Unde mundus judicetur.

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet apparebit:
Nil inultum remanebit.

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus?

Rex tremendæ majestatis,
Qui salvandos salvas gratis,
Salva me, fons pietatis.

Recordare, Jesu pie,
Quod sum causa tuæ viæ:
Ne me perdas illa die.

Quærens me, sedisti lassus
Redemisti, crucem passus:
Tantus labor non sit cassus.

Juste judex ultionis,
Donum fac remissionis
Ante diem rationis.

Ingemisco, tanquam reus:
Culpa rubet vultus meus:
Supplicanti parce, Deus.

Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Et latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Preces meæ non sunt dignæ;
Sed tu bonus fac benigne:
Ne perenni cremer igne.

Inter oves locum præsta,
Et ab hædis me sequestra,
Statuens in parte dextra.

Confutatis maledictis,
Flammis acribus addictis,
Voca me cum benedictis.

Oro supplex et acclinis;
Cor contritum quasi cinis:
Gere curam mei finis.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus:
Huic ergo parce, Deus!

Pie Jesu, Domine,
Dona eis requiem.
Amen.

TRANSLATION OF REV. WILLIAM J. IRONS.

Day of wrath! O day of mourning!
See! once more the Cross returning—
Heaven and earth in ashes burning!

O what fear man's bosom rendeth,
When from heaven the judge descendeth,
On whose sentence all dependeth!

Wondrous sound the trumpet flingeth,
Through earth's sepulchres it ringeth,
All before the Throne it bringeth.

Death is struck, and nature quaking —
All creation is awaking,
To its Judge an answer making!

Lo, the Book, exactly worded!
Wherein all hath been recorded; —
Hence shall judgment be awarded.

When the Judge His seat attaineth,
And each hidden deed arraigneth,
Nothing unavenged remaineth.

What shall I, frail man, be pleading —
Who for me be interceding —
When the just are mercy needing?

King of majesty tremendous,
Who dost free salvation send us,
Fount of pity! then befriend us!

Think, kind Jesu! — my salvation
Caused thy wondrous incarnation:
Leave me not to reprobation!

Faint and weary, thou hast sought me,
On the Cross of suffering bought me; —
Shall such grace be vainly brought me?

Righteous Judge of Retribution,
Grant thy gift of absolution,
Ere that reckoning-day's conclusion; —

Guilty, now I pour my moaning,
All my shame with anguish owning;
Spare, O God, thy suppliant, groaning.

Thou the sinful woman savedst —
Thou the dying thief forgavest;
And to me a hope vouchsafest!

Worthless are my prayers and sighing,
Yet, good Lord, in grace complying,
Rescue me from fires undying!

With thy favored sheep, O place me!
Nor among the goats abase me;
But to thy right hand upraise me.

While the wicked are confounded,
Doomed to flames of woe unbounded,
Call me! with thy saints surrounded.

Low I kneel, with heart-submission;
See, like ashes, my contrition —
Help me in my last condition!

Ah! that day of tears and mourning!
From the dust of earth returning
Man for judgment must prepare him:
Spare! O God, in mercy spare him!

Lord of mercy, Jesus blest,
Grant them thine eternal rest!
Amen.

VERSION BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

Day of wrath! the day that endeth
Time, the world ablaze, impendeth!
So old prophecy portendeth.

What the trembling consternation
When the Judge of all creation
Comes for strict investigation!

Lo! the startling trumpet swelling,
Through the graves its blast impelling,
Man before the throne is knelling!

Struck aghast both Death and Nature,
When upcometh every creature
To the dreaded judicature.

Bringing forth the Book indited,
All the world's misdeeds recited
Will in judgment be requited.

When the Judge his seat assumeth,
What is hidden He untombeth;
None escape whom justice doometh.

Woe is me! what exculpation?
Who can proffer mediation,
Since the just scarce find salvation?

King of majesty astounding!
With thy grace thine own surrounding,
Save me, Fount of love abounding!

Holy Lord! recall thy yearning,
E'en when I thy ways was spurning;
Keep me on that day of burning!

Waiting, weary, me thou soughtest;
On the cross my soul thou boughtest;
Not in vain be work thou wroughtest!

Judge avenging! with contrition
I entreat thy full remission
Ere that day of inquisition!

Wailing, as one self-accusing,
Guilt my crimsoned face suffusing,
Spare me, Lord! of thy good choosing.

Mary was by thee forgiven,
And by thee the thief was shriven;
Let not hope from me be driven.

Worthless all my prayers ascending,
Yet, thy grace benign extending,
Save me from the fires unending!

With thy sheep infold me ever
At thy right hand, wandering never;
From the goats my portion sever.

When the wicked, self-confounded,
Are by angry flames surrounded,
Be my name with blessing sounded.

Prostrate, for thy mercy crying,
Heart as if in ashes lying,
Care for me when I am dying.

On that tearful day of terror,
  At the fiery resurrection,
Judging man for sinful error,
  God, grant this one thy protection!

  O kind Jesus, Lord and Savior,
  Give to them thy restful favor!
  Amen.

"ART THOU WEARY?"

(By St. Stephen the Sabaite: translated by J. M. Neale.)

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
If he be my guide?
"In his feet and hands are wound prints,
And his side."

Hath he diadem, as monarch,
That his brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
What his guerdon here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labor,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
What hath he at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask him to receive me,
Will he say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is he sure to bless?
"Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
Answer, Yes."

THE RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MORLAIX.

TRANSLATED BY JOHN MASON NEALE.

[JOHN MASON NEALE, an English theologian and hymnologist, was born in London, January 24, 1818; died at East Grimstead, August 6, 1886. A graduate of Trinity College, Cambridge, he took orders in the Church of England, became incumbent of Crawley, and warden of Sackville College, East Grimstead. He belonged to the most advanced section of the High Church party, and was the founder of the well-known sisterhood of St. Margaret. His works, nearly seventy in all, include: "History of the Holy Eastern Church," "Mediæval Preachers," and several collections of hymns, original and adapted, among them being the famous "Jerusalem the Golden," based on a portion of Bernard of Cluny's "De Contemptu Mundi."]

[BERNARD OF CLUNY was born of English parents at Morlaix, Brittany, about 1140. He was a monk at Cluny, and author of a poem, in three thousand lines, entitled "De Contemptu Mundi" (On the Contempt of World). Portions of the work were translated by John Mason Neale, the hymns "Jerusalem the Golden" and "The World is Very Evil" especially becoming very popular.]

THE world is very evil;
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil;
The Judge is at the gate:
The Judge that comes in mercy,
The Judge that comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
To diadem the right.
When the just and gentle Monarch
Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
For Man, the God, shall doom.
Arise, arise, good Christian,
Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
To heavenly gladness lead;
To the light that hath no evening,
That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
The light that is but one.
And when the Sole Begotten
Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father,
Whose own it was before,—
Then glory yet unheard of
Shall shed abroad its ray,

Resolving all enigmas,
An endless Sabbath day.
Then, then from his oppressors
The Hebrew shall go free,
And celebrate in triumph
The year of Jubilee;
And the sunlit Land that recks not
Of tempest nor of fight,
Shall fold within its bosom
Each happy Israelite:
The Home of fadeless splendor,
Of flowers that fear no thorn,
Where they shall dwell as children,
Who here as exiles mourn.
Midst power that knows no limit,
And wisdom free from bound,
The Beatific Vision
Shall glad the Saints around:
The peace of all the faithful,
The calm of all the blest,
Inviolate, unvaried,
Divinest, sweetest, best.
Yes, peace! for war is needless,—
Yes, calm! for storm is past,—
And goal from finished labor,
And anchorage at last.
That peace — but who may claim it?
The guileless in their way,
Who keep the ranks of battle,
Who mean the thing they say:
The peace that is for heaven,
And shall be too for earth:
The palace that reëchoes
With festal song and mirth;
The garden, breathing spices,
The paradise on high;
Grace beautified to glory,
Unceasing minstrelsy.
There nothing can be feeble,
There none can ever mourn,
There nothing is divided,
There nothing can be torn:
'Tis fury, ill, and scandal,
'Tis peaceless peace below;

Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless,
The halls of Syon know.
O happy, holy portion,
Refection for the blest;
True vision of true beauty,
Sweet cure of all distrest!
Strive, man, to win that glory;
Toil, man, to gain that light;
Send hope before to grasp it,
Till hope be lost in sight:
Till Jesus gives the portion
Those blessed souls to fill,
The insatiate, yet satisfied,
The full, yet craving still.
That fullness and that craving
Alike are free from pain,
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,
A home like theirs shall gain.
Here is the warlike trumpet;
There, life set free from sin;
When to the last Great Supper
The faithful shall come in:
When the heavenly net is laden
With fishes many and great;
So glorious in its fullness,
Yet so inviolate:
And the perfect from the shattered,
And the fallen from them that stand,
And the sheep flock from the goat herd
Shall part on either hand:
And these shall pass to torment,
And those shall pass to rest;
The new peculiar nation,
The fullness of the Blest.
Jerusalem demands them:
They paid the price on earth,
And now shall reap the harvest
In blissfulness and mirth:
The glorious holy people,
Who evermore relied
Upon their Chief and Father,
The King, the Crucified:
The sacred ransomed number
Now bright with endless sheen,

Who made the Cross their watchword
Of Jesus Nazarene:
Who, fed with heavenly nectar,
Where soul-like odors play,
Draw out the endless leisure
Of that long vernal day:
While through the sacred lilies,
And flowers on every side,
The happy dear-bought nations
Go wandering far and wide.
Their breasts are filled with gladness,
Their mouths are tuned to praise,
What time, now safe forever,
On former sins they gaze:
The fouler was the error,
The sadder was the fall,
The ampler are the praises
Of Him who pardoned all.
Their one and only anthem,
The fullness of His love,
Who gives, instead of torment,
Eternal joys above:
Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
True Israelites! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion;
Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
That life that knows no ending,
The tearless life, is There.
O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest;
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest!
That we should look, poor wand'rers,
To have our home on high!
That worms should seek for dwellings
Beyond the starry sky!
To all one happy guerdon
Of one celestial grace;
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,
Is one eternal place:
And martyrdom hath roses

Upon that heavenly ground:
And white and virgin lilies
For virgin souls abound.
Their grief is turned to pleasure;
Such pleasure, as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know.
And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.
And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown:
And now we watch and struggle,
And now we live in hope,
And Syon, in her anguish,
With Babylon must cope:
But He whom now we trust in
Shall then be seen and known,
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
The miserable pleasures
Of the body shall decay:
The bland and flattering struggles
Of the flesh shall pass away:
And none shall there be jealous,
And none shall there contend:
Fraud, clamor, guile — what say I? —
All ill, all ill shall end!
And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow:
The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore.

There Jesus shall embrace us,
There Jesus be embraced, —
That spirit's food and sunshine
Whence meaner love is chased.

Amidst the happy chorus,
  A place, however low,
Shall show Him us; and showing,
  Shall satiate evermo.
By hope we struggle onward,
  While here we must be fed
With milk, as tender infants,
  But there with Living Bread.
The night was full of terror,
  The morn is bright with gladness:
The Cross becomes our harbor,
  And we triumph after sadness:
And Jesus to His true ones
  Brings trophies fair to see:
And Jesus shall be loved, and
  Beheld in Galilee:
Beheld, when morn shall waken,
  And shadows shall decay;
And each true-hearted servant
  Shall shine as doth the day:
And every ear shall hear it;—
  Behold thy King's array;
Behold thy God in beauty;
  The Law hath past away!
Yes! God my King and portion,
  In fullness of His grace,
We then shall see forever,
  And worship face to face.
Then Jacob into Israel,
  From earthlier self estranged,
And Leah into Rachel
  Forever shall be changed:
Then all the halls of Syon
  For aye shall be complete;
And in the Land of Beauty,
  All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear dear Country;
  Mine eyes their vigils keep;
For very love, beholding
  Thy happy name, they weep:
The mention of Thy glory
  Is unction to the breast,
And medicine in sickness,

And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy:
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
The cedar of the forest,
The hyssop of the wall:
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks;
Thy streets with emeralds blaze;
The sardius and the topaz
Unite in thee their rays:
Thine ageless walls are bonded
With amethysts unpriced:
Thy Saints build up its fabric,
And the corner stone is Christ.
The Cross is all thy splendor,
The Crucified thy praise:
His laud and benediction
Thy ransomed people raise:
Jesus, the Gem of Beauty;
True God and Man, they sing:
The never-failing Garden,
The ever-golden Ring;
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,
The Guardian of His Court:
The Daystar of Salvation,
The Porter and the Port.
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean!
Thou hast no time, bright day!
Dear fountain of refreshment
To pilgrims far away!
Upon the Rock of Ages
They raise thy holy tower:
Thine is the victor's laurel,
And thine the golden dower:
Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,
O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile:
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl, thine own;
The Lamb is ever near thee,

And love, and life, and rest.
O one, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished
And smiles have no alloy:
Beside thy living waters
All plants are, great and small,
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O Bride that know'st no guile,
The Prince's sweetest kisses,
The Prince's loveliest smile:
Unfading lilies, bracelets
Of living pearl, thine own;
The Lamb is ever near thee,

O sacred, sweet refection,
And peace of Seraphim!
O thirst, forever ardent,
Yet evermore content!
O true, peculiar vision
Of God cunctipotent!
Ye know the many mansions
For many a glorious name,
And divers retributions
That divers merits claim:
For midst the constellations
That deck our earthly sky,
This star than that is brighter, —
And so it is on high.

Jerusalem the glorious!
The glory of the Elect!
O dear and future vision
That eager hearts expect:
Even now by faith I see thee:
Even here thy walls discern:
To thee my thoughts are kindled,
And strive and pant and yearn:
Jerusalem the only,
That look'st from heaven below,
In thee is all my glory;
In me is all my woe;
And though my body may not,
My spirit seeks thee fain,
Till flesh and earth return me
To earth and flesh again.
O none can tell thy bulwarks,
How gloriously they rise:
O none can tell thy capitals
Of beautiful device:
Thy loveliness oppresses
All human thought and heart:
And none, O peace, O Syon,
Can sing thee as thou art.
New mansion of new people,
Whom God's own love and light
Promote, increase, make holy,
Identify, unite.
Thou City of the Angels!
Thou City of the Lord!

Whose everlasting music
  Is the glorious decachord!
And there the band of Prophets
  United praise ascribes,
And there the twelvefold chorus
  Of Israel's ransomed tribes:
The lily beds of virgins,
  The roses' martyr glow,
The cohort of the Fathers
  Who kept the faith below.
And there the Sole Begotten
  Is Lord in regal state;
He, Judah's mystic Lion,
  He, Lamb Immaculate.
O fields that know no sorrow!
  O state that fears no strife!
O princely bowers! O land of flowers!
  O Realm and Home of Life!

Jerusalem, exulting
  On that securest shore,
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,
  And love thee evermore!
I ask not for my merit:
  I seek not to deny
My merit is destruction,
  A child of wrath am I:
But yet with Faith I venture
  And Hope upon my way;
For those perennial guerdons
  I labor night and day.
The Best and Dearest Father
  Who made me and Who saved,
Bore with me in defilement,
  And from defilement laved:
When in His strength I struggle,
  For very joy I leap;
When in my sin I totter,
  I weep, or try to weep:
And grace, sweet grace celestial,
  Shall all its love display,
And David's Royal Fountain
  Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon!
  O lovelier far than gold!

With laurel-girt battalions,
And safe victorious fold:
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever see thy face?
O sweet and blessed Country,
Shall I ever win thy grace?
I have the hope within me
To comfort and to bless!
Shall I ever win the prize itself?
O tell me, tell me, Yes!

Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art!
Exult, O dust and ashes!
The Lord shall be thy part:
His only, His forever,
Thou shalt be, and thou art.

EASTER HYMN.

By ADAM OF ST. VICTOR.

[Twelfth century.]

(Translation of J. M. Neale.)

Hail the much-remembered day!
Night from morning flies away,
Life the chains of death hath burst:
Gladness, welcome! grief, begone!
Greater glory draweth on
Than confusion at the first.
Flies the shadowy from the true;
Flies the ancient from the new:
Comfort hath each tear dispersed.

Hail, our Pascha, that wast dead!
What preceded in the Head,
That each member hopes to gain;
Christ our newer Pascha now,
Late in death content to bow,
When the spotless Lamb was slain.

Christ the prey hath here unbound
From the foe that girt us round;
Which in Samson's deed is found,
When the lion he had slain:
David, in his Father's cause,
From the lion's hungry jaws,
And the bear's devouring paws,
Hath set free his flock again.

He that thousands slew by dying,
Samson, Christ is typifying,
Who by death o'ercame his foes:
Samson, by interpretation,
Is "their sunlight": our salvation.
Thus hath brought illumination
To the elect on whom he rose.

From the Cross's pole of glory
Flows the must of ancient story
In the Church's wine vat stored:
From the press, now trodden duly,
Gentile first-fruits gathered newly
Drink the precious liquor poured.

Sackcloth worn with foul abuses
Passes on to royal uses;
Grace in that garb at length we see,
The flesh hath conquered misery.

They by whom their Monarch perished
Lost the Kingdom that they cherished,
And for a sign and wonder Cain
Is set who never shall be slain.

Reprobated and rejected
Was this stone that, now elected,
For a trophy stands erected
And a precious corner stone:
Sin's, not Nature's termination,
He creates a new creation,
And, Himself their colligation,
Binds two peoples into one.

Give we glory to the Head,
O'er the members love be shed!

CHARACTER OF ST. LOUIS.

By JEAN DE JOINVILLE.

[Louis IX. of France, son of Louis VIII. and grandson of Philip Augustus, was born 1215, and acceded 1226; but his mother, Blanche of Castile, educated him like a monk and kept him in tutelage till long past manhood. In the Sixth Crusade (1248–50), undertaken by him, he was captured by the Saracens, and only ransomed and returned to France in 1254. In the Barons' War of Simon de Montfort against Henry III., Louis was made arbitrator and decided everything in Henry's favor. His unselfish justice, however, for which he was so chosen, was so conspicuous in that age that it has been pronounced an injury to the country, — not only by giving up its holdings, but as greatly strengthening the royal power, the people resigning rights and charters in reliance on Louis' personal good faith. He died on the Seventh Crusade in 1270.]

[Jean de Joinville, born about 1224, was hereditary seneschal of Champagne and therefore a high court official of France. He followed Louis IX. on the Sixth Crusade, and remained in the East six years, till the ransom of Louis. His chief work is the "History of St. Louis" (1309). He died in 1317.]

This holy man, King St. Louis, loved and feared God during his life above all things, and, as is very apparent, was in consequence favored in all his works. As I have before said that our God died for his people, so in like manner did St. Louis several times risk his life and incur the greatest dangers for the people of his realm, as shall be touched on hereafter.

The good king, being once dangerously ill at Fontainebleau, said to my lord Louis, his eldest son, "Fair son, I beseech thee to make thyself beloved by the people of thy kingdom; for, in truth, I should like better that a Scotsman, fresh from Scotland, or from any other distant and unknown country, should govern the subjects of my realm well and loyally, than that thou shouldst rule them wickedly and reproachfully."

The holy king loved truth so much, that even to the Saracens and infidels, although they were his enemies, he would never lie, nor break his word in anything he had promised them, as shall be noticed hereafter. With regard to his food, he was extremely temperate; for I never in my whole life heard him express a wish for any delicacies in eating or drinking, like too many rich men; but he sat and took patiently whatever was set before him.

In his conversation he was remarkably chaste; for I never heard him at any time utter an indecent word, nor make use of the devil's name, which, however, is now very commonly

uttered by every one, but which I firmly believe is so far from being agreeable to God, that it is highly displeasing to Him.

He mixed his wine with water by measure, according to the strength of it, and what it would bear. He once asked me when at Cyprus, why I did not mix water with my wine. I answered what the physicians and surgeons had told me, that I had a large head and a cold stomach, which would not bear it. But the good king replied that they had deceived me, and advised me to add water; for that if I did not learn to do so when young, and was to attempt it in the decline of life, the gout and other disorders, which I might have in my stomach, would greatly increase; or, perhaps, by drinking pure wine in my old age, I should frequently intoxicate myself; and that it was a beastly thing for an honorable man to make himself drunk.

My good lord, the king, asked me at another time, if I should wish to be honored in this world, and afterward to gain paradise; to which I answered, that I should wish it were so. "Then," said he, "be careful never knowingly to do or say anything disgraceful, that should it become public, you may not have to blush, and be ashamed to say I have done this, or I have said that." In like manner he told me never to give the lie, or contradict rudely whatever might be said in my presence, unless it should be sinful or disgraceful to suffer it, for oftentimes contradiction causes coarse replies and harsh words, that bring on quarrels, which create bloodshed, and are the means of the deaths of thousands.

He also said, that every one should dress and equip himself according to his rank in life, and his fortune, in order that the prudent and elders of this world may not reproach him, by saying such a one has done too much, and that the youth may not remark, that such a one has done too little, and dishonors his station in society. On this subject, I remember once the good lord king, father to the king now on the throne, speaking of the pomp of dress, and the embroidered coats of arms that are now daily common in the armies, I said to the present king, that when I was in the Holy Land with his father, and in his army, I never saw one single embroidered coat or ornamented saddle in the possession of the king his father, or of any other lord. He answered, that he had done wrong in embroidering his arms; and that he had some coats that had cost him eight hundred Parisian livres. I replied, that he would have acted

better if he had given them in charity, and had his dress made of good sendal, lined and strengthened with his arms, like as the king his father had done.

The good king, once calling me to him, said he wanted to talk with me, on account of the quickness of understanding he knew I possessed. In the presence of several, he added, "I have called these two monks, and before them ask you this question respecting God: Seneschal, what is God?" "Sire," replied I, "he is so supremely good, nothing can exceed him." "In truth," answered the king, "that is well said, for your answer is written in the little book I have in my hand. I will put another question to you, whether you had rather be 'mezean et ladre,' or have committed, or be about to commit, a mortal sin?" But I, who would not tell a lie, replied, that "I would rather have committed thirty deadly sins than be a leper."

When the two friars had gone away, he called me to him alone, making me sit at his feet, and said, "How could you dare to make the answer you did to my last question?" When I replied, "Were I to answer it again, I should repeat the same thing," he instantly said,—"Ah, foul Musart! Musart, you are deceived; for you must know there can be no leprosy so filthy as deadly sin, and the soul that is guilty of such is like the devil in hell. It is very true," he added, "that when the leprous man is dead, he is cured of that disorder; but when the man who has committed a deadly sin dies, he is not assured for certain that he had sufficiently repented of it before his death to induce the goodness of God to pardon him: for which cause he must have great fears lest this leprosy of sin may endure for a length of time, even so long as God may remain in paradise.

"I therefore entreat of you, first for the love of God, and next for the affection you bear me, that you retain in your heart what I have said, and that you would much rather prefer having your body covered with the most filthy leprosy than suffer your soul to commit a single deadly sin, which is of all things the most infamous."

He then inquired if I washed the feet of the poor on Holy Thursday. On which I said, "Oh, for shame, no; and never will I wash the feet of such fellows." "This is in truth," replied he, "very ill said, for you should never hold in disdain what God did for our instruction, for He who is lord and master of the universe, on that same day, Holy Thursday, washed

the feet of all His apostles, telling them, that He who was their master had thus done, that they, in like manner, might do the same to each other. I therefore beg of you, out of love to Him first, and then from your regard to me, that you would accustom yourself to do so."

He loved every one who, with uprightness of heart, feared and loved God; insomuch that from the great reputation he had heard of my brother Sir Gilles de Bruyn, who was not a Frenchman, for his fear and love of God, as was the truth, he appointed him constable of France.

In like manner, from the favorable report which he had heard of Master Robert de Sorbon being a courageous and discreet man, he made him one of his personal attendants, and permitted him to partake of his table. One time, as we were sitting near each other, and eating and drinking at the king's table, we conversed together in a low voice, which the good king observing, reprimanded us by saying, "You act wrong thus to whisper together; speak out, that your companions may not suspect you are talking of them to their disadvantage, and railing at them. When eating in company, if you have any things to say that are pleasant and agreeable, say them aloud, that every one may hear them; if not, be silent."

When the good king was in a cheerful mood, he frequently put questions to me in the presence of Master Robert; and once he said, "Seneschal, now tell me the reason why a discreet man is of more worth than a valiant man." Upon this a noisy dispute arose between Master Robert and me; and when we had long argued the question, the good king thus gave his judgment: "Master Robert, I should not only like to have the reputation of a discreet man, but to be so in reality, and your other distinctions you may keep; for discretion is of such value, that the very word fills the mouth. On the contrary," added the good king, "it is most wicked to take the goods of others; for the surrendering of them to their rightful owners is so grievous that the pronouncing of it tears the palate, from the number of rrr's that are in the word; which rrr's signify the rents of the devil, who daily draws to him all those who wish to give away the chattels of others they have seized upon. The devil does this much with subtlety, for he seduces the usurers and despoilers, and urges them to give their usuries and rapines to the Church, in honor of God, which they ought to restore to their proper owners, who are well known to them." When

thus conversing he told me to say in his name to King Thibaut, his son-in-law, that he must look well to his actions, and not overcharge his soul, thinking to acquit himself by the large sums which he gave, or should leave to the monastery of father-preachers in Provins; for the discreet man, as long as he lives, ought to act like to the faithful executor of a will. First, he ought to restore and make amends for any wrongs or misdeeds done to others by the deceased; and from the residue of the fortune of the dead he should give alms to the poor, in the name of God, as the Scripture plainly showeth.

The holy king was, one Whitsun holidays, at Corbeil, accompanied by full three hundred knights, and also by Master Robert de Sorbon and myself. After dinner, the king went into the meadow above the chapel, to speak with the earl of Brittany, father to the present duke, whose soul may God receive, when Master Robert, taking hold of my mantle, in the presence of the king and the noble company, asked my opinion, whether, if the king should seat himself in this meadow, and I were to place myself on a bench above him, I should or should not, be blamable; to which I answered, "Yes, most certainly." "Why, then," added he, "do not you think yourself blameworthy for being more richly dressed than the king?" "Master Robert," replied I, "saving the king's honor and yours, I am in this respect blameless; for the dress I wear, such as you see it, was left me by my ancestors, and I have not had it made from my own authority. It is you, on the contrary, that deserves being reprimanded; for you are descended from bondmen, on both sides, have quitted the dress of your ancestors, and have clothed yourself in finer camlet than what the king now wears."

I then took hold of his surcoat, and compared it with what the king had on, saying, "Now see, if I did not tell the truth." The king, upon this, undertook the defense of Master Robert, and to save his honor as much as he could, declared the very great humility he possessed, and how kind he was to every one.

After this conversation, the good king called to him my lord Philip, father to the king now on the throne, and King Thibaut, his son-in-law, and seating himself at the door of his oratory, he put his hand on the ground, and said to his sons, "Seat yourselves here near me, that you may be out of sight." "Ah, sir," replied they, "excuse us, if you please; for it would not become us to sit so close to you." The king, then

St. Louis and St. Vincent de Beauvais

From the painting by Chartran

addressing me, said, "Seneschal, sit down here," which I did, and so near him that my robe touched his. Having made them sit down by my side, he said, "You have behaved very ill, being my children, in not instantly obeying what I ordered of you; and take care that this never happen again." They answered, that they would be cautious it should not.

Then turning towards me, he said, that he had called us to him to confess to me that he had been in the wrong in taking the part of Master Robert; "but," continued he, "I did so from seeing him so much confounded, that he had need of my assistance; you must not, however, think or believe that I did it from the conviction of his being in the right; for, as the seneschal said, every one ought to dress himself decently, in order to be more beloved by his wife, and more esteemed by his dependants." The wise man says, we ought to dress ourselves in such manner that the more observing part of mankind may not think we clothe ourselves too grandly, nor the younger part say we dress too meanly.

One day a good Cordelier friar came to the king, at the castle of Hières, where we had disembarked, and addressed him, saying, that he had read in the Bible and other good books which spoke of unbelieving princes; but that he never found a kingdom of believers or unbelievers was ruined but from want of justice being duly administered. "Now," continued the Cordelier, "let the king, who I perceive is going to France, take care that he administer strict and legal justice to his people, in order that our Lord may suffer him to enjoy his kingdom, and that it may remain in peace and tranquillity all the days of his life." . . .

This Cordelier would not remain longer with the king than one day, in spite of all the entreaties that were made him. The good king was not forgetful of what the friar had told him, to govern his realm loyally according to the laws of God, but was anxious that justice should be done to all, according to the manner you shall hear.

It was customary after the lord de Neeles, the good lord de Soissons, myself, and others that were about the king's person, had heard mass, for us to go and hear the pleadings at the gateway, which is now called the Court of Requests, in the palace at Paris. When the good king was in the morning returned from the church, he sent for us, and inquired how things had passed, and if there were any matters that required

his decision. And when we told him that there were some, he sent for the parties, and asked them why they would not be contented with the sentence of his officers, and then instantly made their differences up to their satisfaction, according to the custom of this godly king. . . .

I remember all the prelates of France once assembled at Paris, to speak with the good St. Louis, and to make him a request; which, when he was told, he went to the palace to hear what they would say. The meeting being full, it was the bishop Guy d'Auseure, son to the lord William de Melot, who addressed the king, by the unanimous assent of the other prelates, as follows: "Sire, know that all these prelates here assembled in your presence, instruct me to tell you that you are ruining Christendom, and that it is sinking in your hands."

The king, upon this, crossed himself, and said, "Bishop, inform me how this happens, and by what cause." "Sire," answered the bishop, "it is because no notice is taken of excommunicated persons; for at this moment a man would rather die in a state of excommunication than be absolved, and will no way make satisfaction to the Church. It is for this reason, sire, that they unanimously call on you, in the name of God, and in conformity to your duty, that you would be pleased to command your bailiffs, provosts and other administrators of justice, that wherever in your realm they shall find any one who has been excommunicated a whole year and a day, they constrain him to be absolved by the seizure of his goods."

The holy man replied that he would most cheerfully order this to be done to every one who should be found unjust towards the Church, or towards his parents. The bishop said it only belonged to them to be acquainted with their own cause of complaint. To this, the good king said, he would not act otherwise, and that it would be blamable before God, and against reason, to force those who had been injured by the churchmen to absolve themselves without being heard in their own defense. And he quoted, as an example, the count of Brittany, excommunicated as he was, having pleaded for seven years against the prelates of Brittany, and at last brought the business before our holy father the pope, who gave judgment against them in favor of the count. "Now, should I have constrained the count to seek absolution instantly after the expiration of the first year, he would have been forced to allow these prelates their demands whether he would or not, and I

should, by so doing, have behaved wickedly towards God and towards the count of Brittany."

After the prelates had heard this, they were satisfied with the favorable answer the king had made them; and from that time I have never heard that there was further question about it.

The peace which St. Louis made with the king of England was contrary to the opinion of his whole council, who said to him, "Sire, it seems to us that you are doing wrong to your realm by giving up so much of its territory to the king of England, to which he appears to us not to have any right, since his father lost it by a legal sentence." The king replied, that he knew well the king of England had no right to it; but that, for a good reason, he thought he was bound to give it to him, adding, "We have married two sisters; our children are therefore cousins-german, and it is fitting that there should be union between us. It has likewise given me great pleasure to make peace with the king of England, for he is at present my vassal, which was not the case before."

The uprightness of the good king was very apparent in the case of the lord Reginald de Trie, who brought to the holy man letters which declared he had given to the heirs of the countess of Boulogne, lately deceased, the county of Dammartin, which letters were disfigured and the seals broken. All that remained of the seals were one-half of the legs of the king's effigies and the chantel on which the royal feet were placed.

The king showed these letters to us who were of his council, to have our advice on the occasion. We were unanimously of opinion that the king was not bounden to put these letters into execution, and that the persons mentioned in them ought not to enjoy that county. The king instantly called to him John Sarrazin, his chamberlain, and asked for the letter which he had commanded him to draw up. When he had examined it, he looked at the seal, and at the remains of that on the letters of Sir Reginald, and then said to us, "My lords, this is the seal I made use of before I went to the Holy Land, and the remnant on these letters so much resembles the whole seal that I dare not, without sinning against God and reason, retain the county of Dammartin." He then called for the lord Reginald de Trie, and said, "My fair sir, I restore to you the county which you demand."

CANZONE, OF HIS LADY IN BONDAGE.

BY EMPEROR FREDERICK II.

(Translated by D. G. Rossetti.)

[FREDERICK II., born 1194, was son of the Emperor Henry VI. and grandson of Frederick I. (Barbarossa), of the Hohenstaufen house; his mother was Constance, heiress of the Two Sicilies. His father died 1197, his mother 1198, after securing his coronation as King of the Sicilies by making them fiefs of the Papacy, which acted as his guardian and educated him. He assumed the government at fourteen. In 1212 the Pope excommunicated and deposed Otto IV., and set up Frederick as a candidate; and after some years of war Frederick crushed his rival and was crowned. But he had the inevitable quarrel with the Papacy, and his latter years were a steadily losing struggle against the equally inevitable excommunications and depositions. He died, worn out by suffering and disappointment, in 1250. He was a magnificent patron and founder in arts, letters, and education.]

For grief I am about to sing,
  Even as another would for joy;
  Mine eyes which the hot tears destroy
Are scarce enough for sorrowing:
To speak of such a grievous thing
  Also my tongue I must employ,
Saying: Woe's me, who am full of woes!
  Not while I live shall my sighs cease
  For her in whom my heart found peace:
I am become like one of those
  That cannot sleep for weariness,
Now I have lost my crimson rose.

And yet I will not call her lost;
  She is not gone out of the earth;
  She is but girded with a girth
Of hate, that clips her in like frost.
Thus says she every hour almost: —
  "When I was born, 'twas an ill birth!
O that I never had been born,
  If I am still to fall asleep
  Weeping, and when I wake to weep;
If he whom I most loathe and scorn
  Is still to have me his, and keep
Smiling about me night and morn!

"O that I never had been born
A woman! a poor, helpless fool,
Who can but stoop beneath the rule
Of him she needs must loathe and scorn!
If ever I feel less forlorn,
I stand all day in fear and dule,
Lest he discern it, and with rough
Speech mock at me, or with his smile
So hard you scarce could call it guile:
No man is there to say, 'Enough.'
O, but if God waits a long while,
Death cannot always stand aloof!

"Thou, God the Lord, dost know all this:
Give me a little comfort then.
Him who is worst among bad men
Smite thou for me. Those limbs of his
Once hidden where the sharp worm is,
Perhaps I might see hope again.
Yet for a certain period
Would I seem like as one that saith
Strange things for grief, and murmureth
With smitten palms and hair abroad:
Still whispering under my held breath,
'Shall I not praise Thy name, O God?'

"Thou, God the Lord, dost know all this:
It is a very weary thing
Thus to be always trembling:
And till the breath of his life cease,
The hate in him will but increase,
And with his hate my suffering.
Each morn I hear his voice bid them
That watch me, to be faithful spies
Lest I go forth and see the skies;
Each night, to each, he saith the same;—
And in my soul and in mine eyes
There is a burning heat like flame."

Thus grieves she now; but she shall wear
This love of mine, whereof I spoke,
About her body for a cloak,
And for a garland in her hair,
Even yet: because I mean to prove,
Not to speak only, this my love.

THE EMPEROR FREDERICK THE SECOND.

By EDWARD A. FREEMAN.

[Edward Augustus Freeman, a leading English historical scholar, was born in Staffordshire, August 2, 1823; became a Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. His first preoccupation was with mediæval architecture, which led him to ecclesiastical and political antiquarian studies; he very early formed the design of writing the history of the genesis, achievement, and effects of the Norman Conquest; his detestation alike of the Turks and of the Austrian Empire which protected Europe from the Turks — as both built up on the ruins of the freedom of the East European states — was the basis of a vast quantity of essay and review writing on mediæval Europe; and there was hardly any historical subject which was not touched upon by his tireless industry, and his enormous and minute scholarship. His first work was a "History of Architecture" (1849); his next a series of lectures on the "History and Conquests of the Saracens" (1856); the chief of his many other works are the unfinished "History of Federal Government" (1863); his masterpiece, the "History of the Norman Conquest" (1867–1876; supplementary volume on the reign of William Rufus, in 1882); several works on early English history, the English constitution, etc.; "Historical Geography of Europe," "General Sketch of European History," and several others in this line; "Comparative Politics"; the "Continuity of History"; four volumes of "Historical Essays"; "Methods of Historical Study"; lectures at Oxford, where he was regius professor of modern history, and four volumes of a "History of Sicily" intended to fill fourteen (1891–1894). He died at Alicante, Spain, March 16, 1892.]

It is probable that there never lived a human being endowed with greater natural gifts, or whose natural gifts were, according to the means afforded him by his age, more sedulously cultivated, than the last Emperor of the house of Swabia. There seems to be no aspect of human nature which was not developed to the highest degree in his person. In versatility of gifts, in what we may call many-sidedness of character, he appears as a sort of mediæval Alcibiades, while he was undoubtedly far removed from Alcibiades' utter lack of principle or steadiness of any kind. Warrior, statesman, lawgiver, scholar, there was nothing in the compass of the political or intellectual world of his age which he failed to grasp. In an age of change, when, in every corner of Europe and civilized Asia, old kingdoms, nations, systems, were falling and new ones rising, Frederick was emphatically the man of change, the author of things new and unheard of — he was *stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis*. A suspected heretic, a suspected Mahometan, he was the object of all kinds of absurd and self-contradictory charges;

but the charges mark real features in the character of the man. He was something unlike any other Emperor or any other man; whatever professions of orthodoxy he might make, men felt instinctively that his belief and his practice were not the same as the belief and the practice of other Christian men. There can be no doubt that he had wholly freed his mind from the trammels of his own time, and that he had theories and designs which, to most of his contemporaries, would have seemed monstrous, unintelligible, impossible.

Frederick in short was, in some obvious respects, a man of the same stamp as those who influence their own age and the ages which come after them, the men who, if their lot is cast in one walk, found sects, and if it is cast in another, found empires. Of all men, Frederick the Second might have been expected to be the founder of something, the beginner of some new era, political or intellectual. He was a man to whom some great institution might well have looked back as its creator, to whom some large body of men, some sect or party or nation, might well have looked back as their prophet or founder or deliverer. But the most gifted of the sons of men has left behind him no such memory, while men whose gifts cannot bear a comparison with his are reverenced as founders by grateful nations, churches, political and philosophical parties. Frederick in fact founded nothing, and he sowed the seeds of the destruction of many things. His great charters to the spiritual and temporal princes of Germany dealt the deathblow to the Imperial power, while he, to say the least, looked coldly on the rising power of the cities and on those commercial leagues which were in his time the best element of German political life.

In fact, in whatever aspect we look at Frederick the Second, we find him, not the first, but the last, of every series to which he belongs. An English writer, two hundred years after his time, had the penetration to see that he was really the last Emperor. (Capgrave, in his Chronicle, dates by Emperors down to Frederick, and then adds: "Fro this tyme forward oure annotacion schal be aftir the regne of the Kyngis of Ynglond; *for the Empire, in maner, sesed here.*") He was the last prince in whose style the Imperial titles do not seem a mockery; he was the last under whose rule the three Imperial kingdoms retained any practical connection with one another and with the ancient capital of all. Frederick, who sent his trophies to Rome to be guarded by his own subjects in his own city, was

a Roman Cæsar in a sense in which no other Emperor was after him. And he was not only the last Emperor of the whole Empire: he might almost be called the last king of its several kingdoms. After his time Burgundy vanishes as a kingdom; there is hardly an event to remind us of its existence except the fancy of Charles the Fourth, of all possible Emperors, to go and take the Burgundian crown at Arles. Italy too, after Frederick, vanishes as a kingdom; any later exercise of the royal authority in Italy was something which came and went wholly by fits and starts. Later Emperors were crowned at Milan, but none after Frederick was King of Italy in the same real and effective sense that he was. Germany did not utterly vanish, or utterly split in pieces, like the sister kingdoms; but after Frederick came the Great Interregnum, and after the Great Interregnum the royal power in Germany never was what it had been before. In his hereditary kingdom of Sicily he was not absolutely the last of his dynasty, for his son Manfred ruled prosperously and gloriously for some years after his death. But it is none the less clear that from Frederick's time the Sicilian kingdom was doomed; it was marked out to be, what it has been ever since, divided, reunited, divided again, tossed to and fro between one foreign sovereign and another. Still more conspicuously than all was Frederick the last Christian King of Jerusalem, the last baptized man who really ruled the Holy Land or wore a crown in the Holy City. And yet, strangely enough, it was at Jerusalem, if anywhere, that Frederick might claim in some measure the honors of a founder. If he was the last more than nominal King of Jerusalem, he was also, after a considerable interval, the first; he recovered the kingdom by his own address, and, if he lost it, its loss was, of all the misfortunes of his reign, that which could be with the least justice attributed to him as a fault.

In the world of elegant letters Frederick has some claim to be looked on as the founder of that modern Italian language and literature which first assumed a distinctive shape at his Sicilian court. But in the wider field of political history Frederick appears nowhere as a creator, but rather everywhere as an involuntary destroyer. He is in everything the last of his own class, and he is not the last in the same sense as princes who perish along with their realms in domestic revolutions or on the field of battle. If we call him the last Emperor of the West, it is in quite another sense from that in which Constan-

tine Palaiologos was the last Emperor of the East. Under Frederick the Empire and everything connected with it seems to crumble and decay while preserving its external splendor. As soon as its brilliant possessor is gone, it at once falls asunder. It is a significant fact that one who in mere genius, in mere accomplishments, was surely the greatest prince who ever wore a crown, a prince who held the greatest place on earth, and who was concerned during a long reign in some of the greatest transactions of one of the greatest ages, seems never, even from his own flatterers, to have received that title of *Great* which has been so lavishly bestowed on far smaller men. The world instinctively felt that Frederick, by nature the more than peer of Alexander, of Constantine, and of Charles, had left behind him no such creation as they left, and had not influenced the world as they had influenced it. He was *stupor mundi et immutator mirabilis*, but the name of *Fredericus Magnus* was kept in store for a prince of quite another age and house, who, whatever else we say of him, at least showed that he had learned the art of Themistocles, and knew how to change a small state into a great one.

Many causes combined to produce this singular result, that a man of the extraordinary genius of Frederick, a man possessed of every advantage of birth, office, and opportunity, should have had so little direct effect upon the world. It is not enough to attribute his failure to the many and great faults of his moral character. Doubtless they were one cause among others. But a man who influences future ages is not necessarily a good man. No man ever had a more direct influence on the future history of the world than Lucius Cornelius Sulla. The man who crushed Rome's last rival, who saved Rome in her last hour of peril, who made her indisputably and forever the head of Italy, did a work greater than the work of Cæsar. Yet the name of Sulla is one at which we almost instinctively shudder. So the faults and crimes of Frederick, his irreligion, his private licentiousness, his barbarous cruelty, would not of themselves be enough to hinder him from leaving his stamp upon his age in the way that other ages have been marked by the influence of men certainly not worse than he. Still, to exercise any great and lasting influence on the world, a man must be, if not virtuous, at least capable of objects and efforts which have something in common with virtue. Sulla stuck at no crime which could serve his country or his party,

but it was for his country and his party, not for purely selfish ends, that he labored and that he sinned. Thorough devotion to any cause has in it something of self-sacrifice, something which, if not purely virtuous, is not without an element akin to virtue. Very bad men have achieved very great works, but they have commonly achieved them through those features in their character which made the nearest approach to goodness.

The weak side in the brilliant career of Frederick is one which seems to have been partly inherent in his character, and partly the result of the circumstances in which he found himself. Capable of every part, and in fact playing every part by turns, he had no single definite object, pursued honestly and steadfastly throughout his whole life. With all his powers, with all his brilliancy, his course throughout life seems to have been in a manner determined for him by others. He was ever drifting into wars, into schemes of policy, which seem to be hardly ever of his own choosing. He was the mightiest and most dangerous adversary that the Papacy ever had. But he does not seem to have withstood the Papacy from any personal choice, or as the voluntary champion of any opposing principle. He became the enemy of the Papacy, he planned schemes which involved the utter overthrow of the Papacy, yet he did so simply because he found that no Pope would ever let him alone. It was perhaps an unerring instinct which hindered any Pope from ever letting him alone. Frederick, left alone to act according to his own schemes and inclinations, might very likely have done the Papacy more real mischief than he did when he was stirred up to open enmity. Still, as a matter of fact, his quarrels with the Popes were not of his own seeking; a sort of inevitable destiny led him into them, whether he wished for them or not.

Again, the most really successful feature in Frederick's career, his acquisition of Jerusalem, is not only a mere episode in his life, but it is something that was absolutely forced upon him against his will. The most successful of crusaders since Godfrey is the most utterly unlike any other crusader. With other crusaders the Holy War was, in some cases, the main business of their lives; in all cases, it was something seriously undertaken as a matter either of policy or of religious duty. But the crusade of the man who actually did recover the Holy City is simply a grotesque episode in his life. Excommunicated for not going, excommunicated again for going, excommunicated again for coming back, threatened on every side, he still

went, and he succeeded. What others had failed to win by arms, he contrived to win by address, and all that came of his success was that it was made the ground of fresh accusations against him. For years the cry for the recovery of Jerusalem had been sounding through Christendom; at last Jerusalem was recovered, and its recoverer was at once cursed for accomplishing the most fervent wishes of so many thousands of the faithful.

The excommunicated king, whom no churchman would crown, whose name was hardly allowed to be uttered in his own army, kept his dominions in spite of all opposition. He was hindered from the further consolidation and extension of his Eastern kingdom only by a storm stirred up in his hereditary states by those who were most bound to show towards him something more than common international honesty. Whatever were the feelings and circumstances under which he had acted, Frederick was in fact the triumphant champion of Christendom, and his reward was fresh denunciations on the part of the spiritual chief of Christendom. The elder Frederick, Philip of France, Richard of England, Saint Lewis, Edward the First, were crusaders from piety, from policy, or from fashion; Frederick the Second was a crusader simply because he could not help being one, and yet he did what they all failed to do.

So again in his dealings with both the German and the Italian states, it is impossible to set him down either as a consistent friend or a consistent enemy of the great political movements of the age. He issues charters of privileges to this or that commonwealth, he issues charters restraining the freedom of commonwealths in general, simply as suits the policy of the time. In his dealings with the Popes, perhaps in his dealings with the cities also, Frederick was certainly more sinned against than sinning. But a man whose genius and brilliancy and vigor shine out in every single action of his life, but in the general course of his actions no one ruling principle can be discerned, who is as it were tossed to and fro by circumstances and by the actions of others, is either very unfortunate in the position in which he finds himself, or else, with all his genius, he must lack some of the qualities without which genius is comparatively useless.

In the case of Frederick probably both causes were true. For a man to influence his age, he must in some sort belong to his age. He should be above it, before it, but he should not be foreign to it. He may condemn, he may try to change, the opinions and feelings of the men around him; but he must at

least understand and enter into those opinions and feelings. But Frederick belongs to no age; intellectually he is above his own age, above every age; morally it can hardly be denied that he was below his age; but in nothing was he of his age. In many incidental details his career is a repetition of that of his grandfather. Like him he struggles against Popes, he struggles against a league of cities, he wears the Cross in warfare against the Infidel. But in character, in aim, in object, grandfather and grandson are the exact opposite to each other. Frederick Barbarossa was simply the model of the man, the German, the Emperor, of the twelfth century. All the faults and all the virtues of his age, his country, and his position received in him their fullest development. He was the ordinary man of his time, following the objects which an ordinary man of his time and in his position could not fail to follow. He exhibited the ordinary character of his time in its very noblest shape; but it was still only the ordinary character of his time. His whole career was simply typical of his age, and in no way personal to himself; every action and every event of his life could be understood by every contemporary human being, friend or enemy. But his grandson, emphatically *stupor mundi*, commanded the wonder, perhaps the admiration, of an age which could not understand him. He gathered indeed around him a small band of devoted adherents; but to the mass of his contemporaries he seemed like a being of another nature. He shared none of the feelings or prejudices of the time; alike in his intellectual greatness and in his moral abasement he had nothing in common with the ordinary man of the thirteenth century. The world probably contained no man, unless it were some solitary thinker here and there, whose mind was so completely set free, alike for good and for evil, from the ordinary trammels of the time. He appeared in the eyes of his own age as the enemy of all that it was taught to hold sacred, the friend of all that it was taught to shrink from and wage war against.

What Frederick's religious views really were is a problem hard indeed to solve; but to his own time he appeared as something far more than a merely political, or even than a doctrinal, opponent of the Papacy. Men were taught to believe that he was the enemy of the head of Christendom simply because he was the enemy of Christianity altogether. Again, the crimes and vices of Frederick were no greater than those of countless other

princes; but there was no prince who trampled in the like sort upon all the moral notions of his own time. He contrived, by the circumstances of his vices, to outrage contemporary sentiment in a way in which his vices alone would not have outraged it. A man who thus showed no condescension to the feelings of his age, whether good or evil, could not directly influence that age. Some of his ideas and schemes may have been silently passed on to men of later times, in whose hands they were better able to bear fruit. He may have shaken old prejudices and old beliefs in a few minds of his own age; he may even have been the fountain of a tradition which was powerfully to affect distant ages. In many things his ideas, his actions, forestalled events which were yet far remote. The events which he forestalled he may in this indirect and silent way have influenced. But direct influence on the world of his own age he had none. He may have undermined a stately edifice which was still to survive for ages; but he simply undermined. He left no traces of himself in the character of a founder; he left as few in the character of an open and avowed destroyer.

There was also another cause which, besides Frederick's personal character, may have tended to isolate him from his age and to hinder him from having that influence over it which we may say that his genius ought to have had. This was his utter want of nationality. The conscious idea of nationality had not indeed the same effect upon men's minds which it has in our own times. The political ideas and systems of the age ran counter to the principle of nationality in two ways. Nothing could be more opposed to any doctrine of nationality than those ideas which were the essence of the whole political creed of the time, the ideas of the Universal Empire and the Universal Church. On the other hand, the conception of the joint lordship of the world, vested in the successor of Peter and the successor of Augustus, was hardly more opposed to the doctrine of nationality than was the form which was almost everywhere taken by the rising spirit of freedom. A movement towards national freedom was something exceptional; in most places it was the independence of a district, of a city, at most of a small union of districts or cities, for which men strove. A German or Italian commonwealth struggled for its own local independence; so far as was consistent with the practical enjoyment of that independence, it was ready to acknowledge the supremacy of the Emperor, Lord of the World. Of a strictly national

patriotism for Germany or Italy men had very little thought indeed. These two seemingly opposite tendencies, the tendency to merge nations in one universal dominion, and the tendency to divide nations into small principalities and commonwealths, were in truth closely connected.

The tendency to division comes out most strongly in the kingdoms which were united to the Empire. Other countries showed a power of strictly national action, of acquiring liberties common to the whole nation, of legislating in the interest of the whole nation, almost in exact proportion to the degree in which they were placed beyond the reach of Imperial influences. Spain, Scandinavia, Britain, were the countries on which the Empire had least influence. Spain, Scandinavia, Britain, were therefore the countries in which we see the nearest approaches to true national life and consciousness. Still there is no doubt that, even within the Empire, national feelings did exercise a strong, though in a great measure an unconscious, influence. Local feelings exercised an influence still stronger. But there was no national or local feeling which could gather round Frederick the Second. His parentage was half German, half Norman, his birthplace was Italian, the home of his choice was Sicilian, his tastes and habits were strongly suspected of being Saracenic. The representative of a kingly German house, he was himself, beyond all doubt, less German than anything else.

In this position, placed as it were above all ordinary local and national ties, he was, beyond every other prince who ever wore the Imperial diadem, the embodiment of the conception of an Emperor, Lord of the World. But an Emperor, Lord of the World, is placed too high to win the affections which attach men to rulers and leaders of lower degree. A king may command the love of his own kingdom; a popular leader may command the love of his own city; but Cæsar, whose dominion is from the one sea to the other and from the flood unto the world's end, must, in this respect as in others, pay the penalty of his greatness. Frederick was, in idea, beyond all men, the hero and champion of the Empire. But practically the championship of the Empire was found less truly effective in his hands than in the hands of men who were further from carrying out the theoretical ideal. The Imperial power was more truly vigorous in the hands of princes in whom the ideal championship of the Empire was united with the practical lead-

ership of one of its component nations. Frederick Barbarossa, the true German king, the man whom the German instinct at once hails as the noblest development of the German character, really did more for the greatness of the Empire than his descendant, whose ideal position was far more truly Imperial. The men who influence their age, the men who leave a lasting memory behind them, are the men who are thoroughly identified with the actual or local life of some nation or city. Frederick Barbarossa was the hero of Germany; but his grandson, the hero of the Empire, was the hero of none of its component parts. The memory of the grandfather still lives in the hearts of a people, some of whom perhaps even now look for his personal return. The memory of the grandson has everywhere passed away from popular remembrance; the Wonder of the World remains to be the wonder of scholars and historians only.

THE DIVER.

A Ballad of Sicily in the Fourteenth Century.

By JOHANN FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER.

[Johann Christoph Friedrich von Schiller, the famous German poet and dramatist, was born at Marbach, Würtemberg, November 10, 1759. He studied law and medicine at Stuttgart, and was appointed surgeon to a Würtemberg regiment. Objecting to the restraint imposed upon him by the Duke of Würtemberg in consequence of the production of his first play, "The Robbers" (1782), he left the army and went to Mannheim, Leipsic, Dresden, Jena, and Weimar, where he became the firm friend of Goethe. From 1789 to 1799 Schiller held a professorship at Jena, and during this period published "The History of the Thirty Years' War." He died at Weimar, May 9, 1805, of an affection of the lungs. Besides the works already mentioned, Schiller wrote "The History of the Revolt of the Netherlands"; the dramas "Mary Stuart," "Maid of Orleans," "Bride of Messina," "William Tell"; and the trilogy of "Wallenstein." Among his lyric pieces are: "The Ring of Polycrates," "The Diver," "The Knight of Toggenburg," and "The Song of the Bell."]

"Oh, where is the knight or the squire so bold,
As to dive to the howling charybdis below? —
I cast in the whirlpool a goblet of gold,
And o'er it already the dark waters flow;
Whoever to me may the goblet bring,
Shall have for his guerdon that gift of his king."

He spoke, and the cup from the terrible steep,
That, rugged and hoary, hung over the verge
Of the endless and measureless world of the deep,
Swirled into the maelstrom that maddened the surge,
"And where is the diver so stout to go—
I ask ye again—to the deep below?"

And the knights and the squires that gathered around,
Stood silent—and fixed on the ocean their eyes;
They looked on the dismal and savage Profound,
And the peril chilled back every thought of the prize.
And thrice spoke the monarch—"The cup to win,
Is there never a wight who will venture in?"

And all as before heard in silence the king—
Till a youth with an aspect unfearing but gentle,
'Mid the tremulous squires—stept out from the ring,
Unbuckling his girdle, and doffing his mantle;
And the murmuring crowd, as they parted asunder,
On the stately boy cast their looks of wonder.

As he strode to the marge of the summit, and gave
One glance on the gulf of that merciless main,
Lo! the wave that forever devours the wave,
Casts roaringly up the charybdis again,
And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,
Rushes foamingly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And it never *will* rest, nor from travail be free,
Like a sea that is laboring the birth of a sea.

Yet, at length, comes a lull o'er the mighty commotion,
As the whirlpool sucks into black smoothness the swell
Of the white-foaming breakers—and cleaves thro' the ocean
A path that seems winding in darkness to hell.
Round and round whirled the waves—deeper and deeper still
driven,
Like a gorge thro' the mountainous main thunder-riven!

The youth gave his trust to his Maker! Before
That path through the riven abyss closed again—

Hark! a shriek from the crowd rang aloft from the shore,
And, behold! he is whirled in the grasp of the main!
And o'er him the breakers mysteriously rolled,
And the giant mouth closed on the swimmer so bold.

O'er the surface grim silence lay dark; but the crowd
Heard the wail from the deep murmur hollow and fell;
They hearken and shudder, lamenting aloud —
"Gallant youth, — noble heart — fare thee well, fare thee well!"
More hollow and more wails the deep on the ear —
More dread and more dread grows suspense in its fear.

If thou shouldst in those waters thy diadem fling,
And cry, "Who may find it shall win it and wear;"
God wot, though the prize were the crown of a king —
A crown at such hazard were valued too dear.
For never shall lips of the living reveal
What the deeps that howl yonder in terror conceal.

Oh, many a bark, to that breast grappled fast,
Has gone down to the fearful and fathomless grave;
Again, crashed together the keel and the mast,
To be seen, tossed aloft in the glee of the wave. —
Like the growth of a storm ever louder and clearer,
Grows the roar of the gulf rising nearer and nearer.

And it bubbles and seethes, and it hisses and roars,
As when fire is with water commixed and contending;
And the spray of its wrath to the welkin upsoars,
And flood upon flood hurries on, never ending;
And as with the swell of the far thunder boom,
Rushes roaringly forth from the heart of the gloom.

And, lo! from the heart of that far-floating gloom,
What gleams on the darkness so swanlike and white?
Lo! an arm and a neck, glancing up from the tomb! —
They battle — the Man's with the Element's might.
It is he — it is he! in his left hand behold,
As a sign — as a joy! — shines the goblet of gold!

And he breathèd deep, and he breathèd long,
And he greeted the heavenly delight of the day.
They gaze on each other — they shout, as they throng —
"He lives — lo the ocean has rendered its prey!
And safe from the whirlpool and free from the grave,
Comes back to the daylight the soul of the brave!"

And he comes, with the crowd in their clamor and glee,
  And the goblet his daring has won from the water,
He lifts to the king as he sinks on his knee;—
  And the king from her maidens has beckoned his daughter
She pours to the boy the bright wine which they bring,
And thus spake the Diver—"Long life to the king!

"Happy they whom the rose hues of daylight rejoice,
  The air and the sky that to mortals are given!
May the horror below nevermore find a voice—
  Nor Man stretch too far the wide mercy of Heaven!
Nevermore—nevermore may he lift from the sight
The veil which is woven with Terror and Night!

"Quick-brightening like lightning—it tore me along,
  Down, down, till the gush of a torrent, at play
In the rocks of its wilderness, caught me—and strong
  As the wings of an eagle, it whirled me away.
Vain, vain was my struggle—the circle had won me,
Round and round in its dance, the wild element spun me.

And I called on my God, and my God heard my prayer
  In the strength of my need, in the gasp of my breath—
And showed me a crag that rose up from the lair,
  And I clung to it, nimbly—and baffled the death!
And, safe in the perils around me, behold!
On the spikes of the coral the goblet of gold.

"Below, at the foot of that precipice drear,
  Spread the gloomy, and purple, and pathless Obscure!
A silence of Horror that slept on the ear,
  That the eye more appalled might the Horror endure!
Salamander—snake—dragon—vast reptiles that dwell
In the deep—coiled about the grim jaws of their hell.

"Dark-crawled,—glided dark the unspeakable swarms,
  Clumped together in masses, misshapen and vast;—
Here clung and here bristled the fashionless forms;—
  Here the dark-moving bulk of the Hammer Fish passed;
And with teeth grinning white, and a menacing motion,
  Went the terrible Shark—the Hyena of Ocean.

"There I hung, and the awe gathered icily o'er me,
  So far from the earth, where man's help there was
    none!

The One Human Thing, with the Goblins before me —
  Alone — in a loneness so ghastly — ALONE!
Fathom deep from man's eye in the speechless profound,
With the death of the Main and the Monsters around.

"Methought, as I gazed through the darkness, that now
  It saw — the dread hundred-limbed creature — its prey!
And darted — O God! from the far flaming bough
  Of the coral, I swept on the horrible way;
And it seized me, the wave with its wrath and its roar,
It seized me to save — King, the danger is o'er!"

On the youth gazed the monarch, and marveled; quoth he,
  "Bold Diver, the goblet I promised is thine;
And this ring will I give, a fresh guerdon to thee, —
  Never jewels more precious shone up from the mine, —
If thou'lt bring me fresh tidings, and venture again,
To say what lies hid in the *innermost* main."

Then outspake the daughter in tender emotion:
  "Ah! father, my father, what more can there rest?
Enough of this sport with the pitiless ocean —
  He has served thee as none would, thyself hast confest.
If nothing can slake thy wild thirst of desire,
Let thy knights put to shame the exploit of the squire!"

The king seized the goblet, — he swung it on high,
  And whirling, it fell in the roar of the tide:
"But bring back that goblet again to my eye,
  And I'll hold thee the dearest that rides by my side;
And thine arms shall embrace, as thy bride, I decree,
The maiden whose pity now pleadeth for thee."

In his heart, as he listened, there leapt the wild joy —
  And the hope and the love through his eyes spoke in fire,
On that bloom, on that blush, gazed delighted the boy;
  The maiden — she faints at the feet of her sire!
Here the guerdon divine, there the danger beneath;
He resolves! To the strife with the life and the death!

They hear the loud surges sweep back in their swell,
  Their coming the thunder sound heralds along!
Fond eyes yet are tracking the spot where he fell:
  They come, the wild waters, in tumult and throng,
Roaring up to the cliff — roaring back, as before,
But no wave ever brings the lost youth to the shore!

THE DIVINE COMEDY.

By DANTE.

(Cary's Translation.)

[Dante Alighieri, the greatest of Italian poets, and the maker of Italian as a literary language, was born at Florence, May, 1265. He came of a family of magistrates and was a "White Guelph"; fought in the battles where the Ghibellines were defeated; filled some public offices at home and abroad; became one of the six "pious" of Florence in 1300, and had the most turbulent leaders of all the factions banished; in 1301 was sent on an embassy to Pope Boniface VIII., and his enemies the Blacks being victorious in his absence, was sentenced to perpetual banishment and to burning alive if captured. The sentence was twice repeated, and he never saw Florence again. He died in Ravenna, September 14, 1321. His works are the "Vita Nuova"; the "Divina Commedia," consisting of the "Inferno," "Purgatorio," and "Paradiso," one of the few epoch-making poems of the world, and the actual creator of Italian as a literary language; the "Convito" (Banquet); "De Monarchia" (in Latin), and some small pieces.]

Scenes from the "Inferno."

Canto I.

In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray,
Gone from the path direct: and e'en to tell,
It were no easy task, how savage wild
That forest, how robust and rough its growth,
Which to remember only, my dismay
Renews, in bitterness not far from death.
Yet, to discourse of what there good befell,
All else will I relate discovered there.
How first I entered it I scarce can say,
Such sleepy dullness in that instant weighed
My senses down, when the true path I left;
But when a mountain's foot I reached, where closed
The valley that had pierced my heart with dread,
I looked aloft, and saw his shoulders broad
Already vested with that planet's beam,
Who leads all wanderers safe through every way.
Then was a little respite to the fear,
That in my heart's recesses deep had lain
All of that night, so pitifully passed:
And as a man, with difficult short breath,

Forespent with toiling, 'scaped from sea to shore,
Turns to the perilous wide waste, and stands
At gaze; e'en so my spirit, that yet failed,
Struggling with terror, turned to view the straits
That none hath passed and lived. My weary frame
After short pause recomforted, again
I journeyed on over that lonely steep,
The hinder foot still firmer. Scarce the ascent
Began, when lo! a panther, nimble, light,
And covered with a speckled skin, appeared;
Nor, when it saw me, vanished; rather strove
To check my onward going; that ofttimes,
With purpose to retrace my steps, I turned.
The hour was morning's prime, and on his way
Aloft the sun ascended with those stars,
That with him rose when Love divine first moved
Those its fair works: so that with joyous hope
All things conspired to fill me, the gay skin
Of that swift animal, the matin dawn,
And the sweet season. Soon that joy was chased,
And by new dread succeeded, when in view
A lion came, 'gainst me as it appeared,
With his head held aloft and hunger-mad,
That e'en the air was fear-struck. A she-wolf
Was at his heels, who in her leanness seemed
Full of all wants, and many a land hath made
Disconsolate ere now. She with such fear
O'erwhelmed me, at the sight of her appalled,
That of the height all hope I lost. As one,
Who, with his gain elated, sees the time
When all unwares is gone, he inwardly
Mourns with heart-griping anguish; such was I,
Haunted by that fell beast, never at peace,
Who coming o'er against me, by degrees
Impelled me where the sun in silence rests.
While to the lower space with backward step
I fell, my ken discerned the form of one
Whose voice seemed faint through long disuse of speech.
When him in that great desert I espied,
"Have mercy on me," cried I out aloud,
"Spirit! or living man! whate'er thou be."
He answered: "Now not man, man once I was,
And born of Lombard parents, Mantuans both
By country, when the power of Julius yet
Was scarcely firm. At Rome my life was passed,

Beneath the mild Augustus, in the time
Of fabled deities and false. A bard
Was I, and made Anchises' upright son
The subject of my song, who came from Troy,
When the flames preyed on Ilium's haughty towers.
But thou, say wherefore to such perils past
Return'st thou? wherefore not this pleasant mount
Ascendest, cause and source of all delight?"
"And art thou then that Virgil, that wellspring
From which such copious floods of eloquence
Have issued?" I with front abashed replied.
"Glory and light of all the tuneful train!
May it avail me, that I long with zeal
Have sought thy volume, and with love immense
Have conned it o'er. My master thou, and guide!
Thou he from whom alone I have derived
That style, which for its beauty into fame
Exalts me. See the beast, from whom I fled.
O save me from her, thou illustrious sage!
For every vein and pulse throughout my frame
She hath made tremble." He, soon as he saw
That I was weeping, answered: "Thou must needs
Another way pursue, if thou wouldst 'scape
From out that savage wilderness. This beast,
At whom thou criest, her way will suffer none
To pass, and no less hindrance makes than death;
So bad and so accursed in her kind,
That never sated is her ravenous will,
Still after food more craving than before.
To many an animal in wedlock vile
She fastens, and shall yet to many more,
Until that greyhound come, who shall destroy
Her with sharp pain. He will not life support
By earth nor its base metals, but by love,
Wisdom, and virtue; and his land shall be
The land 'twixt either Feltro. In his might
Shall safety to Italia's plains arise,
For whose fair realm, Camilla, virgin pure,
Nisus, Euryalus, and Turnus fell.
He, with incessant chase, through every town
Shall worry, until he to hell at length
Restore her, thence by envy first let loose.
I, for thy profit pondering, now devise
That thou may'st follow me; and I, thy guide,
Will lead thee hence through an eternal space,

Where thou shalt hear despairing shrieks, and see
Spirits of old tormented, who invoke
A second death; and those next view, who dwell
Content in fire, for that they hope to come,
Whene'er the time may be, among the blest,
Into whose regions if thou then desire
To ascend, a spirit worthier than I
Must lead thee, in whose charge, when I depart,
Thou shalt be left: for that Almighty King,
Who reigns above, a rebel to his law
Adjudges me; and therefore hath decreed
That, to his city, none through me should come.
He in all parts hath sway; there rules, there holds
His citadel and throne. O happy those,
Whom there he chooses!" I to him in few:
"Bard! by that God, whom thou didst not adore,
I do beseech thee (that this ill and worse
I may escape) to lead me, where thou said'st,
That I Saint Peter's gate may view, and those
Who, as thou tell'st, are in such dismal plight."
Onward he moved, I close his steps pursued.

Canto V.

From the first circle I descended thus
Down to the second, which, a lesser space
Embracing, so much more of grief contains,
Provoking bitter moans. There Minos stands,
Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,
Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,
According as he foldeth him around:
For when before him comes the ill-fated soul,
It all confesses; and that judge severe
Of sins, considering what place in hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand
Always a numerous throng; and in his turn
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurled.
"O thou! who to this residence of woe
Approachest!" when he saw me coming, cried
Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,
"Look how thou enter here; beware in whom

Thou place thy trust; let not the entrance broad
Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my guide:
"Wherefore exclaimest? Hinder not his way
By destiny appointed; so 'tis willed,
Where will and power are one. Ask thou no more."
Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.
Now am I come where many a plaining voice
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groaned
A noise, as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on,
Whirled round and dashed amain with sore annoy.
When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,
And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in heaven.
I understood, that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemned, in whom
Reason by lust is swayed. As in large troops
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;
So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.
On this side and on that, above, below,
It drives them: hope of rest to solace them
Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,
Chanting their dolorous notes, traverse the sky,
Stretched out in long array; so I beheld
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
By their dire doom. Then I: "Instructor! who
Are these, by the black air so scourged?" — "The first
'Mong those, of whom thou question'st," he replied,
"O'er many tongues was empress. She in vice
Of luxury was so shameless, that she made
Liking be lawful by promulged decree,
To clear the blame she had herself incurred.
This is Semiramis, of whom 'tis writ,
That she succeeded Ninus her espoused;
And held the land, which now the Soldan rules.
The next in amorous fury slew herself,
And to Sicheus' ashes broke her faith:
Then follows Cleopatra, lustful queen."
There marked I Helen, for whose sake so long
The time was fraught with evil; there the great
Achilles, who with love fought to the end.
Paris I saw, and Tristan; and beside,

A thousand more he showed me, and by name
Pointed them out, whom love bereaved of life.
When I had heard my sage instructor name
Those dames and knights of antique days, o'erpowered
By pity, well-nigh in amaze my mind
Was lost; and I began: "Bard! willingly
I would address those two together coming,
Which seem so light before the wind." He thus:
"Note thou, when nearer they to us approach.
Then by that love which carries them along,
Entreat; and they will come." Soon as the wind
Swayed them towards us, I thus framed my speech:
"O wearied spirits! come, and hold discourse
With us, if by none else restrained." As doves
By fond desire invited, on wide wings
And firm, to their sweet nest returning home,
Cleave the air, wafted by their will along;
Thus issued, from that troop where Dido ranks,
They, through the ill air speeding: with such force
My cry prevailed, by strong affection urged.

The Story of Francesca of Rimini.

(Byron's Translation.)

"The land where I was born sits by the seas,
Upon that shore to which the Po descends,
With all his followers, in search of peace.
Love, which the gentle heart soon apprehends,
Seized him for the fair person which was ta'en
From me, and me even yet the mode offends.
Love, who to none beloved to love again
Remits, seized me with wish to please, so strong
That, as thou seest, yet, yet it doth remain.
Love to one death conducted us along,
But Cainà waits for him our life who ended:"
These were the accents uttered by her tongue. —
Since I first listened to these souls offended,
I bowed my visage, and so kept it till —
"What think'st thou?" said the bard; when I unbended,
And recommenced: "Alas, unto such ill
How many sweet thoughts, what strong ecstasies
Led these their evil fortune to fulfill!"
And then I turned unto their side my eyes,
And said, "Francesca, thy sad destinies
Have made me sorrow till the tears arise.

But tell me, in the season of sweet sighs,
By what and how thy love to passion rose,
So as his dim desires to recognize?"
Then she to me: "The greatest of all woes
Is to remind us of our happy days
In misery, and that thy teacher knows.
But if to learn our passion's first root preys
Upon thy spirit with such sympathy,
I will do even as he who weeps and says.
We read one day for pastime, seated nigh,
Of Lancelot, how love enchained him too.
We were alone, quite unsuspiciously.
But oft our eyes met, and our cheeks in hue
All o'er discolored by that reading were;
But one point only wholly us o'erthrew;
When we read the long-sighed-for smile of her,
To be thus kissed by such devoted lover,
He who from me can be divided ne'er
Kissed my mouth, trembling in the act all over.
Accursed was the book and he who wrote!
That day no further leaf we did uncover."—
While thus one spirit told us of their lot,
The other wept, so that with pity's thralls
I swooned as if by death I had been smote,
And fell down even as a dead body falls.

Ugolino's Story.

(Cary's Translation.)

We now had left him, passing on our way,
When I beheld two spirits by the ice
Pent in one hollow, that the head of one
Was cowl unto the other; and, as bread
Is ravened up through hunger, the uppermost
Did so apply his fangs, to the other's brain,
Where the spine joins it. Not more furiously
On Menalippus' temples Tydeus gnawed,
Than on that skull and on its garbage he.
"O thou! who show'st so beastly sign of hate
'Gainst him thou prey'st on, let me hear," said I,
"The cause, on such condition, that if right
Warrant thy grievance, knowing who ye are,
And what the color of his sinning was,
I may repay thee in the world above,
If that, wherewith I speak, be moist so long."

His jaws uplifting from their fell repast,
That sinner wiped them on the hairs o' the head,
Which he behind had mangled, then began:
"Thy will obeying, I call up afresh
Sorrow past cure; which, but to think of, wrings
My heart, or ere I tell on't. But if words,
That I may utter, shall prove seed to bear
Fruit of eternal infamy to him,
The traitor whom I gnaw at, thou at once
Shalt see me speak and weep. Who thou may'st be
I know not, nor how here below art come:
But Florentine thou seemest of a truth,
When I do hear thee. Know, I was on earth
Count Ugolino, and the Archbishop he
Ruggieri. Why I neighbor him so close,
Now list. That through effect of his ill thoughts,
In him my trust reposing, I was ta'en
And after murdered, need is not I tell.
What therefore thou canst not have heard, that is,
How cruel was the murder, shalt thou hear,
And know if he have wronged me. A small grate
Within that mew, which for my sake the name
Of famine bears, where others yet must pine,
Already through its opening several moons
Had shown me, when I slept the evil sleep
That from the future tore the curtain off.
This one, methought, as master of the sport,
Rode forth to chase the gaunt wolf, and his whelps,
Unto the mountain which forbids the sight
Of Lucca to the Pisan. With lean brachs
Inquisitive and keen, before him ranged
Lanfranchi with Sismondi and Gualandi.
After short course the father and the sons
Seemed tired and lagging, and methought I saw
The sharp tusks gore their sides. When I awoke,
Before the dawn, amid their sleep I heard
My sons (for they were with me) weep and ask
For bread. Right cruel art thou, if no pang
Thou feel at thinking what my heart foretold;
And if not now, why use thy tears to flow?
Now had they wakened; and the hour drew near
When they were wont to bring us food; the mind
Of each misgave him through his dream, and I
Heard, as its outlet underneath locked up
The horrible tower; whence, uttering not a word,

I looked upon the visage of my sons.
I wept not: so all stone I felt within.
They wept: and one, my little Anselm, cried,
'Thou lookest so! Father, what ails thee?' Yet
I shed no tear, nor answered all that day
Nor the next night, until another sun
Came out upon the world. When a faint beam
Had to our doleful prison made its way,
And in four countenances I descried
The image of my own, on either hand
Through agony I bit; and they, who thought
I did it through desire of feeding, rose
O' the sudden, and cried, 'Father, we should grieve
Far less, if thou wouldst eat of us: thou gavest
These weeds of miserable flesh we wear;
And do thou strip them off from us again.'
Then, not to make them sadder, I kept down
My spirit in stillness. That day and the next
We all were silent. Ah, obdurate earth!
Why open'dst not upon us? When we came
To the fourth day, then Gaddo at my feet
Outstretched did fling him, crying, 'Hast no help
For me, my father?' There he died; and e'en
Plainly as thou seest me, saw I the three
Fall one by one 'twixt the fifth day and sixth:
Whence I betook me, now grown blind, to grope
Over them all, and for three days aloud
Called on them who were dead. Then, fasting got
The mastery of grief." Thus having spoke,
Once more upon the wretched skull his teeth
He fastened like a mastiff's 'gainst the bone,
Firm and unyielding. Oh, thou Pisa! shame
Of all the people, who their dwelling make
In that fair region, where the Italian voice
Is heard; since that thy neighbors are so slack
To punish, from their deep foundations rise
Capraia and Gorgona, and dam up
The mouth of Arno; that each soul in thee
May perish in the waters. What if fame
Reported that thy castles were betrayed
By Ugolino, yet no right hadst thou
To stretch his children on the rack. For them,
Brigata, Uguccione, and the pair
Of gentle ones, of whom my song hath told,
Their tender years, thou modern Thebes, did make
Uncapable of guilt.

FROM "THE NEW LIFE."

(Rossetti's Translation.)

AFTER this most gracious creature had gone out from among us, the whole city came to be as it were widowed and despoiled of all dignity. Then I, left mourning in this desolate city, wrote unto the principal persons thereof, in an epistle, concerning its condition; taking for my commencement those words of Jeremias: *Quomodo sedet sola civitas!* etc. And I make mention of this, that none may marvel wherefore I set down these words before, in beginning to treat of her death. Also if any should blame me, in that I do not transcribe that epistle whereof I have spoken, I will make it mine excuse that I began this little book with the intent that it should be written altogether in the vulgar tongue; wherefore, seeing that the epistle I speak of is in Latin, it belongeth not to mine undertaking: more especially as I know that my chief friend, for whom I write this book, wished also that the whole of it should be in the vulgar tongue.

When mine eyes had wept for some while, until they were so weary with weeping that I could no longer through them give ease to my sorrow, I bethought me that a few mournful words might stand me instead of tears. And therefore I proposed to make a poem, that weeping I might speak therein of her for whom so much sorrow had destroyed my spirit; and I then began "The eyes that weep."

That this poem may seem to remain the more widowed at its close, I will divide it before writing it; and this method I will observe henceforward. I say that this poor little poem has three parts. The first is a prelude. In the second, I speak of her. In the third, I speak pitifully to the poem. The second begins here, "Beatrice is gone up"; the third here, "Weep, pitiful Song of mine." The first divides into three. In the first, I say what moves me to speak. In the second, I say to whom I mean to speak. In the third, I say of whom I mean to speak. The second begins here, "And because often, thinking"; the third here, "And I will say." Then, when I say, "Beatrice is gone up," I speak of her; and concerning this I have two parts. First, I tell the cause why she was taken away from us: afterwards, I say how one weeps her parting; and this part commences here, "Wonderfully." This part divides into three. In the first, I say who it is that weeps her not. In the second, I say who it is that doth weep her. In the third, I speak of my condition. The second begins here, "But sighing comes, and grief"; the third, "With sighs." Then when I say, "Weep, pitiful Song of mine," I speak to this my song, telling it what ladies to go to, and stay with.

The eyes that weep for pity of the heart
  Have wept so long that their grief languisheth,
    And they have no more tears to weep withal:
And now, if I would ease me of a part
  Of what little by little leads to death,
    It must be done by speech, or not at all.
    And because often, thinking, I recall
How it was pleasant, ere she went afar,
    To talk of her with you, kind damozels,
    I talk with no one else,
But only with such hearts as women's are.
    And I will say, — still sobbing as speech fails, —
That she hath gone to Heaven suddenly,
And hath left Love below, to mourn with me.

Beatrice is gone up into high Heaven,
  The kingdom where the angels are at peace;
    And lives with them; and to her friends is dead.
Not by the frost of winter was she driven
  Away, like others; nor by summer heats;
    But through a perfect gentleness, instead.
    For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead
Such an exceeding glory went up hence
    That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
    Until a sweet desire
Entered Him for that lovely excellence,
    So that he bade her to Himself aspire:
Counting this weary and most evil place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace.

Wonderfully out of the beautiful form
  Soared her clear spirit, waxing glad the while;
    And is in its first home, there where it is.
Who speaks thereof, and feels not the tears warm
  Upon his face, must have become so vile
    As to be dead to all sweet sympathies.
    Out upon him! an abject wretch like this
May not imagine anything of her, —
    He needs no bitter tears for his relief.
    But sighing comes, and grief,
And the desire to find no comforter,
    (Save only Death, who makes all sorrow brief,)
To him who for a while turns in his thought
How she hath been among us and is not.

With sighs my bosom always laboreth
  In thinking as I do continually,
    Of her for whom my heart now breaks apace;
And very often when I think of death,
  Such a great inward longing comes to me
    That it will change the color of my face;
    And, if the idea settles in its place,
All my limbs shake as with an ague fit;
    Till, starting up in wild bewilderment,
    I do become so shent
That I go forth, lest folk misdoubt of it.
    Afterward, calling with a sore lament
On Beatrice, I ask, "Canst thou be dead?"
And calling on her, I am comforted.

Grief with its tears, and anguish with its sighs,
  Come to me now whene'er I am alone;
    So that I think the sight of me gives pain.
And what my life hath been, that living dies,
  Since for my lady the New Birth's begun,
    I have not any language to explain.
    And so, dear ladies, though my heart were fain,
I scarce could tell indeed how I am thus.
    All joy is with my bitter life at war;
    Yea, I am fallen so far
That all men seem to say, "Go out from us,"
    Eyeing my cold white lips, how dead they are.
But she, though I be bowed unto the dust,
Watches me; and will guerdon me, I trust.

Weep, pitiful Song of mine, upon thy way,
  To the dames going and the damozels
  For whom and for none else
Thy sisters have made music many a day.
Thou, that are very sad and not as they,
  Go dwell thou with them as a mourner dwells.

After I had written this poem, I received the visit of a friend whom I counted as second unto me in the degrees of friendship, and who, moreover, had been united by the nearest kindred to that most gracious creature. And when we had a little spoken together, he began to solicit me that I would write somewhat in memory of a lady who had died; and he disguised his speech, so as to seem to be speaking of another who was but lately dead: wherefore I, perceiving that his speech was of none

other than that blessed one herself, told him that it should be done as he required. Then afterwards, having thought thereof, I imagined to give vent in a sonnet to some part of my hidden lamentations; but in such sort that it might seem to be spoken by this friend of mine, to whom I was to give it. And the sonnet saith thus: "Stay now with me," etc.

This sonnet has two parts. In the first, I call the Faithful of Love to hear me. In the second, I relate my miserable condition. The second begins here, "Mark how they force."

Stay now with me, and listen to my sighs,
Ye piteous hearts, as pity bids ye do.
Mark how they force their way out and press through;
If they be once pent up, the whole life dies.
Seeing that now indeed my weary eyes
Oftener refuse than I can tell to you,
(Even though my endless grief is ever new,)
To weep and let the smothered anguish rise,
Also in sighing ye shall hear me call
On her whose blessèd presence doth enrich
The only home that well befitteth her:
And ye shall hear a bitter scorn of all
Sent from the inmost of my spirit in speech
That mourns its joy and its joy's minister.

But when I had written this sonnet, bethinking me who he was to whom I was to give it, that it might appear to be his speech, it seemed to me that this was but a poor and barren gift for one of her so near kindred. Wherefore, before giving him this sonnet, I wrote two stanzas of a poem: the first being written in very sooth as though it was spoken by him, but the other being mine own speech, albeit, unto one who should not look closely, they would both seem to be said by the same person. Nevertheless, looking closely, one must perceive that it is not so, inasmuch as one does not call this most gracious creature *his lady*, and the other does, as is manifestly apparent. And I gave the poem and the sonnet unto my friend, saying that I had made them only for him.

The poem begins, "Whatever while," and has two parts. In the first, that is, in the first stanza, this my dear friend, her kinsman, laments. In the second, I lament; that is, in the other stanza, which begins, "For ever." And thus it appears that in this poem two persons lament, of whom one laments as a brother, the other as a servant.

Whatever while the thought comes over me
That I may not again
Behold that lady whom I mourn for now,
About my heart my mind brings constantly
So much of extreme pain
That I say, Soul of mine, why stayest thou?
Truly the anguish, soul, that we must bow
Beneath, until we win out of this life,
Gives me full oft a fear that trembleth:
So that I call on Death
Even as on Sleep one calleth after strife,
Saying, Come unto me. Life showeth grim
And bare; and if one dies, I envy him.

For ever, among all my sighs which burn,
There is a piteous speech
That clamors upon Death continually:
Yea, unto him doth my whole spirit turn
Since first his hand did reach
My lady's life with most foul cruelty.
But from the height of woman's fairness, she,
Going up from us with the joy we had,
Grew perfectly and spiritually fair;
That so she spreads even there
A light of Love which makes the Angels glad,
And even unto their subtle minds can bring
A certain awe of profound marveling.

On that day which fulfilled the year since my lady had been made of the citizens of eternal life, remembering me of her as I sat alone, I betook myself to draw the resemblance of an angel upon certain tablets. And while I did thus, chancing to turn my head, I perceived that some were standing beside me to whom I should have given courteous welcome, and that they were observing what I did: also I learned afterwards that they had been there a while before I perceived them. Perceiving whom, I arose for salutation, and said: "Another was with me."

Afterwards, when they had left me, I set myself again to mine occupation, to wit, to the drawing figures of angels: in doing which, I conceived to write of this matter in rhyme, as for her anniversary, and to address my rhymes unto those who had just left me. It was then that I wrote the sonnet which saith, "That lady": and as this sonnet hath two commencements, it behooveth me to divide it with both of them here.

I say that, according to the first, this sonnet has three parts. In the first, I say that this lady was then in my memory. In the second, I tell what Love therefore did with me. In the third, I speak of the effects of Love. The second begins here, "Love knowing"; the third here, "Forth went they." This part divides into two. In the one, I say that all my sighs issued speaking. In the other, I say how some spoke certain words different from the others. The second begins here, "And still." In this same manner is it divided with the other beginning, save that, in the first part, I tell when this lady had thus come into my mind, and this I say not in the other.

That lady of all gentle memories
  Had lighted on my soul; — whose new abode
  Lies now, as it was well ordained of God,
Among the poor in heart, where Mary is.
Love, knowing that dear image to be his,
  Woke up within the sick heart sorrow-bowed,
  Unto the sighs which are its weary load
Saying, "Go forth." And they went forth, I wis;
Forth went they from my breast that throbbed and ached;
  With such a pang as oftentimes will bathe
    Mine eyes with tears when I am left alone.
  And still those sighs which drew the heaviest breath
Came whispering thus: "O noble intellect!
    It is a year to-day that thou art gone."

SECOND COMMENCEMENT.

That lady of all gentle memories
  Had lighted on my soul; — for whose sake flowed
  The tears of Love; in whom the power abode
Which led you to observe while I did this.
Love, knowing that dear image to be his, etc.

Then, having sat for some space sorely in thought because of the time that was now past, I was so filled with dolorous imaginings that it became outwardly manifest in mine altered countenance. Whereupon, feeling this, and being in dread lest any should have seen me, I lifted mine eyes to look; and then perceived a young and very beautiful lady, who was gazing upon me from a window with a gaze full of pity, so that the very sum of pity appeared gathered together in her. And, seeing that unhappy persons, when they beget compassion in others, are then most moved unto weeping, as though they also felt pity for themselves, it came to pass that mine eyes began to be inclined unto tears. Wherefore, becoming fearful lest I should make manifest my abject condition, I rose up, and

went where I could not be seen of that lady; saying afterwards within myself: "Certainly with her, also, must abide most noble Love." And with that, I resolved upon writing a sonnet, wherein, speaking unto her, I should say all that I have just said. And as this sonnet is very evident, I will not divide it: —

Mine eyes beheld the blessed pity spring
  Into thy countenance immediately
  A while agone, when thou beheldst in me
The sickness only hidden grief can bring;
And then I knew thou wast considering
  How abject and forlorn my life must be;
  And I became afraid that thou shouldst see
My weeping, and account it a base thing.
Therefore I went out from thee; feeling how
  The tears were straightway loosened at my heart
    Beneath thine eyes' compassionate control.
    And afterwards I said within my soul:
  "Lo! with this lady dwells the counterpart
Of the same Love who holds me weeping now."

SONNETS OF DANTE.

TRANSLATED BY RICHARD GARNETT.

As LATTERLY upon a certain way
  That liked me ill, in heaviness I rode,
  Love to my eyes in middle path was showed,
Habited in a pilgrim's light array.
His sorry seeming did, methought, betray
  That he was of dominion disendowed;
  Pensive with sighs he went, his head down bowed,
Lest passers should his countenance survey.
Then, having sight of me, he called upon
  My name, and said, "I come from distant coast,
  Where lately dwelt thy heart by my command;
Which for new love I render from my hand:"
  And he with me so blended and was lost,
  I saw not how he suddenly was gone.

Love and the gentle heart make but one whole,
As in his lay the sage declareth well;
Nor more may one without the other dwell
Than without reason reasonable soul.
Nature, when moods of tenderness control,
Makes them, Love Lord, and heart the tabernacle
Where he, pavilioned, sometimes for brief spell
And sometimes for long season sleepeth sole.
Beauty then shed from woman wise and pure
Enchanteth so the eyes, the heart they strike
With longing for the thing they love to scan:
And oftentimes therein this doth endure
Till slumbering Love awakens; and the like
Worketh in woman excellence of man.

Sweet verses mine, that sing upon the way
Of her whose loveliness makes others fair,
One shall o'ertake you, even if now not there,
Of whom, "This is our brother," ye will say.
But I by Lord of love and lovers pray
Most earnestly that ye will lend no ear,
For not one sentence speaketh he sincere,
Nor rings one note of truth in all his lay.
And if it thus should be, that his discourse
Moves you before your Lady to be found,
Pause not, but hasten as this doth inspire,
And say, "Madonna, we come hither bound,
Pleading his cause who gives his sorrow course,
And grieving saith, Where is my eyes' desire?"

A light so fair and gentle doth imbue
Her eyes, that he to whom this doth appear
Beholdeth what he never may declare
Because it is so lofty and so new.
And the bright rays that shower on me subdue
My heart with trouble so, I quake for fear,
And, "Not again," I say, "return I here;"
But soon this resolution changeth hue.
And I return where I was overthrown,
Seeking my eyes to comfort and revive
That shrank before the light they found so fair:
Alas! they droop and shut as I arrive;
And dead is the desire that urged them on;
So, Love, I recommend me to thy care.

There came into my mind upon a day
  The gentle Lady Love laments on earth,
  As ye by impulse that from him had birth
Were drawn my occupation to survey:
And Love, aware of what the mind did sway,
  Awakening in the wasted bosom's dearth,
  Was thus my sighs enjoining, "Go ye forth";
So each one grieving went upon his way.
They all complaining from my bosom stole,
  Lifting the voice whereby so oft is stained
  The eye with tears disconsolately given:
But they who passage with least ease obtained,
  Came forth repeating, "Thou transcendent Soul,
  This day last year thy home was made in Heaven."

Pilgrims, who wend along immersed in thought,
  Musing, perchance, on distant things unshown,
  Come ye from regions so remote and lone,
As should be gathered by your mien distraught?
Wherefore do ye not weep, whose feet are brought
  To innermost of city making moan,
  Like men to whom its sorrow is unknown,
Nor of the soreness apprehending aught?
If ye will tarry till the tale is said,
  Certes my heart affirmeth with its sighs
  Hence shall ye fare with lamentation deep.
This city's Beatrice lieth dead;
  Of whom men cannot speak but in such wise,
  That whoso harkeneth is fain to weep.

Two ladies on the summit of my mind
  Have met together, speech of Love to hold;
  For Courtesy the one and Worth extolled,
Discretion too with Chastity combined:
And to the other Beauty is assigned,
  And Grace and Charm are under her enrolled;
  And I, as he commands by whom controlled
I live, bow down at feet of both inclined.
Beauty and Virtue Understanding cite
  As umpire in their quarrel, whether fit
  That heart should for the twain have appetite:
But Love declares, as fountain of all wit;
  Heart may love Beauty for the eyes' delight,
  And be by excellence of Virtue smit.

MINOR POEMS BY DANTE.

Dante beseecheth Death for Beatrice's Life.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

Death! since I find not one with whom to grieve,
Nor whom this grief of mine may move to tears,
Whereso I be or whitherso I turn,—
Since it is thou who in my soul wilt leave
No single joy, but chill'st it with just fears
And makest it in fruitless hopes to burn,—
Since thou, Death! and thou only, canst decern
Wealth to my life, or want, at thy free choice,—
It is to thee that I lift up my voice,
Bowing my face that's like a face just dead.
I come to thee, as to One pitying,
In grief for that sweet rest that naught can bring
Again, if thou but once be entered
Into her life whom my heart cherishes
Even as the only portal of its peace.

Death! how most sweet the peace is that thy grace
Can grant to me, and that I pray thee for,
Thou easily may'st know by a sure sign,
If in mine eyes thou look a little space
And read in them the hidden dread they store,—
If upon all thou look which proves me thine.
Since the fear only maketh me to pine
After this sort, what will mine anguish be
When her eyes close, of dreadful verity,
In whose light is the light of mine own eyes?
But now I know that thou wouldst have my life
As hers, and joy'st thee in my fruitless strife.
Yet I do think this which I feel implies
That soon, when I would die to flee from pain,
I shall find none by whom I may be slain.

Death! if indeed thou smite this Gentle One,
Whose outward worth but tells the intellect
How wondrous is the miracle within,
Thou biddest Virtue rise up and be gone,
Thou dost away with Mercy's best effect.
Thou spoil'st the mansion of God's sojourning;
Yea! unto naught her beauty thou dost bring
Which is above all other beauties, even

In so much as befitted One whom Heaven
Sent upon earth in token of its own.
Thou dost break through the perfect trust which hath
Been always her companion in Love's path:
The light once darkened which was hers alone,
Love needs must say to them he ruleth o'er —
"I have lost the noble banner that I bore."

Death! have some pity then for all the ill
Which cannot choose but happen if she die,
And which will be the sorest ever known!
Slacken the string, if so it be thy will,
That the sharp arrow leave it not! thereby
Sparing her life, which if it flies is flown.
O Death! for God's sake be some pity shown!
Restrain within thyself, even at its height,
The cruel wrath which moveth thee to smite
Her in whom God hath set so much of grace!
Show now some ruth, if 'tis a thing thou hast!
I seem to see Heaven's gate, that is shut fast,
Open, and angels filling all the space
About me: come to fetch her soul whose laud
Is sung by saints and angels before God.

Song! thou must surely see how fine a thread
This is that my last hope is holden by,
And what I should be brought to without her.
Therefore for thy plain speech and lowlihead
Make thou no pause! but go immediately
(Knowing thyself for my heart's minister)
And, with that very meek and piteous air
Thou hast, stand up before the face of Death,
To wrench away the bar that prisoneth
And win unto the place of the good fruit!
And if indeed thou shake by thy soft voice
Death's mortal purpose, — haste thee and rejoice
Our Lady with the issue of thy suit!
So yet awhile our earthly nights and days
Shall keep the blessed spirit that I praise.

Sestina: of the Lady Pietra degli Scrovigni.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

To the dim light and the large circle of shade
I have clomb, and to the whitening of the hills,
There where we see no color in the grass.
Nathless my longing loses not its green,
It has so taken root in the hard stone
Which talks and hears as though it were a lady.

Utterly frozen is this youthful lady,
Even as the snow that lies within the shade;
For she is no more moved than is a stone
By the sweet season which makes warm the hills
And alters them afresh from white to green,
Covering their sides again with flowers and grass.

When on her hair she sets a crown of grass
The thought has no more room for other lady;
Because she weaves the yellow with the green
So well that Love sits down there in the shade, —
Love who has shut me in among low hills
Faster than between walls of granite-stone.

She is more bright than is a precious stone;
The wound she gives may not be healed with grass:
I therefore have fled far o'er plains and hills
For refuge from so dangerous a lady;
But from her sunshine nothing can give shade, —
Not any hill, nor wall, nor summer-green.

A while ago, I saw her dressed in green, —
So fair, she might have wakened in a stone
This love which I do feel even for her shade;
And therefore, as one woos a graceful lady,
I wooed her in a field that was all grass
Girdled about with very lofty hills.

Yet shall the streams turn back and climb the hills
Before Love's flame in this damp wood and green
Burn, as it burns within a youthful lady,
For my sake, who would sleep away in stone
My life, or feed like beasts upon the grass,
Only to see her garments cast a shade.

How dark soe'er the hills throw out their shade,
Under her summer-green the beautiful lady
Covers it, like a stone covered in grass.

His Pitiful Song.

(Rossetti's Translation.)

The eyes that weep for pity of the heart
Have wept so long that their grief languisheth,
And they have no more tears to weep withal:
And now, if I would ease me of a part
Of what, little by little, leads to death,
It must be done by speech, or not at all.
And because often, thinking, I recall
How it was pleasant, ere she went afar,
To talk of her with you, kind damozels!
I talk with no one else,
But only with such hearts as women's are.
And I will say, — still sobbing as speech fails, —
That she hath gone to Heaven suddenly,
And hath left Love below to mourn with me.

Beatrice hath gone up into high Heaven,
The kingdom where the angels are at peace,
And lives with them, and to her friends is dead.
Not by the frost of winter was she driven
Away, like others; nor by summer heats;
But through a perfect gentleness instead.
For from the lamp of her meek lowlihead
Such an exceeding glory went up hence
That it woke wonder in the Eternal Sire,
Until a sweet desire
Entered him for that lovely excellence, —
So that He bade her to Himself aspire:
Counting this evil and most weary place
Unworthy of a thing so full of grace.

Wonderfully out of the beautiful form
Soared her clear spirit, waxing glad the while;
And is in its first home, there where it is.
Who speaks thereof, and feels not the tears warm
Upon his face, must have become so vile
As to be dead to all sweet sympathies.
Out upon him! an abject wretch like this
May not imagine anything of her, —

He needs no bitter tears for his relief.
But sighing comes, and grief,
And the desire to find no comforter
(Save only Death, who makes all sorrow brief),
To him who for a while turns in his thought
How she hath been amongst us, and is not.

With sighs my bosom always laboreth
In thinking, as I do continually,
Of her for whom my heart now breaks apace;
And very often, when I think of death,
Such a great inward longing comes to me
That it will change the color of my face;
And, if the idea settles in its place,
All my limbs shake as with an ague fit;
Till, starting up in wild bewilderment,
I do become so shent
That I go forth, lest folk misdoubt of it.
Afterward, calling with a sore lament
On Beatrice, I ask, — "Canst thou be dead?"
And calling on her I am comforted.

Grief with its tears, and anguish with its sighs,
Come to me now whene'er I am alone;
So that I think the sight of me gives pain.
And what my life hath been, that living dies,
Since for my Lady the New Birth's begun,
I have not any language to explain.
And so, dear ladies! though my heart were fain,
I scarce could tell indeed how I am thus.
All joy is with my bitter life at war;
Yea! I am fallen so far
That all men seem to say — "Go out from us!"
Eying my cold white lips, how dead they are.
But She, though I be bowed unto the dust,
Watches me, and will guerdon me, I trust.

Weep, pitiful Song of mine! upon thy way,
To the dames going and the damozels
For whom, and for none else,
Thy sisters have made music many a day,
Thou! that art very sad and not as they,
Go dwell thou with them as a mourner dwells!

KUBLAI KHAN.

By MARCO POLO.

(Translated by Henry Yule.)

[MARCO POLO, 1254–1324. In 1260 two Venetian merchants, Nicolo and Maffeo Polo, went to the Crimea to trade with that Tartar khanate. The khan was defeated by another Tartar prince, the western roads were blocked by the savage victors, the brothers dared not remain, and fled east to Bokhara. After a couple of years, envoys came thither from Kublai Khan, and knowing the eagerness of the Mongol Augustus for implanting Western culture among his subjects, invited the Polos to return with them. They could do no better than accept. Kublai welcomed them, gave them confidential missions in his service, and after some years sent them back to ask the Pope for a hundred educated men to teach Christianity and liberal arts to his people. They arrived in 1269, but could get only two monks to run the risk, and both those lost heart and turned back early. Nicolo's son Marco, however, now seventeen, went with them. Arriving in 1275, the brothers again became important officials, and Marco rose to high distinction. In 1292 all three were reluctantly given permission to return by the aged Kublai, who died two years later. Reaching home in 1295, Marco was taken prisoner in a sea fight with the Genoese in 1298, and imprisoned for a year, during which he dictated an account of his travels to a fellow-prisoner, who published them.]

KUBLAI'S PALACE.

AND when you have ridden three days from the city last mentioned, between northeast and north, you come to a city called Chandu, which was built by the kaan now reigning. There is at this place a very fine marble palace, the rooms of which are all gilt and painted with figures of men and beasts and birds, and with a variety of trees and flowers, all executed with such exquisite art that you regard them with delight and astonishment.

Round this palace a wall is built, inclosing a compass of sixteen miles, and inside the park there are fountains and rivers and brooks, and beautiful meadows, with all kinds of wild animals (excluding such as are of ferocious nature), which the emperor has procured and placed there to supply food for his gerfalcons and hawks which he keeps there in mew. Of these there are more than two hundred gerfalcons alone, without reckoning the other hawks. The kaan himself goes every week to see his birds sitting in mew, and sometimes he rides through the park with a leopard behind him on his horse's croup; and then if he sees any animal that takes his fancy, he

slips his leopard at it, and the game when taken is made over to feed the hawks in mew. This he does for diversion.

Moreover (at a spot in the park where there is a charming wood) he has another palace built of cane, of which I must give you a description. It is gilt all over, and most elaborately finished inside. It is stayed on gilt and lackered columns, on each of which is a dragon all gilt, the tail of which is attached to the column whilst the head supports the architrave, and the claws likewise are stretched out right and left to support the architrave. The roof, like the rest, is formed of canes, covered with a varnish so strong and excellent that no amount of rain will rot them. These canes are a good three palms in girth, and from ten to fifteen paces in length. They are cut across at each knot, and then the pieces are split so as to form from each two hollow tiles, and with these the house is roofed; only every such tile of cane has to be nailed down to prevent the wind from lifting it. In short, the whole palace is built of these canes, which (I may mention) serve also for a great variety of other useful purposes. The construction of the palace is so devised that it can be taken down and put up again with great celerity; and it can all be taken to pieces and removed whithersoever the emperor may command. When erected, it is stayed (against mishaps from the wind) by more than two hundred cords of silk.

[Note by Col. Yule: — It was whilst reading this passage of Marco's narrative in old Purchas, that Coleridge fell asleep, and dreamt the dream of Kublai's paradise, beginning: —

"In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran,
By caverns measureless to man,
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests, ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery."]

Kublai's Paper Currency.

Now that I have told you in detail of the splendor of this city of the emperor's, I shall proceed to tell you of the mint which he hath in the same city, in which he hath his money coined and struck, as I shall relate to you. And in doing so I shall make manifest to you how it is that the Great Lord

may well be able to accomplish even much more than I have told you, or am going to tell you, in this book. For, tell it how I might, you never would be satisfied that I was keeping within truth and reason!

The emperor's mint then is in this same city of Cambaluc, and the way it is wrought is such that you might say he hath the secret of alchemy in perfection, and you would be right! For he makes money after this fashion:

He makes them take of the bark of a certain tree, in fact of the mulberry tree, the leaves of which are the food of the silk-worms, — these trees being so numerous that whole districts are full of them. What they take is a certain fine white bast or skin which lies between the wood of the tree and the thick outer bark, and this they make into something resembling sheets of paper but black. When these sheets have been prepared they are cut up into pieces of different sizes. [The denominations ranged from the lowest small change to very high figures.] All these pieces of paper are issued with as much solemnity and authority as if they were of pure gold or silver; and on every piece a variety of officials, whose duty it is, have to write their names and to put their seals. And when all is prepared duly, the chief officer deputed by the kaan smears the seal intrusted to him with vermilion, and impresses it on the paper, so that the form of the seal remains stamped upon it in red; the money is then authentic. Any one forging it would be punished with death. And the kaan causes every year to be made such a quantity of this money, which costs him nothing, that it must equal in amount all the treasure in the world.

With these pieces of paper, made as I have described, he causes all payments on his own account to be made; and he makes them to pass current universally over all his kingdoms and provinces and territories, and whithersoever his power and sovereignty extends. And nobody, however important he may think himself, dares to refuse them on pain of death. And indeed everybody takes them readily, for wheresoever a person may go throughout the Great Kaan's dominions he shall find these pieces of paper current, and shall be able to transact all sales and purchases of goods by means of them just as if they were coins of pure gold. And all the while they are so light that ten bezants' worth does not weigh one golden bezant.

Furthermore all merchants arriving from India or other countries, and bringing with them gold or silver or gems and

pearls, are prohibited from selling to any one but the emperor. He has twelve experts chosen for this business, men of shrewdness and experience in such affairs; these appraise the articles, and the emperor then pays a liberal price for them in those pieces of paper. The merchants accept his price readily, for in the first place they would not get so good an one from anybody else, and secondly they are paid without any delay. And with this paper money they can buy what they like anywhere over the empire, whilst it is also vastly lighter to carry about on their journeys. And it is a truth that the merchants will several times in the year bring wares to the amount of 400,000 bezants, and the Grand Sire pays for all that in that paper. So he buys such a quantity of those precious things every year that his treasure is endless, whilst all the time the money he pays away costs him nothing at all.[1] Moreover, several times in the year proclamation is made through the city that any one who may have gold or silver or gems or pearls, by taking them to the mint shall get a handsome price for them. And the owners are glad to do this, because they would find no other purchaser give so large a price. Thus the quantity they bring in is marvelous, though those who do not choose to do so may let it alone. Still, in this way, nearly all the valuables in the country come into the kaan's possession.

When any of those pieces of paper are spoilt, — not that they are so very flimsy neither, — the owner carries them to the mint, and by paying three per cent. on the value he gets new pieces in exchange. And if any baron, or any one else soever, hath need of gold or silver or gems or pearls in order to make plate, or girdles, or the like, he goes to the mint and buys as much as he list, paying in this paper money.

Now you have heard the ways and means whereby the Great Kaan may have, and in fact has, more treasure than all the kings in the world; and you know all about it and the reason why.

KUBLAI'S ADMINISTRATION.

Concerning the Twelve Barons who are set over all the Affairs of the Great Kaan.

You must know that the Great Kaan hath chosen twelve great barons to whom he hath committed all the necessary

[1] Marco apparently considers this simply fiat money; but the next paragraph shows that it was redeemable at any time, and kept afloat by its convenience,

affairs of thirty-four great provinces; and now I will tell you particulars about them and their establishments.

You must know that these twelve barons reside all together in a very rich and handsome palace, which is inside the city of Cambaluc, and consists of a variety of edifices, with many suites of apartments. To every province is assigned a judge and several clerks, and all reside in this palace, where each has his separate quarters. These judges and clerks administer all the affairs of the provinces to which they are attached, under the direction of the twelve barons. Howbeit, when an affair is of very great importance, the twelve barons lay it before the emperor, and he decides as he thinks best. But the power of those twelve barons is so great that they choose the governors for all the thirty-four great provinces that I have mentioned, and only after they have chosen do they inform the emperor of their choice. This he confirms, and grants to the person nominated a tablet of gold such as is appropriate to the rank of his government.

Those twelve barons also have such authority that they can dispose of the movements of the forces, and send them whither, and in such strength as, they please. This is done indeed with the emperor's cognizance, but still the orders are issued on their authority. They are styled Shieng, which is as much as to say "The Supreme Court," and the palace where they abide is also called Shieng. This body forms the highest authority at the Court of the Great Kaan; and indeed they can favor and advance whom they will. I will not now name the thirty-four provinces to you, because they will be spoken of in detail in course of this book.

How the Kaan's Posts and Runners are sped through Many Lands and Provinces.

Now you must know that from this city of Cambaluc proceed many roads and highways leading to a variety of provinces, one to one province, another to another; and each road receives the name of the province to which it leads; and it is a very sensible thing. And the messengers of the emperor in traveling from Cambaluc, be the road whichsoever they will, find at every twenty-five miles of the journey a station which

so that prices could not have been inflated by it. Kublai was evidently a sound economist.

they call a Yamb, or as we should say, the "Horse Post House." And at each of those stations used by the messengers there is a large and handsome building for them to put up at, in which they find all the rooms furnished with fine beds, and all other necessary articles in rich silk, and where they are provided with everything they can want. If even a king were to arrive at one of these, he would find himself well lodged.

At some of these stations, moreover, there shall be posted some four hundred horses standing ready for the use of the messengers; and at others there shall be two hundred, according to the requirements, and to what the emperor has established in each case. At every twenty-five miles, as I said, or anyhow at every thirty miles, you find one of these stations, on all the principal highways leading to the different provincial governments; and the same is the case throughout all the chief provinces subject to the Great Kaan. Even when the messengers have to pass through a roadless tract where neither house nor hotel exists, still there the station houses have been established just the same, excepting that the intervals are somewhat greater, and the day's journey is fixed at thirty-five to forty-five miles, instead of twenty-five to thirty. But they are provided with horses and all the other necessaries just like those we have described, so that the emperor's messengers, come from what region they may, find everything ready for them.

And in sooth this is a thing done on the greatest scale of magnificence that ever was seen. Never had emperor, king, or lord such wealth as this manifests! For it is a fact that on all these posts taken together there are more than three hundred thousand horses kept up, specially for the use of the messengers. And the great buildings that I have mentioned are more than ten thousand in number, all richly furnished as I told you. The thing is on a scale so wonderful and costly that it is hard to bring oneself to describe it.

But now I tell you another thing that I had forgotten, but which ought to be told whilst I am on this subject. You must know that by the Great Kaan's orders there has been established between those post houses, at every interval of three miles, a little fort with some forty houses round about it, in which dwell the people who act as the emperor's foot runners. Every one of these runners wears a great wide belt, set all over with bells, so that as they run the three miles from post to post

these are heard jingling a long way off. And thus on reaching a post the runner finds another man similarly equipt, and all ready to take his place, who instantly takes over whatsoever he has in charge, and with it receives a slip of paper from the clerk who is always at hand for the purpose; and so the new man sets off and runs his three miles. At the next station he finds his relief ready in like manner; and so the post proceeds, with a change at every three miles. And in this way the emperor, who has an immense number of these runners, receives dispatches with news from places ten days' journey off in one day and night; or, if need be, news from a hundred days off in ten days and nights; and that is no small matter! In fact in the fruit season many a time fruit shall be gathered one morning in Cambaluc, and the evening of the next day it shall reach the Great Kaan at Chandu, a distance of ten days' journey. The clerk at each of the posts notes the time of each carrier's arrival and departure; and there are often other officers whose business it is to make monthly visitations of all the posts, and to punish those runners who have been slack at their work. The emperor exempts these men from all tribute, and pays them besides.

Moreover there are also at those stations other men equipt similarly with girdles hung with bells, who are employed for expresses when there is a call for great haste in sending dispatches to any governor of a province, or to give news when any baron has revolted, or in other such emergencies; and these men travel a good two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles in the day, and as much in the night. I'll tell you how it stands. They take a horse from those at the station which are standing ready saddled, all fresh and in wind, and mount and go full speed, as hard as they can ride, in fact. And when those at the next post hear the bells they get ready another horse and man equipt in the same way, and he takes over the letter or whatever it be, and is off full speed to the third station, where again a fresh horse is found all ready; and so the dispatch speeds along from post to post, always at full gallop with regular change of horses. And the speed at which they go is marvelous. By night, however, they cannot go so fast as by day, because they have to be accompanied by footmen with torches, who could not keep up with them at full speed.

Those men are highly prized; and they could never do it

did they not bind hard the stomach, chest, and head with strong bands. And each of them carries with him a gerfalcon tablet, in sign that he is bound on an urgent express; so that if, perchance, his horse break down, or he meet with other mishap, whomsoever he may fall in with on the road, he is empowered to make him dismount and give up his horse. Nobody dares refuse in such a case; so that the courier hath always a good fresh nag to carry him.

Now, all these numbers of good post horses cost the emperor nothing at all; and I will tell you the how and the why. Every city, or village, or hamlet, that stands near one of those post stations, has a fixed demand made on it for as many horses as it can supply, and these it must furnish to the post. And in this way are provided all the posts of the cities as well as the towns and villages round about them; only in uninhabited tracts the horses are furnished at the expense of the emperor himself.

Nor do the cities maintain the full number, say of four hundred horses, always at their station, but month by month two hundred shall be kept at the station, and the other two hundred at grass, coming in their turn to relieve the first two hundred. And if there chance to be some river or lake to be passed by the runners and post horses, the neighboring cities are bound to keep three or four boats in constant readiness for the purpose.

And now I will tell you of the great bounty exercised by the emperor towards his people twice a year.

How the Emperor bestows Help upon his People, when they are afflicted with Dearth or Murrain.

Now you must know that the emperor sends his messengers all over his lands and kingdoms and provinces, to ascertain from his officers if the people are afflicted by any dearth through unfavorable seasons or storms or locusts or other like calamity; and from those who have suffered in this way no taxes are exacted for that year; nay, more, he causes them to be supplied with corn of his own for food and seed. Now this is, undoubtedly, a great bounty on his part. And when the winter comes, he causes inquiry to be made as to those who have lost their cattle, whether by murrain or other mishap, and such persons not only go scot free, but get presents of cattle.

And thus, as I tell you, the lord every year helps and fosters the people subject to him.

There is another trait of the Great Kaan I should tell you; and that is, if a chance shot from his bow strike any herd or flock, whether belonging to one person or to many, and however big the flock may be, he takes no tithe thereof for three years. In like manner, if the arrow strike a boat full of goods, that boat load pays no duty; for it is thought unlucky that an arrow strike any one's property; and the Great Kaan says it would be an abomination before God, were such property, that has been struck by the divine wrath, to enter into his treasury.

How the Great Kaan causes Trees to be planted by the Highways.

The emperor, moreover, hath taken order that all the highways traveled by his messengers and the people generally, should be planted with rows of great trees a few paces apart; and thus the trees are visible a long way off, and no one can miss the way by day or night. Even the roads through uninhabited tracts are thus planted, and it is the greatest possible solace to travelers. And this is done on all the ways where it can be of service. The Great Kaan plants these trees all the more readily, because his great astrologers and diviners tell him that he who plants trees lives long.

But where the ground is so sandy and desert that trees will not grow, he causes other landmarks, pillars or stones, to be set up to show the way.

Concerning the Black Stones that are dug in Cathay, and are burnt for Fuel.

It is a fact that all over the country of Cathay there is a kind of black stone existing in beds in the mountains, which they dig out and burn like firewood. If you supply the fire with them at night, and see that they are well kindled, you will find them still alight in the morning; and they make such capital fuel that no other is used throughout the country. It is true that they have plenty of wood also, but they do not burn it, because these stones burn better and cost less.

Moreover, with that vast number of people and the number of hot baths that they maintain — for every one has such a bath at least three times a week, and in the winter if possible every

day, whilst every nobleman and man of wealth has a private bath for his own use — the wood would not suffice for the purpose.

How the Great Kaan causes Stores of Corn to be made, to help his People withal in the time of Dearth.

You must know that when the emperor sees that corn is cheap and abundant, he buys up large quantities, and has it stored in all his provinces, in great granaries, where it is so well looked after that it will keep for three or four years.

And this applies, let me tell you, to all kinds of corn, whether wheat, millet, rice, panic, or what not, and when there is a scarcity of a particular kind of corn he causes that to be issued. And if the price of it is at one bezant the measure, he lets them have it at one bezant for four measures, or at whatever price will produce general cheapness; and every one can have food in this way. And by this providence of the emperor's, his people can never suffer from dearth. He does the same over his whole empire, causing these supplies to be stored everywhere according to calculation of the wants and necessities of the people.

Of the Charity of the Emperor to the Poor.

I have told you how the Great Kaan provides for the distribution of necessaries to his people in time of dearth, by making store in time of cheapness. Now I will tell you of his alms and great charity to the poor of his city of Cambaluc.

You see, he causes selection to be made of a number of families in the city which are in a state of indigence, and of such families some may consist of six in the house, some of eight, some of ten, more or fewer in each as it may hap, but the whole number being very great. And each family he causes annually to be supplied with wheat and other corn sufficient for the whole year. And this he never fails to do every year. Moreover, all those who choose to go to the daily almose at the court receive a great loaf apiece hot from baking, and nobody is denied, for so the lord hath ordered, and so some thirty thousand people go for it every day from year's end to year's end. Now this is a great goodness in the emperor to take pity of his poor people thus! And they benefit so much by it that they worship him as he were God.

He also provides the poor with clothes. For he lays a tithe upon all wool, silk, hemp, and the like, from which clothing can be made; and he has these woven and laid up in a building set apart for the purpose; and as all artisans are bound to give a day's labor weekly, in this way the kaan has these stuffs made into clothing for those poor families, suitable for summer or winter, according to the time of the year. He also provides the clothing for his troops, and has woolens woven for them in every city, the material for which is furnished by the tithe aforesaid. You should know that the Tartars, before they were converted to the religion of the Idolaters, never practiced almsgiving. Indeed, when any poor man begged of them, they would tell him, "Go with God's curse, for if He loved you as He loves me, He would have provided for you!" But the sages of the Idolaters, and especially the Bacsis mentioned before, told the Great Kaan that it was a good work to provide for the poor, and that his idols would be greatly pleased if he did also. And since then he has taken to do so much as you have heard.

How the Great Kaan maintains a Guard of Twelve Thousand Horse, which are called Keshican.

You must know that the Great Kaan, to maintain his state, hath a guard of twelve thousand horsemen, who are styled Keshican, which is as much as to say, "Knights devoted to their Lord." Not that he keeps these for fear of any man whatever, but merely because of his own exalted dignity. These twelve thousand men have four captains, each of whom is in command of three thousand; and each body of three thousand takes a turn of three days and nights to guard the palace, where they also take their meals. After the expiration of three days and nights they are relieved by another three thousand, who mount guard for the same space of time, and then another body takes its turn, so that there are always three thousand on guard. Thus it goes until the whole twelve thousand, who are styled (as I said) Keshican, have been on duty; and then the tour begins again, and so runs on from year's end to year's end.

THE WRITINGS OF ALFONSO THE WISE.

(From the "Siete Partidas": translated for this work.)

[ALFONSO THE WISE, King of Castile 1252–82, was one of the great literary and intellectual influences of the thirteenth century. The pure, graceful, and simple language of his famous code of laws, the "Siete Partidas" or Seven Parts, and of his "Gran Conquista d'Ultrámar" (Great Conquest beyond Sea), founded the Spanish literary language, just as Dante did literary Italian; while he fixed Castilian securely as the national idiom by having the Bible translated into it. His "Alfonsine Tables" of astronomy were of great scientific usefulness; he is reported as saying, "Had I been present at the Creation, I could have given the Deity some valuable advice." He was an unfortunate and perhaps not very capable ruler, and was dethroned by his son Sancho in 1282; the letter here given is his appeal for help in this strait.]

KINGS AND THEIR SUBJECTS.

Part II, Title I, Law V.

VICARS of God are the kings, each one in his kingdom, placed over the people to maintain them in justice and in truth as much as in temporal things, just as with the emperor in his empire. And this shows itself completely in two manners: the first of them is spiritual, according to what the prophets and the saints have shown, to whom our Lord has given grace to know these things assuredly and to understand how to do them; the other is according to nature, as the wise men have shown who were learned judges of things in the natural order; and the saints have said that the king is lord, put on the earth in place of God to accomplish justice and give to every one his right, and thence they have called him the heart and soul of the people; for even as the soul lies in the heart of man, and by it the body lives and maintains itself, so in the king lies justice, which is the life and maintenance of the people of his lordship. And on the other hand, as the heart is one, and from it all the other members receive unity, so that they be one body, even so all those in the kingdom, in spite of being many, because the king is and ought to be one, for that reason they ought all on the other hand to be one with him, to serve and aid him in the things which he has to do. And in the natural order the wise have said that the king is the head of the kingdom; for just as from the head are born the senses by which all the members of the body order themselves, even so by the mandates which are born from the king, who is lord and head of all those in the kingdom, should they order and guide themselves, and advise

with him in order to obey him, and shelter and guard and rectify the kingdom of which he is the head, and they the members.

Title III, Law I. What kind of a thing thought is, and why it is so named.

Thought [*pensamiento*] is the care with which men consider things past, and those present, and those which are to be; and it is so called because with it man weighs [*pesa*] the things for which care comes into his mind.

Law II. Whence thought is born, and how it ought to be wrought.

Thought is born in the mind of man, and it should be wrought not with anger, nor with great melancholy, nor with much cupidity, nor vehemently; but with reason, and about things from which honor comes, or by which one can guard himself from harm. And in order that this may be done better, the wise have said that it should be the king's business to guard his mind in three manners: the first, that he should not direct it toward cupidity, nor toward great care for excessive and useless honors; the second, that he should not too much covet great riches; the third, that he should not love to be very vicious. And of every one of these three manners there is plentiful enough demonstration further on in the laws of this title, as the wise men of old have distinguished it.

Law III. That the king ought not to covet in his mind too great honors.

Excessive and useless honors the king ought not to covet in his mind, rather he ought greatly to ward them off; because that which is too great cannot last, and being lost or impaired turns to dishonor; and the honor which is of that class always becomes a danger to him who follows it, breeding thence troubles and great costs, and without reason impairing what he has for what he covets. And further than this, the wise have said that it is no less a virtue for a man to guard what he has than to gain what he has not; and that is because guarding comes from judgment, and gaining from fortune. And thence the king who guards his honor in such wise that every day he grows in it and does not lessen, and knows how to guard what he has in such manner that he does not lose it for what he desires to gain, he

is held as one of good judgment, and one who loves his people and is sage in raising them to good; and him who has done this God will guard in this world that he may not receive dishonor from men, and in the other that he may not be dishonored with the wicked in hell.

(From Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature.")

What meaneth a Tyrant, and how he useth his power in a kingdom when he hath obtained it.

A tyrant doth signify a cruel lord, who by force, or by craft, or by treachery, hath obtained power over any realm or country; and such men be of such nature, that, when once they have grown strong in the land, they love rather to work their own profit, though it be in harm of the land, than the common profit of all, for they always live in an ill fear of losing it. And that they may be able to fulfill this their purpose unencumbered, the wise of old have said that they use their power against the people in three manners. The first is, that they strive that those under their mastery be ever ignorant and timorous, because, when they be such, they may not be bold to rise against them nor to resist their wills; and the second is, that they be not kindly and united among themselves, in such wise that they trust not one another, for, while they live in disagreement, they shall not dare to make any discourse against their lord, for fear faith and secrecy should not be kept among themselves; and the third way is, that they strive to make them poor, and to put them upon great undertakings, which they can never finish, whereby they may have so much harm, that it may never come into their hearts to devise anything against their ruler. And above all this, have tyrants ever striven to make spoil of the strong and to destroy the wise; and have forbidden fellowship and assemblies of men in their land, and striven always to know what men said or did; and do trust their counsel and the guard of their person rather to foreigners, who will serve at their will, than to them of the land, who serve from oppression. And, moreover, we say, that, though any man may have gained mastery of a kingdom by any of the lawful means whereof we have spoken in the laws going before this, yet, if he use his power ill, in the ways whereof we speak in this law, him may the people still call tyrant; for he turneth his mastery which was rightful

into wrongful, as Aristotle hath said in the book which treateth of the rule and government of kingdoms.

The King's Daughters.

They are to endeavor, as much as may be, that the king's daughters be moderate and seemly in eating and in drinking, and also in their carriage and dress, and of good manners in all things, and especially that they be not given to anger; for, besides the wickedness that lieth in it, it is the thing in the world that most easily leadeth women to do ill. And they ought to teach them to be handy in performing those works that belong to noble ladies; for this is a matter that becometh them much, since they obtain by it cheerfulness and a quiet spirit; and besides, it taketh away bad thoughts, which it is not convenient they should have.

Welcome to May.

(Translation of Mary Ward.)

Welcome, O May, yet once again we greet thee!
So always praise we her, the Holy Mother,
Who prays to God that he shall aid us ever
Against our foes, and to us ever listen.

Welcome, O May, loyally art thou welcome!
So always praise we her, the Mother of Kindness,
Mother who ever on us taketh pity,
Mother who guardeth us from woes unnumbered.

Welcome, O May! welcome, O month well-favored!
So let us ever pray and offer praises
To her who ceases not for us, for sinners,
To pray to God that we from woes be guarded.

Welcome, O May, O joyous May and stainless!
So will we ever pray to her who gaineth
Grace from her Son for us, and gives each morning
Force that by us the Moors from Spain be driven.

Welcome, O May, of bread and wine the giver!
Pray then to her, for in her arms, an infant,
She bore the Lord! She points us on our journey,
The journey that to her will bear us quickly!

Letter Beseeching Aid.

(From Ticknor's "History of Spanish Literature.")

"Cousin Don Alonzo Perez de Guzman: My affliction is great, because it has fallen from such a height that it will be seen afar; and as it has fallen on me, who was the friend of all the world, so in all the world will men know this my misfortune, and its sharpness, which I suffer unjustly from my son, assisted by my friends and by my prelates, who, instead of setting peace between us, have put mischief, not under secret pretenses or covertly, but with bold openness. And thus I find no protection in mine own land, neither defender nor champion; and yet have I not deserved it at their hands, unless it were for the good I have done them. And now, since in mine own land they deceive, who should have served and assisted me, needful is it that I should seek abroad those who will kindly care for me; and since they of Castile have been false to me, none can think it ill that I ask help among those of Benamarin. For if my sons are mine enemies, it will not then be wrong that I take mine enemies to be my sons; enemies according to the law, but not of free choice. And such is the good king Aben Jusaf; for I love and value him much, and he will not despise me or fail me; for we are at truce. I know also how much you are his, and how much he loves you, and with good cause, and how much he will do through your good counsel. Therefore look not at the things past, but at the things present. Consider of what lineage you are come, and that at some time hereafter I may do you good, and if I do not, that your own good deed shall be its own good reward. Therefore, my cousin, Alonzo Perez de Guzman, do so much for me with my lord and your friend, that, on pledge of the most precious crown that I have, and the jewels thereof, he should lend me so much as he may hold to be just. And if you can obtain his aid, let it not be hindered of coming quickly; but rather think how the good friendship that may come to me from your lord will be through your hands. And so may God's friendship be with you. Done in Seville, my only loyal city, in the thirtieth year of my reign, and in the first of these my troubles.

"Signed, The King."

THE NON-EXISTENCE OF MAGIC.

By ROGER BACON.

(Translated for this work.)

[ROGER BACON, the greatest natural philosopher of the Middle Ages, was born in Somersetshire, England, about 1214. Educated at Oxford and Paris, by a luckless impulse he joined the Franciscan (mendicant) Order, for which he had no vocation, and which conflicted violently with his real one. His mind was singularly like that of his great namesake, Francis Bacon; he believed in observation and experiment as the basis of deduction, and never ceased urging the study of original sources and texts, as the basis of any sound theological knowledge. This theory, counsel, and practice convinced his superiors that he was heretically minded and dangerous, and they imprisoned him for some years. About 1265, Pope Clement IV., hearing of his scientific attainments, asked him to write out and send a summary of what he knew; in an incredibly short time, though denied pens and paper except by special permission, penniless, and obliged to get materials and skilled help, he wrote and sent his vast "Opus Majus," a summary of all known science and filled with original experiments and acute deductions. He wrote also the "Opus Minus," "Opus Tertium," and minor pieces. In 1278 his writings were condemned by his Order as heretical, and he was again confined. He died in 1294. His mediæval repute as a magician was an ironical fate for one whose chief work was to combat such delusions.]

To William of Paris:

I. OF AND AGAINST FABRICATED APPEARANCES, AND OF AND AGAINST INVOCATION OF SPIRITS.

I RESPOND heartily to your request, for though nature may be potent and wonderful, yet art using nature as an instrument is more potent than natural gifts, as we see in many things. But whatever is beyond the operation of nature or of art, either is not human or is fabricated and filled with frauds. For there are those who, fabricating appearances by swift motion of the organs, or diversity of voices, or ingenuity of apparatus, or darkness, or by collusion, put many marvels before mortals which have no truth of existence. The world is full of these, as is manifest to the inquirer. For jugglers play many tricks by quickness of hand; and "mediums," fabricating a variety of voices in the stomach and throat and mouth, form human voices far and near, as they choose, as if a spirit spoke through the man; and they shape sounds as of brutes. But pipes laid under the grass, and hidden in recesses of the ground, show us that the voice is human, not of spirits, which is fabricated with

such huge mendacity. And when inanimate things are moved swiftly in the dusk, of morning or evening, that is not reality, but fraud and trick. As to collusion, it fabricates everything men wish, according as they arrange with each other.

Into all these, however, neither philosophic consideration investigates, nor art, nor the power of nature pauses to look. But beside these is a more mischievous occupation, when men, against the laws of philosophy and against all reason, invoke nefarious spirits, through whom to achieve their will. And their mistake is in this, that they believe spirits to be subject to them, and coercible by human power; for this is impossible, because human force is far inferior to that of spirits. And on this point men err still more in this, that they believe by the use of some natural means they can summon spirits or put them to flight. And the error has been made up to this time, when men strive by invocations and supplications and sacrifices to placate them and bring them into the service of the summoners; while it would be much easier without such trial of skill to supplicate God or the good spirits for whatever man ought to repute useful; — since not even in useless matters do malign spirits appear favorable, except so far as sinful deeds are permitted through men by God, who rules and guides the human race. And so these methods are beyond the examples set by wisdom; on the contrary, they rather operate the other way, nor do the truly philosophic ever concern themselves in the manners following.

II. Of Magic Characters, Charms, and their Uses.

What should be held concerning charms, and characters, and other things of the kind, I consider after this fashion. It is far from doubtful that everything of the kind is at the present time false and uncertain; for whatever things are universally beyond reasoning out, which philosophers have come upon in the works of nature or art, they have hidden as secrets from the unworthy.

Thus, if it were universally unknown that a magnet draws iron, and some one wished to perform this feat in public, he would draw characters and utter charms, lest it might be perceived that the whole work of attraction was natural. All such performances must be erroneous. Thus, therefore, so many things are hidden in the words of philosophers in many

ways, that a wise man ought to have the prudence to neglect charms and characters, and investigate the works of nature and art; and thus he should perceive that things, as well animate as inanimate, harmonize with each other according to the conformities of nature, not according to the virtue of characters or a charm. And thus, many secrets of nature and art are estimated as magic by the unlearned; and the magicians foolishly confide in characters and charms, to which they ascribe virtue; and by following them, forsake the works of nature or art for the error of charms and characters. And so this race of men is deprived of the utilities of wisdom, impelled by its folly. There are certain supplications of antiquity, instituted by righteous men, or still higher, ordained by God and the angels; and these can thus retain their primal virtue. So in many regions, to this day, certain utterances are made over burning iron and over the waters of a stream, and other like matters, by which the innocent are absolved or the guilty condemned in the case; and these are made by the authority of the Church and of prelates. For even the priests themselves make exorcisms with blessed water, as is written in the old law of purgation by water, by which a woman is proved an adulteress or faithful to her husband; and there are many of the sort. But the things contained in the magicians' books are all forbidden by law, however much truth they may contain; because they are so much abused by rogues that it is not possible to distinguish between the true and the false. Hence, whatever they say as to Solomon or other wise men having composed this or that, is to be denied; because books of this sort are not received by the authority of the Church, nor by the wise, but by misleaders who deceive the world. Furthermore, they compose new books themselves, and multiply new inventions, as we know by experience; and then, that they may entice men the more forcibly, they prefix famous titles to their books, and impudently ascribe them to great authors; and that they may leave no contingency unprovided for, they devise a high-sounding style, and fabricate lies under the pretense of their text.

As to characters, they are either words arranged in inscribed figures, containing the sense of a manufactured utterance, or they are made to represent the appearance of the stars at chosen times. Of characters, therefore, our first judgment must be according to what is said of the utterances. Of the second sort, if they are not made at the chosen times, we know they

have no inner efficacy; and so, he who makes them as they are formed in the books, regarding nothing except the figure alone which he represents according to his pattern, is judged by the wise as having done nothing. They who know how to perform their work under the constellations due at a given phase of the sky, are able to arrange not merely characters, but all works either of art or nature, according to the virtue of the sky. But because it is difficult to know the skies with surety, so there is much terror in them to many, and there are few who know how to classify anything usefully and truthfully. And therefore the mob of mathematicians judging and operating by the great stars do not accomplish much, or do anything useful; the learned, however, and those having sufficient skill, can do many useful things, as much by judgment as by working at chosen periods.

It is to be taken into consideration that a skilled physician, and whoever else has to arouse the spirit, can usefully (according to the physician Constantine) employ charms and characters even if feigned; not because the characters and charms themselves accomplish anything, but that the medicine may be received more trustingly and eagerly, and the spirit of the patient stimulated, and he may more abundantly confide and hope and enjoy; because the stimulated spirit can renovate many things in the body it informs, so that it may convalesce from infirmity to health, out of enjoyment and confidence. If therefore, the physician, for the magnifying of his work, that the patient may be excited to hope and confidence of health, does something of this kind, not for fraud nor for his own advantage (if we believe the physician Constantine), it is not to be reprobated. For he, in his epistle concerning articles suspended from the neck, thus allows charms and characters for the neck, and defends them in such cases. For the mind has much power over the body, through its strong emotions, as Avicenna teaches in the fourth book On the Mind and the eighth On Animals; and all wise men agree. And thus sports are made in presence of the sick, and agreeable things are brought to them. On the other hand, many things are sometimes conceded to the appetite; because the passions conquer, and the desire of life over death.

IV. On Wonderful Artificial Instruments.

I will first tell of the wonderful works of art and nature, that I may afterwards assign the causes and manner of them, in which there is nothing magical, that it may be seen that all magic power is inferior to these works, and worthless. And first for the quality and reason of art alone. For instruments of navigation can be made without men as rowers, so that the largest ships, river and ocean, may be borne on, with the guidance of one man, with greater speed than if full of men. Also carriages can be made so that without an animal they may be moved with incalculable speed; as we may assume the scythed chariots to have been, with which battles were fought in ancient times. Also instruments for flying can be made, so that a man may sit in the middle of the instrument, revolving some contrivance by which wings artificially constructed may beat the air, in the manner of a bird flying. Also an instrument small in size for the elevation and depression of weights almost infinitely, than which nothing more useful could chance; for by an instrument three fingers high, and the same breadth, and a less volume, a man can snatch himself and his friends from all danger of prison, both to elevate and descend. An instrument can also be easily made by which one man can forcibly draw a thousand to him, despite their will; and so of drawing other things. Instruments can also be made for walking in the sea or rivers, down to the bottom, without bodily peril. For Alexander the Great used these that he might view the secrets of the ocean, according to what Ethicus the astronomer narrates. These things were done in ancient times, and are done in our own, as is certain, unless it may be the instrument for flying, which I have not seen, nor do I know any man who has seen; but I know that the wise man who planned this device completed it. And such things can be made almost infinitely, as bridges across rivers without pillars or any other support, and machines, and unheard-of devices.

V. Of Experiments in Artificial Sight.

But more philosophical forms have been invented. For thus transparent glasses may be fashioned, so that one may appear many, and one man an army, and as many suns and moons as we please may be made to appear. For thus nature

sometimes forms vapors, so that two suns and two moons, and even three at once, appear in the air, as Pliny relates in the second book of his natural history. For which reason many and an infinite number may appear in the air; because after a thing has exceeded its unity, no number is limited for it, as Aristotle argues in the chapter De Vacuo. And thus in every city, and, on the other hand, in every army, there can be terrors infinite; so that either through the multiplication of stellar apparitions, or of men collected against them, they may almost despair, especially if the following instance should be taken with the first.

For glasses can be so constructed that things placed very far off may appear very near, and *vice versa;* so that from an incredible distance we may read the minutest letters, and number things however little, and make the stars appear where we will. For thus it is believed that Julius Cæsar, on the shore of the sea in Gaul, discovered through huge glasses the disposition and sites of the castles and towns of Great Britain.

Bodies may also be so constructed that the greatest may appear the least, and *vice versa;* and the high may appear low and lowest, and *vice versa;* and hidden things may appear in sight. For thus Socrates discovered that the dragon, poisoning the city and district with his pestilential breath, lived in coverts among the mountains; thus also, on the other hand, everything in cities or armies could be discovered by their enemies. Bodies could also be so constructed that poisonous beings and influences and infections could be led off whenever men wished; for thus it is said that Aristotle taught Alexander; in which instance the poison of a basilisk, erected on the wall of a city against his army, was turned against the city itself. Glasses could also be so constructed that every man could see gold, and silver, and whatever a man wished; and whoever should hasten to the place of the vision should find nothing. It behooves us, therefore, not to use magic illusions when the power of philosophy teaches us to perform quite enough.

But there is a sublimer power of construction, by which rays may be drawn and collected through various shapes and reflections to any distance we wish, so far that any object may be burned; for burning glasses acting forward and backward attest this, as certain authors teach in their books. And the greatest of all constructions and of things constructed is, that the skies may be depicted according to their longitudes and latitudes,

in corporal figure, as they are moved in their daily motion; and these things are worth a kingdom to the wise man. These, then, suffice for examples of constructions, however infinite a number of others may be put forward meantime.

VIII. Of Concealing the Secrets of Nature and Art.

Having enumerated certain examples concerning the power of nature and art, that from a few things we may comprehend many, from its parts the whole, and from particulars universals, so far that we may see it is not necessary for us to aspire after magic, when art and nature suffice; I wish now to follow items through their class, and their causes, and to give their method in particular. But I judge that the secrets of nature are not transmitted through the skins of goats and sheep, that they may be understood by any one who chooses, just as Socrates and Aristotle wish. And Aristotle himself says, in his book of Secrets, that he should be the breaker of the heavens' seal if he communicated the secrets of nature and art; adding how many evils follow him who reveals secrets. Further on this point A. Gellius says, in the book of the Attic Nights, on the Feast of the Wise, that it is foolish to offer lettuces to an ass when a thistle is enough for him. And in the book of Stones it is written, that he lessens the majesty of things who divulges mystic ones; nor do secrets remain of which the crowd is partaker. By a commendable division the populace may be divided in opposition to the wise. For what is seen by all is true, and likewise what is seen by the wise, and most of all by the noted. Therefore what is seen by the many — that is, the populace — as far as of this sort, ought to be held false; — I speak of the populace, which is distinguished as against the wise in this commendable division. For in the common conceptions of the mind it agrees with the wise; but in the special principles and conclusions of the arts and sciences it disagrees with the wise, laboring about appearances, in sophisms and worthless matters which the wise do not care for. In special or secret things, therefore, the populace errs; and thus it is divided against the wise; but in the common conceptions of the mind it is restrained under universal law, and agrees with the wise. But the cause of this secrecy toward the populace on the part of the wise was, because the populace derides the wise, and pays no heed to the secrets of wisdom,

and does not know enough to use the worthiest things; and if by chance anything grand falls under its notice, it destroys it, and abuses it to the multiplex harm of persons and the community. And so it is insane that anything secret should be written down unless it be concealed from the populace, and with difficulty understood by the most studious and the wise.

So has run all the multitude of the wise from the beginning, and it has hidden in many ways the secrets of wisdom from the populace. For some have hidden many things by characters and charms, others by enigmatic and figurative words, as Aristotle in the book of Secrets saying to Alexander: "O Alexander, I wish to show you the greatest secret of secrets, and the divine power shall aid you to conceal the mystery, and to execute the design. Take, therefore, the stone which is not a stone, and it is in what man you will, and what place you will, and what time you will; and it is called the philosopher's egg, and the terminus of the egg." And thus innumerable things are found in many books and various sciences, obscured by such speeches, so that they cannot in any way be understood without a teacher.

XI. How to Make the Philosopher's Egg (or Stone) and Gunpowder.

Six hundred and thirty years of the Arabs being finished [*i.e.*, 1152 A.D.], I respond to your petition in this manner. . . . Let there be taken of the bones of Ada, and of lime, the same weight; and let there be six at the stone of Tagus, and five at the stone of union; and let them be rubbed up at the same time with water of life, whose property it is to dissolve all other things, so that they may be dissolved in it and cooked together. And let this rubbing and cooking be repeated until they are incerated; that is, that the parts may be united as in wax. And the sign of inceration is, that the medicine liquefies over intensely glowing iron. Then let it be placed in the same water in a hot and damp place, or suspended in the steam of very hot water; then let them be dissolved and hardened in the sun. Then you are to take saltpeter, and pour quicksilver upon lead, and again wash and cleanse the lead with it so that it may be very near to silver, and then operate as before. Also let the whole weight be thirty. But yet of saltpeter LURU

VOPO VIR CAN UTRIET[1] of sulphur; and thus you may make thunder and lightning, if you know the method of construction. You can see, nevertheless, whether I speak enigmatically or truthfully. And some may have judged otherwise. For it has been said to me that you ought to resolve everything into a primal material, on which you have two deliverances from Aristotle in his popularized and famous book; on account of which I am silent. And when you have possessed yourself of that, then you will have pure elements, simple and equal; and you may do this by contrary means and various operations, which I have before called the Keys of Art. And Aristotle says that equality of powers excludes action, and passion, and corruption. And Averroës says this in reprobation of Galen. And that is rated simpler in medicine, and purer, which can be procured; and this is worth more against fevers, and affections of the mind and body.

FAREWELL.

And whoever shall have opened these things will have the key which opens them, and no one may shut it; and when he shall have shut it no one may open it.

THE FAMOUS HISTORIE OF FRYER BACON.

(Old English Romance.)

Of the Parents and Birth of Fryer Bacon, and how he addicted himselfe to Learning.

IN MOST men's opinions he was borne in the west part of England and was sonne to a wealthy farmer, who put him to schoole to the parson of the towne where hee was borne: not with intent that he should turn fryer (as he did), but to get so much understanding, that he might manage the better that wealth hee was to leave him. But young Bacon tooke his learning so fast, that the priest could not teach him any more, which made him desire his master that he would speake to his father

[1] A suggested reading is "lura nope cum ubre," an anagram of "puluere carbonum," powder of charcoal.

to put him to Oxford, that he might not lose that little learning that hee had gained: his master was very willing so to doe: and one day meeting his father, told him, that he had received a great blessing of God, in that he had given him so wise and hopefull a child, as his sonne Roger Bacon was (for so was he named), and wished him withall to doe his duty, and to bring up so his child, that hee might shew his thankfulnesse to God, which could not better be done then in making of him a scholler; for he found by his sodaine taking of his learning, that hee was a child likely to prove a very great clerke: hereat old Bacon was not well pleased (for he desired to bring him up to the plough and to the cart, as hee himselfe was brought), yet he for reverence sake to the priest, shewed not his anger, but kindly thanked him for his paines and counsell, yet desired him not to speake any more concerning that matter; for hee knew best what best pleased himselfe, and that he would doe: so broke they off their talke, and parted.

So soone as the old man came home, he called to his sonne for his bookes, which when he had, he lock'd them up, and gave the boy a cart whip in the place of them, saying to him: Boy, I will have you no priest, you shall not be better learned than I, you can tell now by the almanack when it is best sowing wheat, when barly, pease, and beane: and when the best libbing is, when to sell graine and cattell I will teach thee; for I have all faires and markets as perfit in my memory, as Sir John our priest has masse without booke: take mee this whip, I will teach thee the use of it, it will be more profitable to thee then this harsh Latin: make no reply, but follow my counsell, or else by the masse thou shalt feele the smart hand of my anger. Young Bacon thought this but hard dealing, yet would he not reply, but within sixe or eight dayes he gave his father the slip, and went to a cloyster some twenty miles off, where he was entertained, and so continued his learning, and in small time came to be so famous, that he was sent for to the University of Oxford, where he long time studied, and grew so excellent in the studies of art and nature, that not England onely, but all Christendome admired him.

How Fryer Bacon deceived his Man, that would fast for his conscience sake.

Fryer Bacon had one onely man to attend on him and he too was none of the wisest, for he kept him in charity, more then

for any service he had of him. This man of his (named Miles) never could indure to fast as other religious persons did, for alwayes hee had in one corner, or another, flesh which hee would eate when his maister eat bread only, or else did fast and abstaine from all things. Fryer Bacon seeing this, thought at one time or other to be even with him, which he did one Fryday in this manner. Miles on the Thursday night had provided a great blacke-pudding for his Frydayes fast: this pudding put he in his pocket (thinking belike to heate it so, for his maister had no fire on those dayes) on the next day, who was so demure as Miles, hee looked as though hee would not have eat any thing: when his maister offerd him some bread, hee refused it, saying his sinnes deserved a greater penance then one dayes fast in a whole weeke: his maister commended him for it, and bid him take heed that he did not dissemble: for if he did, it would at last be knowne; then were I worse than a Turke said Miles: so went he forth as if he would have gone to pray privately, but it was for nothing but to prey upon his blacke pudding; that pulled he out (for it was halfe roasted with the heate) and fell to it lustily; but he was deceived, for having put one end in his mouth, he could neither get it out againe nor bite it off, so that hee stamped out for helpe: his maister hearing him, came; and finding him in that manner, tooke hold of the other end of the pudding, and led him to the hall, and shewed him to all the schollers, saying: see here my good friends and fellow students what a devout man my servant Miles is, he loveth not to break a fast day, witnesse this pudding that his conscience will not let him swallow: I will have him to be an example for you all, then tyed hee him to a window by the end of the pudding, where poore Miles stood like a beare tyed by the nose to a stake, and indured many floutes and mockes: at night his maister released him from his penance; Miles was glad of it, and did vow never to breake more fast dayes whilst that he lived.

How Fryer Bacon by his art took a towne, when the King had lyen before it three months, without doing to it any hurt.

In those times when Fryer Bacon did all his strange trickes, the Kings of England had a great part of France, which they held a long time, till civill warres at home in this land made them to lose it: it did chance that the King of England (for some cause best knowne to himselfe) went into France with a

great armie, where after many victories, he did beseige a strong towne and lay before it full three moneths, without doing to the towne any great damage, but rather received the hurt himselfe. This did so vexe the King, that he sought to take it in any way, either by policy or strength: to this intent hee made proclamation that whosoever could deliver this towne into his hand, hee should have for his paines ten thousand crownes truely paid. This was proclaimed, but there was none found that would undertake it. At length the newes did come into England of this great reward that was promised. Fryer Bacon hearing of it, went into France, and being admitted to the kings presence, hee thus spake unto him: Your maiestie I am sure hath not quite forgot your poore subject Bacon, the love that you shewed to mee being last in your presence, hath drawn mee for to leave my countrey, and my studies, to doe your maiesties service: I beseech your grace, to command mee so farre as my poore art or life may doe you pleasure. The king thanked him for his love, but told him, that hee had now more need of armes than art, and wanted brave souldiers more than learned schollers. Fryer Bacon answered, Your grace saith weil; but let me (under correction) tell you, that art oftentimes doth those things that are impossible to armes, which I will make good in some few examples.

[He tells him much as in §§ 4 and 5 of the preceding article.]

The king all this while heard him with admiration: but hearing him now, that hee would undertake to win the towne, hee burst out in these speeches: most learned Bacon, doe but what thou hast said, and I will give thee what thou most desirest, either wealth, or honour, choose which thou wilt, and I will be as ready to performe, as I have been to promise.

Your maiesties love is all that I seeke (said the fryer) let mee have that, and I have honour enough, for wealth, I have content, the wise should seek no more: but to the purpose. Let your pioniers raise up a mount so high, (or rather higher) than the wall, and then shall you see some probability of that which I have promised.

This mount in two days was raised: then Fryer Bacon went with the king to the top of it, and did with a perspect shew to him the towne, as plainly as if hee had beene in it: at this the king did wonder, but Fryer Bacon told him, that he should wonder more, ere next day noone: against which time, he

desired him to have his whole army in readinesse, for to scale the wall upon a signal given by him, from the mount. This the king promised to doe, and so returned to his tent full of joy, that he should gain this strong towne. In the morning Fryer Bacon went up to the mount and set his glasses, and other instruments up: in the meane time the king ordered his army, and stood in a readinesse for to give the assaults: when the signal was given, which was the waving of a flagge: ere nine of the clocke Fryer Bacon had burnt the state-house of the towne, with other houses only by his mathematicall glasses, which made the whole towne in an uprore, for none did know how it came: whilest that they were quenching of the same Fryer Bacon did wave his flagge: upon which signall given, the king set upon the towne, and tooke it with little or no resistance.

How Fryer Bacon over-came the German coniurer Vandermast, and made a spirit of his owne carry him into Germany.

The king of England after hee had taken the town shewed great mercy to the inhabitants, giving some of them their lives freely, and others he set at liberty for their gold: the towne hee kept as his owne, and swore the chiefe citizens to be his true subiects. Presently after the king of France sent an ambassadour to the king of England for to entreat a peace betweene them. This ambassadour being come to the king, he feasted him (as it is the manner of princes to doe) and with the best sports as he had then, welcomed him. The ambassadour seeing the king of England so free in his love, desired likewise to give him some taste of his good liking, and to that intent sent for one of his fellowes (being a Germane, and named Vandermast) a famous coniuror, who being come, hee told the king, that since his grace had been so bountiful in his love to him, he would shew him (by a servant of his) such wonderfull things that his grace had never seene the like before. The king demanded of him of what nature those things were that hee would doe: the ambassador answered that they were things done by the art of magicke. The king hearing of this, sent straight for Fryer Bacon, who presently came, and brought Fryer Bungey with him.

When the banquet was done, Vandermast did aske the king, if he desired to see the spirit of any man deceased: and if that hee did, hee would raise him in such manner and fashion as he

was in when that he lived. The king told him, that above all men he desired to see Pompey the Great, who could abide no equall. Vandermast by his art raised him, armed in such manner as hee was when he was slaine at the battell of Pharsalia; at this they were all highly contented. Fryer Bacon presently raised the ghost of Iulius Cæsar, who could abide no superiour, and had slaine this Pompey at the battell of Pharsalia: at the sight of him they were all amazed, but the king who sent for Bacon: and Vandermast said that there was some man of art in that presence, whom he desired to see. Fryer Bacon then shewed himselfe, saying; it was I Vandermast, that raised Cæsar, partly to give content to this royall presence, but chiefely for to conquer thy Pompey, as he did once before, at that great battell of Pharsalia, which he now againe shall doe. Then presently began a fight between Cæsar and Pompey, which continued a good space, to the content of all, except Vandermast. At last Pompey was overcome and slaine by Cæsar: then vanished they both away.

My lord ambassadour (said the king) me thinks that my Englishman has put down your German: hath he no better cunning than this? Yes, answered Vandermast, your grace shall see me put downe your Englishman ere that you goe from hence; and therefore Fryer prepare thy selfe with thy best of art to withstand me. Alas, said Fryer Bacon, it is a little thing will serve to resist thee in this kind. I have here one that is my inferior (shewing him Fryer Bungey) try thy art with him; and if thou doe put him to the worst, then will I deale with thee, and not till then.

Fryer Bungey then began to shew his art: and after some turning and looking in his booke, he brought up among them the Hesperian Tree, which did beare golden apples: these apples were kept by a waking dragon, that lay under the tree: He having done this, bid Vandermast finde one that durst gather the fruit. Then Vandermast did raise the ghost of Hercules in his habit that he wore when that he was living, and with his club on his shoulder: Here is one, said Vandermast, that shall gather fruit from this tree: this is Hercules, that in his life time gathered of this fruit, and made the dragon crouch: and now againe shall hee gather it in spight of all opposition. As Hercules was going to plucke the fruit, Fryer Bacon held up his wand, at which Hercules stayed and seemed fearful. Vandermast bid him for to gather of the fruit, or else he would torment him. Hercules

was more fearfull, and said, I cannot, nor I dare not: for great Bacon stands, whose charms are farre more powerfull than thine, I must obey him Vandermast. Hereat Vandermast curst Hercules, and threatned him: But Fryer Bacon laughed, and bid not to chafe himself ere that his journey was ended: for seeing (said he) that Hercules will doe nothing at your command, I will have him doe you some service at mine: with that he bid Hercules carry him home into Germany. The Devill obeyed him, and tooke Vandermast on his backe, and went away with him in all their sights. Hold Fryer, cried the ambassadour, I will not lose Vandermast for half my land. Content yourself my lord, answered Fryer Bacon, I have but sent him home to see his wife, and ere long he may returne. The king of England thanked Fryer Bacon, and forced some gifts on him for his service that he had done for him: for Fryer Bacon did so little respect money, that he never would take any of the king.

Miles's Song after the Wedding.

And did you heare of a mirth that befell,
the morrow after a wedding day:
At carrying a bride at home to dwell,
and away to Twiver, away, away!

The Quintin was set, and the garlands were made,
'tis a pity old custome should ever decay:
And woe be to him that was horst on a iade,
for he carried no credit away, away.

We met a consort of fiddle-de-dees,
we set them a cock-horse, and made them to play
The winning of Bullen, and Upsie-frees,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

There was ne'er a lad in all the parish,
that would goe to the plow that day:
But on his fore-horse his wench he carries,
and away to Twiver, away, away.

The butler was quicke, and the ale he did tap,
the maidens did make the chamber full gay:
The serving-men gave me a fuddling cap,
and I did carye it away, away.

The smithe of the towne his liquor so tooke,
that he was perswaded the ground look'd blue,
And I dare boldly to sweare on a booke,
such smiths as he there are but a few.

A posset was made, and the women did sip,
and simpering said they could eate no more:
Full many a maid was laid on the lip;
Ile say no more, but so give o're.

How two young Gentlemen that came to Fryer Bacon, to know how their fathers did, killed one another; and how Fryer Bacon for griefe, did breake his rare Glasse, wherein he could see any thing that was done within fifty miles about him.

It is spoken of before now, that Fryer Bacon had a glasse, which was of that excellent nature, that any man might behold any thing that he desired to see within the compasse of fifty miles round about him: with this glasse he had pleasured divers kinds of people: for fathers did oftentimes desire to see (thereby) how their children did, and children how their parents did; one friend how another did; and one enemy (sometimes) how his enemy did: so that from far they would come to see this wonderfull glasse. It happened one day, that there came to him two young gentlemen, (that were countrey men, and neighbors children) for to know of him by his glasse, how their fathers did: Hee being no niggard of his cunning, let them see his glasse, wherein they straight beheld their wishes, which they (through their owne follies) bought at their lives losse, as you shall heare.

The fathers of these two gentlemen, (in their sonnes absence) were become great foes: this hatred betweene them was growne to that height, that wheresoever they met, they had not onely wordes but blowes. Just at that time, as it should seeme, that their sonnes were looking to see how they were in health, they were met, and had drawne, and were together by the eares. Their sonnes seeing this, and having been alwayes great friends, knew not what to say to one another, but beheld each other with angry lookes. At last, one of their fathers, as they might perceive in the glasse, had a fall, and the other taking advantage, stood over him ready to strike him. The sonne of him that was downe, could then containe himselfe no longer, but told the other young man, this his father had received wrong. He answered

againe, that it was faire. At last there grew such foule words betweene them, and their bloods were so heated, that they presently stabbed one the other with their daggers, and so fell downe dead.

Fryer Bacon seeing them fall, ranne to them, but it was too late, for they were breathlesse ere he came. This made him to grieve exceedingly: he iudging that they had received the cause of their deaths by this glasse, tooke the glasse in his hand, and uttered words to this effect:

Wretched Bacon, wretched in thy knowledge, in thy understanding wretched; for thy art hath beene the ruine of these two gentlemen. Had I been busied in those holy things, the which mine order tyes me to, I had not had that time that made this wicked glasse: wicked I well may call it, that is the causer of so vile an act: would it were sensible, then should it feele my wrath; but being as it is, Ile ruin it for ruining of them: and with that he broke his rare and wonderfull glasse, whose like the whole world had not. In this grief of his, came there newes to him of the deaths of Vandermast and Fryer Bungey: This did increase his griefe, and made him sorrowfull, that in three days he would not eate any thing but kept his chamber.

Howe Fryer Bacon burnt his books of Magick, and gave himselfe to the study of Divinity only; and how he turned Anchorite.

In the time that Fryer Bacon kept his chamber, hee fell into divers meditations: sometimes into the vanity of arts and sciences: then would hee condemne himselfe for studying of those things that were so contrary to his order and soules health; and would say, that magicke made a man a Devill: sometimes would hee meditate on divinity; then would he cry out upon himselfe, for neglecting the study of it, and for studying magick: sometime would he meditate on the shortnesse of mans life then would he condemne himselfe for spending a time so short, so ill as he had done his: so would he goe from one thing to another and in all condemne his former studies.

And that the world should know how truly he did repent his wicked life, he caused to be made a great fire; and sending for many of his friends, schollers, and others, he spake to them after this manner: "My good friends and fellow students, it is not unknowne unto you, how that through my art I have attained to that credit, that few men living ever had: of the wonders that

I have done, all England can speak, both king and commons: I have unlocked the secret of art and nature, and let the world see those things, that have layen hid since the death of Hermes, that rare and profound philosopher: my studies have found the secrets of the starres; the bookes that I have made of them, doe serve for presidents to our greatest doctors, so excellent hath my judgment beene therein. I likewise have found out the secrets of trees, plants and stones, with their several uses; yet all this knowledge of mine I esteeme so lightly, that I wish that I were ignorant, and knew nothing: for the knowledge of these things, (as I have truly found) serveth not to better a man in goodnesse, but onely to make him proud and thinke too well of himselfe. What hath all my knowledge of natures secrets gained me? Onely this, the losse of a better knowledge, the losse of divine studies, which makes the immortall part of man (his soule) blessed. I have found, that my knowledge has beene a heavy burden, and has kept downe my good thoughts: but I will remove the cause, which are these bookes: which I doe purpose here before you all to burne." They all entreated him to spare the bookes, because in them there were those things that after-ages might receive great benefit by. He would not hearken unto them, but threw them all into the fire, and in that flame burnt the greatest learning in the world. Then did he dispose of all his goods; some part he gave to poor schollers, and some he gave to other poore folkes: nothing left he for himselfe: then caused he to be made in the church-wall a cell, where he locked himselfe in, and there remained till his death. His time hee spent in prayer, meditation, and such divine exercises, and did seeke by all means to perswade men from the study of magicke. Thus lived he some two yeeres space in that cell, never comming forth: his meat and drink he received in at a window, and at that window he did discourse with those that came to him; his grave he digged with his own nayles, and was laid there when he dyed. Thus was the Life and Death of this famous Fryer, who lived most part of his life a Magician, and dyed a true Penitent Sinner, and an Anchorite.

VILLAGE LIFE IN ENGLAND SIX HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

By AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

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Few things have struck me more forcibly since I have cast in my lot among country people, than the strange ignorance which they exhibit of the *history of themselves*. I do not allude to those unpleasant secrets which we should be very sorry indeed for our next-door neighbors to be acquainted with, nor to any such matters as our experience or memories of actual facts could bring to our minds; I mean something very much more than that. Men and women are not only the beings they appear to be at any one moment of their lives, they are not single separate atoms like grains of sand. Rather they are like branches or leaves of some great tree, from which they have sprung and on which they have grown, whose life in the past has come at last to them in the present, and without whose deep anchorage in the soil, and its ages of vigor and vitality, not a bud or a spray that is so fresh and healthful now would have had any existence.

Consider for a moment — Who are we, and what do we mean by *Ourselves?* When I meet a ragged, shuffling tramp on the road (and I meet a good many of them in my lonely walks) I often find myself asking the question, "How did that shambling vagabond come to his present condition? Did his father turn him out of doors? Did his mother drink? Did he learn nothing but lying and swearing and thieving when he was a child? Was his grandfather hanged for some crime, or was his great-grandfather a ruffian killed in a fight?" And I say to myself, "Though I do not know the truth, yet I am sure that man was helped towards his vagabondism, helped to become an outcast as he is, by the neglect or the wickedness, the crimes or the bad example, of his fathers and forefathers on one side or the other; for if he had come of decent people on both sides, people who had been honestly and soberly brought up themselves, as

they tried to bring up their children, yonder dirty tramp would not and could not have sunk to his present self." . . .

The barons' fiefs were often made up of estates in many different shires; and, because it was impossible for the barons to cultivate all their estates themselves they let them out to *subtenants*, who in their turn were bound to render services to the lord of the fief. These subtenants were the great men in the several parishes, and became the actual lords of the manors, residing upon the manors, and having each, on their several manors, very large powers for good or evil over the tillers of the soil.

A manor six hundred years ago meant something very different from a manor now. The lord was a petty king, having his subjects very much under his thumb. But his subjects differed greatly in rank and status. In the first place, there were those who were called the free tenants. The free tenants were they who lived in houses of their own and cultivated land of their own, and who made only an annual money payment to the lord of the manor as an acknowledgment of his lordship. The payment was trifling, amounting to some few pence an acre at the most, and a shilling or so, as the case might be, for the house. The free tenant was neither a yearly tenant, nor a leaseholder. His holding was, to all intents and purposes, his own — subject, of course, to the payment of the ground rent. But if he wanted to sell out of his holding, the lord of the manor exacted a payment for the privilege. If he died, his heir had to pay for being admitted to his inheritance, and if he died without heirs, the property went back to the lord of the manor, who then, but only then, could raise the ground rent if he pleased, though he rarely did so.

Besides these were the *villeins* or *villani*, or *natives*, as they were called. The villeins were tillers of the soil, who held land under the lord, and who, besides paying a small money ground rent, were obliged to perform certain arduous services to the lord, such as to plow the lord's land for so many days in the year, to carry his corn in the harvest, to provide a cart on occasion, etc. Of course these burdens pressed very heavily at times, and the services of the villeins were vexatious and irritating under a hard and unscrupulous lord. But there were other serious inconveniences about the condition of the villein or native. Once a villein, always a villein. A man or woman born in villeinage could never shake it off. Nay, they might

not even go away from the manor to which they were born, and they might not marry without the lord's license, and for that license they always had to pay. Let a villein be ever so shrewd or enterprising or thrifty, there was no hope for him to change his state, except by the special grace of the lord of the manor. (I do not take account of those who ran away to the corporate towns. I suspect that there were many more cases of this than some writers allow. It was sometimes a serious inconvenience to the lords of manors near such towns as Norwich or Lynn. A notable example may be found in the "Abbrev. Placit.," p. 316 (6°. E. ii. Easter term). It seems that no less than eighteen villeins of the Manor of Cossey were named in a mandate to the Sheriff of Norfolk and Suffolk, who were to be taken and reduced to villeinage, and their goods seized. Six of them pleaded that they were citizens of Norwich — the city being about four miles from Cossey.) Yes, there *was* one means whereby he could be set free, and that was if he could get a bishop to ordain him. The fact of a man being ordained at once made him a free man, and a knowledge of this fact must have served as a very strong inducement to young people to avail themselves of all the helps in their power to obtain something like an education, and so to qualify themselves for admission to the clerical order and to the rank of freeman.

At Rougham there was a certain Ralph Red, who was one of these villeins under the lord of the manor, a certain William le Butler. Ralph Red had a son Ralph, who I suppose was an intelligent youth, and made the most of his brains. He managed to get ordained about six hundred years ago, and he became a chaplain, perhaps to that very chapel of ease I mentioned before. His father, however, was still a villein, liable to all the villein services, and *belonging* to the manor and the lord, he and all his offspring. Young Ralph did not like it, and at last, getting the money together somehow, he bought his father's freedom, and, observe, with his freedom the freedom of all his father's children too, and the price he paid was twenty marks. (N.B. — A man could not buy his own freedom.) That sounds a ridiculously small sum, but I feel pretty sure that six hundred years ago twenty marks would be almost as difficult for a penniless young chaplain to get together as £500 for a penniless young curate to amass now. Of the younger Ralph, who bought his father's freedom, I know little more; but, less than one hundred and fifty years after the elder man received his

liberty, a lineal descendant of his became lord of the manor of Rougham, and, though he had no son to carry on his name, he had a daughter who married a learned judge, Sir William Yelverton, Knight of the Bath, whose monument you may still see at Rougham Church, and from whom were descended the Yelvertons, Earls of Sussex, and the present Lord Avonmore, who is a scion of the same stock.

When Ralph Red bought his father's freedom of William le Butler, William gave him an acknowledgment for the money, and a written certificate of the transaction, but he did not sign his name. In those days nobody signed their names, not because they could not write, for I suspect that just as large a proportion of people in England could write well six hundred years ago, as could have done so forty years ago, but because it was not the fashion to sign one's name. Instead of doing that, everybody who was a free man, and a man of substance, in executing any legal instrument, affixed to it his *seal*, and that stood for his signature. People always carried their seals about with them in a purse or small bag, and it was no uncommon thing for a pickpocket to cut off this bag and run away with the seal, and thus put the owner to very serious inconvenience. This was what actually did happen once to William le Butler's father-in-law. He was a certain Sir Richard Bellhouse, and he lived at North Tuddenham, near Dereham. Sir Richard was High Sheriff for the counties of Norfolk and Suffolk in 1291, and his duties brought him into court on January 25th of that year, before one of the Judges at Westminster. I suppose the court was crowded, and in the crowd some rogue cut off Sir Richard's purse, and made off with his seal. I never heard that he got it back again.

And now I must return to the point from which I wandered when I began to speak of the free tenants and the "villeins." William le Butler, who sold old Ralph Red to his own son, the young Ralph, was himself sprung from a family who had held the Manor of Rougham for about a century. His father was Sir Richard le Butler, who died about 1280, leaving behind him one son, our friend William, and three daughters. Unfortunately, William le Butler survived his father only a very short time, and he left no child to succeed him. The result was that the inheritance of the old knight was divided among his daughters, and what had been hitherto a single lordship became three lordships, each of the parceners looking very jeal-

ously after his own interest, and striving to make the most of his powers and rights.

Though each of the husbands of Sir Richard le Butler's daughters was a man of substance and influence — yet, when the manor was divided, no one of them was anything like so great a person as the old Sir Richard. In those days, as in our own, there were much richer men in the country than the country gentlemen, and in Rougham at this time there were two very prosperous men who were competing with one another as to which should buy up most land in the parish and be the great man of the place. The one of these was a gentleman called Peter the Roman, and the other was called Thomas the Lucky. They were both the sons of Rougham people, and it will be necessary to pursue the history of each of them to make you understand how things went in those "good old times."

First let me deal with Peter the Roman. He was the son of a Rougham lady named Isabella, by an Italian gentleman named Iacomo de Ferentino, or if you like to translate it into English, James of Ferentinum.

How James of Ferentinum got to Rougham and captured one of the Rougham heiresses we shall never know for certain. But we do know that in the days of King Henry, who was the father of King Edward, there was a very large incursion of Italian clergy into England, and that the Pope of Rome got preferment of all kinds for them. In fact, in King Henry's days the Pope had immense power in England, and it looked for a while as if every valuable piece of preferment in the kingdom would be bestowed upon Italians who did not know a word of English, and who often never came near their livings at all. One of these Italian gentlemen, whose name was *John* de Ferentino, was very near being made Bishop of Norwich; he *was* Archdeacon of Norwich, but though the Pope tried to make him bishop, he happily did not succeed in forcing him into the see that time, and John of Ferentinum had to content himself with his archdeaconry and one or two other preferments.

Our friend at Rougham may have been, and probably was, some kinsman of the archdeacon, and it is just possible that Archdeacon Middleton, who, you remember, bought the Lyng House, may have had, as his predecessor in it, another Archdeacon, this John de Ferentino, whose nephew or brother, James, married Miss Isabella de Rucham, and settled down among his

wife's kindred. Be that as it may, John de Ferentino had two sons, Peter and Richard, and it appears that their father, not content with such education as Oxford or Cambridge could afford — though at this time Oxford was one of the most renowned universities in Europe — sent his sons to Rome, having an eye to their future advancement; for in King Henry's days a young man that had friends at Rome was much more likely to get on in the world than he who had only friends in the King's Court, and he who wished to push his interests in the Church must look to the Pope, and not to the King of England, as his main support.

When young Peter came back to Rougham, I dare say he brought back with him some new airs and graces from Italy, and I dare say the new fashions made his neighbors open their eyes. They gave the young fellow the name he is known by in the charters, and to the day of his death people called him Peter Romayn, or Peter the Roman. But Peter came back a changed man in more ways than one. He came back a *cleric*. We in England now recognize only three orders of clergy — bishops, priests, and deacons. But six hundred years ago it was very different. In those days a man might be two or three degrees below a deacon, and yet be counted a cleric and belonging to the clergy; and, though Peter Romayn was not priest or deacon, he was a privileged person in many ways, but a very unprivileged person in one way — he might never marry.

It was a hard case for a young man who had taken to the clerical profession without taking to the clerical life, and all the harder because there were old men living whose fathers or grandfathers had known the days when even a Bishop of Norwich was married, and who could tell of many an old country clergyman who had had his wife and children in the parsonage. But now — just six hundred years ago — if a young fellow had once been admitted a member of the clerical body, he was no longer under the protection of the laws of the realm, nor bound by them, but he was under the dominion of another law, commonly known as the Canon Law, which the Pope of Rome had succeeded in imposing upon the clergy; and in accordance with that law, if he took to himself a wife, he was, to all intents and purposes, a ruined man.

But when laws are pitted against human nature, they may be forced upon people by the strong hand of power, but they are sure to be evaded where they are not broken literally; and

this law of forbidding clergymen to marry *was* evaded in many ways. Clergymen took to themselves wives, and had families. Again and again their consciences justified them in their course, whatever the Canon Law might forbid or denounce. They married on the sly — if that may be called marriage which neither the Church nor the State recognized as a binding contract, and which was ratified by no formality or ceremony civil or religious: but public opinion was lenient; and where a clergyman was living otherwise a blameless life, his people did not think the worse of him for having a wife and children, however much the Canon Law and certain bigoted people might give the wife a bad name. And so it came to pass that Peter Romayn of Rougham, cleric though he were, lost his heart one fine day to a young lady at Rougham, and marry he would. The young lady's name was Matilda. Her father, though born at Rougham, appears to have gone away from there when very young, and made money somehow at Leicester. He had married a Norfolk lady, one Agatha of Cringleford; and he seems to have died, leaving his widow and daughter fairly provided for; and they lived in a house at Rougham, which I dare say Richard of Leicester had bought. I have no doubt that young Peter Romayn was a young gentleman of means, and it is clear that Matilda was a very desirable bride. But then Peter *couldn't* marry! How was it to be managed? I think it almost certain that no religious ceremony was performed, but I have no doubt that the two plighted their troth either to each, and that somehow they did become man and wife, if not in the eyes of Canon Law, yet by the sanction of a higher law to which the consciences of honorable men and women appeal against the immoral enactments of human legislation.

Among the charters at Rougham I find eighteen or twenty which were executed by Peter Romayn and Matilda. In no one of them is she called his wife; in all of them it is stipulated that the property shall descend to whomsoever they shall leave it, and in only one instance, and there I believe by a mistake of the scribe, is there any mention of their *lawful* heirs. They buy land and sell it, sometimes separately, more often conjointly, but in all cases the interests of both are kept in view; the charters are witnessed by the principal people in the place, including Sir Richard Butler himself, more than once; and in one of the later charters Peter Romayn, as if to provide against the contingency of his own death, makes over all his property in

Rougham without reserve to Matilda, and constitutes her the mistress of it all.

Some year or two after this, Matilda executes her last conveyance, and executes it alone. She sells her whole interest in Rougham — the house in which she lives and all that it contains — lands and ground rents, and everything else, for money down, and we hear of her no more. Did she retire from the world, and find refuge in a nunnery? Did she go away to some other home? Who knows? And what of Peter the Roman? I know little of him, but I suspect the pressure put upon the poor man was too strong for him, and I suspect that somehow, and, let us hope, with much anguish and bitterness of heart — but yet somehow, he was compelled to repudiate the poor woman to whom there is evidence to show he was true and stanch as long as it was possible — and when it was no longer possible I *think* he too turned his back upon the Rougham home, and was presented by the Prior of Westacre Monastery to the Rectory of Bodney at the other end of the county, where, let us hope, he died in peace.

It is a curious fact that Peter Romayn was not the only clergyman in Rougham whom we know to have been married. As for Peter Romayn, I believe he was an honorable man according to his light, and as far as any men were honorable in those rough days. But for the other. I do not feel so sure about him.

I said that the two prosperous men in Rougham six hundred years ago were Peter Romayn and Thomas the Lucky, or, as his name appears in the Latin Charters, Thomas Felix. When Archdeacon Middleton gave up living at Rougham, Thomas Felix bought his estate, called the Lyng House; and shortly after he bought another estate, which, in fact, was a manor of its own, and comprehended thirteen free tenants and five villeins; and, as though this were not enough, on September 24, 1292, he took a lease of another manor in Rougham for six years, of one of the daughters of Sir Richard le Butler, whose husband, I suppose, wanted to go elsewhere. Before the lease expired he died, leaving behind him a widow named Sara and three little daughters, the eldest of whom cannot have been more than eight or nine years old. This was in the year 1294. Sara, the widow, was for the time a rich woman, and she made up her mind never to marry again, and she kept her resolve.

When her eldest daughter Alice came to the mature age of fifteen or sixteen, a young man named John of Thyrsford wooed and won her. Mistress Alice was by no means a portionless damsel, and Mr. John seems himself to have been a man of substance. How long they were married I know not; but it could not have been more than a year or two, for less than five years after Mr. Felix's death a great event happened, which produced very momentous effects upon Rougham and its inhabitants in more ways than one.

Up to this time there had been a rector at Rougham, and apparently a good rectory house and some acres of glebe land —how many I cannot say. But the canons of Westacre Priory cast their eyes upon the rectory of Rougham, and they made up their minds they would have it. I dare not stop to explain how the job was managed — that would lead me a great deal too far — but it *was* managed, and accordingly, a year or two after the marriage of little Alice, they got possession of all the tithes and the glebe, and the good rectory house at Rougham, and they left the parson of the parish with a smaller house on the other side of the road, and *not* contiguous to the church, an allowance of two quarters of wheat and two quarters of barley a year, and certain small dues which might suffice to keep body and soul together, but little more.

John of Thyrsford had not been married more than a year or two when he had had enough of it. Whether at the time of his marriage he was already a *cleric*, I cannot tell, but I know that on October 10, 1301, he was a priest, and that on that day he was instituted to the vicarage of Rougham, having been already divorced from poor little Alice. As for Alice — if I understand the case, she never could marry, however much she may have wished it; she had no children to comfort her; she became by and by the great lady of Rougham, and there she lived on for nearly fifty years. Her husband, the vicar, lived on too — on what terms of intimacy I am unable to say. The vicar died some ten years before the lady. When old age was creeping on her she made over all her houses and lands in Rougham to feoffees, and I have a suspicion that she went into a nunnery and there died.

In dealing with the two cases of Peter Romayn and John of Thyrsford I have used the term *cleric* more than once. These two men were, at the end of their career at any rate, what we now understand by clergyman; but there were hosts of men six

hundred years ago in Norfolk who were *clerics*, and yet who were by no means what we now understand by clergymen. The *clerics* of six hundred years ago comprehended all those whom we now call the professional classes; all, *i.e.*, who lived by their brains, as distinct from those who lived by trade or the labor of their hands.

Six hundred years ago it may be said that there were two kinds of law in England, the one was the law of the land, the other was the law of the Church. The law of the land was hideously cruel and merciless, and the gallows and the pillory, never far from any man's door, were seldom allowed to remain long out of use. The ghastly frequency of the punishment by death tended to make people savage and bloodthirsty. (In 1293 a case is recorded of three men, one of them a goldsmith, who had their right hands chopped off in the middle of the street in London.) It tended, too, to make men absolutely reckless of consequences when once their passions were roused. "As well be hung for a sheep as a lamb" was a saying that had a grim truth in it. When a violent ruffian knew that if he robbed his host in the night he would be sure to be hung for it, and if he killed him he could be no more than hung, he had nothing to gain by letting him live, and nothing to lose if he cut his throat. Where another knew that by tampering with the coin of the realm he was sure to go to the gallows for it, he might as well make a good fight before he was taken, and murder any one who stood in the way of his escape. Hanging went on at a pace which we cannot conceive, for in those days the criminal law of the land was not, as it is now, a strangely devised machinery for protecting the wrongdoer, but it was an awful and tremendous power for slaying all who were dangerous to the persons or the property of the community.

The law of the Church, on the other hand, was much more lenient. To hurry a man to death with his sins and crimes fresh upon him, to slaughter men wholesale for acts that could not be regarded as enormously wicked, shocked those who had learnt that the Gospel taught such virtues as mercy and long-suffering, and gave men hopes of forgiveness on repentance. The Church set itself against the atrocious mangling, and branding, and hanging that was being dealt out blindly, hastily, and indiscriminately, to every kind of transgressor; and inasmuch as the Church law and the law of the land six hundred years ago were often in conflict, the Church law acted to a great

extent as a check upon the shocking ferocity of the criminal code. And this is how the check was exercised.

A man who was a *cleric* was only half amenable to the law of the land. He was a citizen of the realm, and a subject of the king, but he was *more:* he owed allegiance to the Church, and claimed the Church's protection also. Accordingly, whenever a *cleric* got into trouble, and there was only too good cause to believe that if he were brought to his trial he would have a short shrift and no favor, scant justice and the inevitable gallows within twenty-four hours at the longest, he proclaimed himself a *cleric*, and demanded the protection of the Church, and was forthwith handed over to the custody of the ordinary or bishop. The process was a clumsy one, and led, of course, to great abuses, but it had a good side. As a natural and inevitable consequence of such a privilege accorded to a class, there was a very strong inducement to become a member of that class; and as the Church made it easy for any fairly educated man to be admitted at any rate to the lower orders of the ministry, any one who preferred a professional career, or desired to give himself up to a life of study, enrolled himself among the *clerics*, and was henceforth reckoned as belonging to the clergy.

The country swarmed with these *clerics*. Only a small proportion of them ever became ministers of religion; they were lawyers, or even lawyers' clerks; they were secretaries; some few were quacks with nostrums; and these all were just as much *clerics* as the chaplains, who occupied pretty much the same position as our curates do now, — clergymen, strictly so called, who were on the lookout for employment, and who earned a very precarious livelihood, — or the rectors and vicars, who were the beneficed clergy, and who were the parsons of parishes occupying almost exactly the same position that they do at this moment, and who were almost exactly in the same social position as they are now. Six hundred years ago there were at least seven of these *clerics* in Rougham, all living in the place at the same time, besides John of Thyrsford, the vicar. Five of them were chaplains, two were merely *clerics*. If there were *seven* of these clerical gentlemen whom I happen to have met with in my examination of the Rougham Charters, there must have been others who were not people of sufficient note to witness the execution of important legal instruments, nor with the means to buy land or houses in the parish. It can hardly be

putting the number too high if we allow that there must have been at least ten or a dozen *clerics* of one sort or another in Rougham six hundred years ago.

How did they all get a livelihood? is a question not easy to answer; but there were many ways of picking up a livelihood by these gentlemen. To begin with, they could take an engagement as tutor in a gentleman's family; or they could keep a small school; or earn a trifle by drawing up conveyances, or by keeping the accounts of the lord of the manor. In some cases they acted as private chaplains, getting their victuals for their remuneration, and sometimes they were merely loafing about, and living upon their friends, and taking the place of the country parson if he were sick or past work. Then, too, the smaller monasteries had one or more chaplains, and I suspect that the canons at Castle Acre always would keep two or three chaplains in their pay, and it is not unlikely that as long as Archdeacon Middleton kept on his big house at Rougham he would have a chaplain, who would be attached to the place, and bound to perform the service in the great man's chapel.

But besides the clerics and the chaplains and the rector or vicar, there was another class, the members of which just at this time were playing a very important part indeed in the religious life of the people, and not in the religious life alone; these were the Friars. If the monks looked down upon the parsons, and stole their endowments from them whenever they could, and if in return the parsons hated the monks and regarded them with profound suspicion and jealousy, both parsons and monks were united in their common dislike of the Friars.

Six hundred years ago the Friars had been established in England about sixty years, and they were now by far the most influential Religionists in the country. The Friars, though always stationed in the towns, and by this time occupying large establishments which were built for them in Lynn, Yarmouth, Norwich, and elsewhere, were always acting the part of itinerant preachers, and traveled their circuits on foot, supported by alms. Sometimes the parson lent them the church, sometimes they held a camp meeting in spite of him, and just as often as not they left behind them a feeling of great soreness, irritation, and discontent; but six hundred years ago the preaching of the Friars was an immense and incalculable blessing to the country, and if it had not been for the wonderful reformation

wrought by their activity and burning enthusiasm, it is difficult to see what we should have come to or what corruption might have prevailed in Church and State.

When the Friars came into a village, and it was known that they were going to preach, you may be sure that the whole population would turn out to listen. Sermons in those days in the country were very rarely delivered. As I have said, there were no pulpits in the churches then. A parson might hold a benefice for fifty years, and never once have written or composed a sermon. A preaching parson, one who regularly exhorted his people or expounded to them the Scriptures, would have been a wonder indeed, and thus the coming of the Friars and the revival of pulpit oratory was all the more welcome because the people had not become wearied by the too frequent iteration of truths which may be repeated so frequently as to lose their vital force. A sermon was an event in those days, and a preacher with any real gifts of oratory was looked upon as a prophet sent by God. Never was there a time when the people needed more to be taught the very rudiments of morality. Never had there been a time when people cared less whether their acts and words were right or wrong, true or false. It had almost come to this, that what a man thought would be to his profit, that was good; what would entail upon him a loss, that was evil.

And this brings me to another point, viz. the lawlessness and crime in country villages six hundred years ago. But before I can speak on that subject it is necessary that I should first try to give you some idea of the everyday life of your forefathers. What did they eat and drink? what did they wear? what did they do from day to day? Were they happy? content? prosperous? or was their lot a hard and bitter one? For according to the answer we get to questions such as these, so shall we be the better prepared to expect the people to have been peaceable citizens, or sullen, miserable, and dangerous ruffians, goaded to frequent outbursts of ferocious savagedom by hunger, oppression, hatred, and despair.

Six hundred years ago no parish in Norfolk had more than a part of its land under tillage. As a rule, the town or village, with its houses, great and small, consisted of a long street, the church and parsonage being situated about the middle of the parish. Not far off stood the manor house, with its hall where the manor courts were held, and its farm buildings, dovecot,

and usually its mill for grinding the corn of the tenants. No tenant of the manor might take his corn to be ground anywhere except at the lord's mill; and it is easy to see what a grievance this would be felt to be at times, and how the lord of the manor, if he were needy, unscrupulous, or extortionate, might grind the faces of the poor while he ground their corn. Behind most of the houses in the village might be seen a croft or paddock, an orchard or a small garden. But the contents of the gardens were very different from the vegetables we see now; there were, perhaps, a few cabbages, onions, parsnips, or carrots, and apparently some kind of beet or turnip. The potato had never been heard of.

As for the houses themselves, they were squalid enough for the most part. The manor house was often built of stone, when stone was to be had, or where, as in Norfolk, no stone was to be had, then of flint, as in so many of our church towers. Usually, however, the manor house was built in great part of timber. The poorer houses were dirty hovels, run up "anyhow," sometimes covered with turf, sometimes with thatch. None of them had chimneys. Six hundred years ago houses with chimneys were at least as rare as houses heated by hot-water pipes are now. Moreover, there were no brick houses. It is a curious fact that the art of making bricks seems to have been lost in England for some hundreds of years. The laborer's dwelling had no windows; the hole in the roof which let out the smoke rendered windows unnecessary, and, even in the houses of the well-to-do, glass windows were rare. In many cases oiled linen cloth served to admit a feeble semblance of light, and to keep out the rain. The laborer's fire was in the middle of his house; he and his wife and children huddled round it, sometimes groveling in the ashes; and going to bed meant flinging themselves down upon the straw which served them as mattress and feather bed, exactly as it does to the present day in the gypsy's tent in our byways. The laborer's only light by night was the smoldering fire. Why should he burn a rushlight when there was nothing to look at? and reading was an accomplishment which few laboring men were masters of.

As to the food of the majority, it was of the coarsest. The fathers of many a man and woman in every village in Norfolk can remember the time when the laborer looked upon wheat bread as a rare delicacy; and those legacies which were left by

kindly people a century or two ago, providing for the weekly distribution of so many *white* loaves to the poor, tell us of a time when the poor man's loaf was as dark as mud, and as tough as his shoe leather. In the winter time things went very hard indeed with all classes. There was no lack of fuel, for the brakes and waste afforded turf which all might cut, and kindling which all had a right to carry away; but the poor horses and sheep and cattle were half starved for at least four months in the year, and one and all were much smaller than they are now. I doubt whether people ever fatted their hogs as we do. When the corn was reaped, the swine were turned into the stubble and roamed about the underwood; and when they had increased their weight by the feast of roots and mast and acorns, they were slaughtered and salted for the winter fare, only so many being kept alive as might not prove burdensome to the scanty resources of the people. Salting down the animals for the winter consumption was a very serious expense. All the salt used was produced by evaporation in *pans* near the seaside, and a couple of bushels of salt often cost as much as a sheep. This must have compelled the people to spare the salt as much as possible, and it must have been only too common to find the bacon more than rancid, and the ham alive again with maggots. If the salt was dear and scarce, sugar was unknown except to the very rich. The poor man had little to sweeten his lot. The bees gave him honey; and long after the time I am dealing with people left not only their hives to their children by will, but actually bequeathed a summer flight of bees to their friends; while the hive was claimed by one, the next swarm might become the property of another.

As for the drink, it was almost exclusively water, beer, and cider. Any one who pleased might brew beer without tax or license, and everybody who was at all before the world did brew his own beer according to his own taste. But in those days the beer was very different stuff from that which you are familiar with. To begin with, people did not use hops. Hops were not put into beer till long after the time we are concerned with. I dare say they flavored their beer with horehound and other herbs, but they did not understand those tricks which brewers are said to practice nowadays for making the beer "heady" and sticky and poisonous. I am not prepared to say the beer was better, or that you would have liked it; but I am pretty sure that in those days it was easier to get pure beer in

country village than it is now, and if a man chose to drink bad beer he had only himself to thank for it. There was no such monopoly as there is now. I am inclined to think that there were a very great many more people who sold beer in the country parishes than sell it now, and I am sorry to say that the beer sellers in those days had the reputation of being rather a bad lot. It is quite certain that they were very often in trouble, and of all the offenses punished by fine at the manor courts none more common than that of selling beer in false measures.

The method of cheating their customers by the beer sellers was, we are told, exactly the contrary plan followed by our modern publicans. Now, when a man gets into a warm corner in the tap-house, they tell me that John Barleycorn is apt to worm out more drink than is good for him; but six hundred years ago the beer seller made his profit, or tried to make it, by giving his customer less than he asked for. Tobacco was quite unknown; it was first brought into England about three hundred years after the days we are dealing with. When a man once sat himself down with his pot he had nothing to do but drink. He had no pipe to take off his attention from his liquor. If such a portentous sight could have been seen in those days as that of a man vomiting forth clouds of smoke from his mouth and nostrils, the beholders would have undoubtedly taken to their heels and run for their lives, protesting that the devil himself had appeared to them, breathing forth fire and flames. Tea and coffee, too, were absolutely unknown, unheard of; and wine was the rich man's beverage, as it is now. The fire waters of our own time — the gin and the rum, which have wrought us all such incalculable mischief were not discovered then. Some little ardent spirits, known under the name of *cordials*, were to be found in the better-appointed establishments, and were kept by the lady of the house among her simples, and on special occasions dealt out in thimblefuls; but the vile grog, that maddens people now, our forefathers of six hundred years ago had never even tasted.

The absence of vegetable food for the greater part of the year, the personal dirt of the people, the sleeping at night in the clothes worn in the day, and other causes, made skin diseases frightfully common. At the outskirts of every town in England of any size there were crawling about emaciated creatures covered with loathsome sores, living heaven knows how. They were called by the common name of lepers, and

probably the leprosy strictly so called was awfully common. But the children must have swarmed with vermin; and the itch, and the scurvy, and the ringworm, with other hideous eruptions, must have played fearful havoc with the weak and sickly.

As for the dress of the working classes, it was hardly dress at all. I doubt whether the great mass of the laborers in Norfolk had more than a single garment — a kind of tunic leaving the arms and legs bare, with a girdle of rope or leather round the waist, in which a man's knife was stuck, to use sometimes for hacking his bread, sometimes for stabbing an enemy in a quarrel. As for any cotton goods, such as are familiar to you all, they had never been dreamt of, and I suspect that no more people in Norfolk wore linen habitually than now wear silk.

Money was almost inconceivably scarce. The laborer's wages were paid partly in rations of food, partly in other allowances, and only partly in money; he had to take what he could get. Even the quitrent, or what I have called the ground rent, was frequently compounded for by the tenant being required to find a pair of gloves, or a pound of cummin, or some other acknowledgment in lieu of a money payment; and one instance occurs among the Rougham Charters of a man buying as much as eleven and one half acres, and paying for them partly in money and partly in barley. (In the year 1276 halfpence and farthings were coined for the first time. This must have been a great boon to the poorer classes, and it evidently was felt to be a matter of great importance.) Nothing shows more plainly the scarcity of money than the enormous interest that was paid for a loan. The only bankers were the Jews; and when a man was once in their hands he was never likely to get out of their clutches again. But six hundred years ago the Jews had almost come to the end of their tether; and in the year 1290 they were driven out of the country, men, women, and children, with unutterable barbarity, only to be replaced by other bloodsuckers who were not a whit less mercenary, perhaps, but only less pushing and successful in their usury.

It is often said that the monasteries were the great supporters of the poor, and fed them in times of scarcity. It may be so, but I should like to see the evidence for the statement. At present I doubt the fact, at any rate as far as Norfolk goes. On the contrary, I am strongly impressed with the belief that

six hundred years ago the poor had no friends. The parsons were needy themselves. In too many cases one clergyman held two or three livings, took his tithes and spent them in the town, and left a chaplain with a bare subsistence to fill his place in the country. There was no parson's wife to drop in and speak a kind word — no clergyman's daughter to give a friendly nod, or teach the little ones at Sunday school — no softening influences, no sympathy, no kindliness. What could you expect of people with such dreary surroundings? — what do we find that which we know actually was the condition of affairs? The records of crime and outrage in Norfolk six hundred years ago are still preserved, and may be read by any one who knows how to decipher them. I had intended to examine carefully the entries of crime for this neighborhood for the year 1286, and to give you the result this evening, but I have not had an opportunity of doing so. The work has been done for the hundred of North Erpingham by my friend Mr. Rye, and what is true for one part of Norfolk during any single year is not likely to be very different from what was going on in another.

The picture we get of the utter lawlessness of the whole county, however, at the beginning of King Edward's reign is quite dreadful enough. Nobody seems to have resorted to the law to maintain a right or redress a wrong, till every other method had been tried. Starting with the squires, if I may use the term, and those well-to-do people who ought to have been among the most law-abiding members of the community — we find them setting an example of violence and rapacity, bad to read of. One of the most common causes of offense was when the lord of the manor attempted to invade the rights of the tenants of the manor by setting up a fold on the heath, or *bruary* as it was called. What the lord was inclined to do, that the tenants would try to do also, as when in 1272 John de Swanton set up a fold in the common fields at Billingford; whereupon the other tenants pulled it down, and there was a serious disturbance, and the matter dragged on in the law courts for four years and more. Or as when the Prior of Wymondham impleads William de Calthorp for interfering with his foldage at Burnham, Calthorp replying that the Prior had no right to foldage, and that he (Calthorp) had the right to pull the fold down. In these cases, of course, there would be a general gathering and a riot, for every one's interest was at

stake ; but it was not only when some general grievance was felt that people in those days were ready for a row.

It really looks as if nothing was more easy than to collect a band of people who could be let loose anywhere to work any mischief. One man had a claim upon another for a debt, or a piece of land, or a right which was denied — had the claim, or fancied he had — and he seems to have had no difficulty in getting together a score or two of roughs to back him in taking the law into his own hands. As when John de la Wade in 1270 persuaded a band of men to help him in invading the manor of Hamon de Clere, in this very parish of Tittleshall, seizing the corn and threshing it, and, more wonderful still, cutting down timber and *carrying it off*. There are actually two other cases of a precisely similar kind recorded this same year, one where a gang of fellows in broad day seems to have looted the manors of Dunton and Mileham ; the other case was where a mob, under the leadership of three men, who are named, entered by force into the manor of Dunham, laid hands on a quantity of timber fit for building purposes, and took it away bodily! A much more serious case, however, occurred some years after this, when two gentlemen of position in Norfolk, with twenty-five followers, who appear to have been their regular retainers, and a great multitude on foot and horse, came to Little Barningham, where in the Hall there lived an old lady, Petronilla de Gros ; they set fire to the house in five places, dragged out the old lady, treated her with the most brutal violence, and so worked upon her fears that they compelled her to tell them where her money and jewels were, and having seized them, I conclude that they left her to warm herself at the smoldering ruins of her mansion.

On another occasion there was a fierce riot at Rainham. There the manor had become divided into three portions, as we have seen was the case at Rougham. One Thomas de Hauville had one portion, and Thomas de Ingoldesthorp and Robert de Scales held the other two portions. Thomas de Hauville, peradventure, felt aggrieved because some rogue had not been whipped or tortured cruelly enough to suit his notions of salutary justice, whereupon he went to the expense of erecting a brand-new pillory, and apparently a gallows too, to strike terror into the minds of the disorderly. The other parceners of the manor were indignant at the act, and collecting nearly sixty of the people of Rainham, they pulled down the new pillory and

utterly destroyed the same. When the case came before the judges, the defendants pleaded in effect that if Thomas de Hauville had put up his pillory on his own domain they would have had no objection, but that he had invaded their rights in setting up his gallows without their permission.

If the gentry, and they who ought to have known better, set such an example, and gave their sanction to outrage and savagery, it was only natural that the lower orders should be quick to take their pattern by their superiors, and should be only too ready to break and defy the law. And so it is clear enough that they were. In a single year, the year 1285, in the hundred of North Erpingham, containing thirty-two parishes, the catalogue of crime is so ghastly as positively to stagger one. Without taking any account of what in those days must have been looked upon as quite minor offenses, — such as simple theft, sheep stealing, fraud, extortion, or harboring felons, — there were eleven men and five women put upon their trial for burglary, eight men and four women were murdered; there were five fatal fights, three men and two women being killed in the frays; and, saddest of all, there were five cases of suicide, among them two women, one of whom hanged herself, and the other cut her throat with a razor. We have in the roll recording these horrors very minute particulars of the several cases, and we know too that, not many months before the roll was drawn up, at least eleven desperate wretches had been hanged for various offenses, and one had been torn to pieces by horses for the crime of debasing the king's coin. It is impossible for us to realize the hideous ferocity of such a state of society as this; — the women were as bad as the men, furious beldames, dangerous as wild beasts, without pity, without shame, without remorse; and finding life so cheerless, so hopeless, so very, very dark and miserable, that when there was nothing to be gained by killing any one else they killed themselves.

Anywhere, anywhere out of the world!

Sentimental people who plaintively sigh for the good old times will do well to ponder upon these facts. Think, twelve poor creatures butchered in cold blood in a single year within a circuit of ten miles from your own door! Two of these unhappy victims were a couple of lonely women, apparently living

together in their poverty, gashed and battered in the dead of the night, and left in their blood, stripped of their little all. The motive, too, for all this horrible housebreaking and bloodshed being a lump of cheese or a side of bacon, and the shuddering creatures cowering in the corner of a hovel, being too paralyzed with terror to utter a cry, and never dreaming of making resistance to the wild-eyed assassins, who came to slay rather than to steal.

Let us turn from these scenes, which are too painful to dwell on; and, before I close, let me try and point to some bright spots in the village life of six hundred years ago. If the hovels of the laborer were squalid, and dirty, and dark, yet there was not — no, there was not — as much difference between them and the dwelling of the former class, the employers of labor. Every man who had any house at all had some direct interest in the land; he always had some rood or two that he could call his own; his allotment was not large, but then there were no large farmers. I cannot make out that there was any one in Rougham who farmed as much as two hundred acres all told. What we now understand by tenant farmers were a class that had not yet come into existence. Where a landlord was non-resident he farmed his estate by a bailiff, and if any one wanted to give up an occupation for a time he let it with all that it contained. Thus, when Alice the divorced made up her mind in 1318 to go away from Rougham, — perhaps on a pilgrimage — perhaps to Rome — who knows? — she let her house and land, and all that was upon it, live and dead stock, to her sister Juliana for three years. The inventory included not only the sheep and cattle, but the very hoes and pitchforks, and sacks; and everything, to the minutest particular, was to be returned without damage at the end of the term, or replaced by an equivalent. But this lady, a lady of birth and some position, certainly did not have two hundred acres under her hands, and would have been a very small personage indeed, side by side with a dozen of our West Norfolk farmers to-day. The difference between the laborer and the farmer was, I think, less six hundred years ago than it is now. Men climbed up the ladder by steps that were more gently graduated; there was no great gulf fixed between the employer and the employed.

I can tell you nothing of the amusements of the people in those days. I doubt whether they had any more amusement

different from our own, were perhaps not so very unlike what we should be if our surroundings were as theirs — now that we have come to that conclusion, if indeed we have come to it, let me ask you all a question or two. Should we like to change with those forefathers of ours, whose lives were passed in this parish in the way I have attempted to describe, six hundred years ago? Were the former times better than these? Has the world grown worse as it has grown older? Has there been no progress, but only decline?

My friends, the people who lived in this village six hundred years ago were living a life hugely below the level of yours. They were more wretched in their poverty, they were incomparably less prosperous in their prosperity, they were worse clad, worse fed, worse housed, worse taught, worse tended, worse governed; they were sufferers from loathsome diseases which you know nothing of; the very beasts of the field were dwarfed and stunted in their growth, and I do not believe there were any giants in the earth in those days. The death rate among the children must have been tremendous. The disregard of human life was so callous that we can hardly conceive it. There was everything to harden, nothing to soften; everywhere oppression, greed, and fierceness. Judged by our modern standards, the people of our county village were beyond all doubt coarser, more brutal, and more wicked, than they are.

Progress is slow, but there has been progress. The days that are, are not what they should be; we still want reforms, we need much reforming ourselves; but the former days were not better than these, whatever these may be; and if the next six hundred years exhibit as decided an advance as the last six centuries have brought about, and if your children's children of the coming time rise as much above your level in sentiment, material comfort, knowledge, intelligence, and refinement, as you have risen above the level which your ancestors attained to, though even then they will not cease to desire better things, they will nevertheless have cause for thankfulness such as you may well feel to-night as you look back upon what you have escaped from, and reflect upon what you are.

MARION'S DEATH AND WALLACE'S VENGEANCE.

By JANE PORTER.

(From "The Scottish Chiefs.")

[JANE PORTER: An English novelist; born at Durham in 1776, her father being a surgeon in the Dragoon Guards. She passed her life chiefly in or near London. Her first and most popular novel was "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1803), translated into several languages; followed by "The Scottish Chiefs" (1809), "Duke Christian of Luneburg," etc. She died at Bristol in 1850.]

ELLERSLIE.

HALBERT, entering the room softly, into which Marion had withdrawn, beheld her on her knees, before a crucifix: she was praying for the safety of her husband.

"May he, O gracious Lord," cried she, "soon return to his home. But if I am to see him here no more, oh, may it please Thee to grant me to meet him within Thy arms in heaven!"

"Hear her, blessed Son of Mary!" ejaculated the old man. She looked round, and, rising from her knees, demanded of him, in a kind but anxious voice, whether he had left her lord in security.

"In the way to it, my lady!" answered Halbert. He repeated all that Wallace had said at parting, and then tried to prevail on her to go to rest. . . . She, little suspecting that he meant to do otherwise than to sleep also, kindly wished him repose, and retired.

Her maids, during the late terror, had dispersed, and were nowhere to be found; and the men, too, after their stout resistance at the gates, had all disappeared; some fled, others were sent away prisoners to Lanark, while the good Hambledon was conversing with their lady. Halbert, therefore, resigned himself to await with patience the rising of the sun, when he hoped some of the scared domestics would return; if not, he determined to go to the cotters who lived in the depths of the glen, and bring some of them to supply the place of the fugitives, and a few, with stouter hearts, to guard his lady.

Thus musing, he sat on a stone bench in the hall, watching eagerly the appearance of that orb, whose setting beams he would light him back with tidings of Sir William Wal-

lace to comfort the lonely heart of his Marion. All seemed at peace. Nothing was heard but the sighing of the trees as they waved before the western window, which opened towards the Lanark hills. The morning was yet gray, and the fresh air blowing in rather chilly, Halbert rose to close the wooden shutter; at that moment his eyes were arrested by a party of armed men in quick march down the opposite declivity. In a few minutes more their heavy steps sounded in his ears, and he saw the platform before the house filled with English. Alarmed at the sight, he was retreating across the apartment, towards his lady's room, when the great hall door was burst open by a band of soldiers, who rushed forward and seized him.

"Tell me, dotard!" cried their leader, a man of low stature, with gray locks, but a fierce countenance, "where is the murderer? Where is Sir William Wallace? Speak, or the torture shall force you!"

Halbert shuddered, but it was for his defenseless lady, not for himself. "My master," said he, "is far from this."

"Where?"

"I know not."

"Thou shalt be made to know, thou hoary-headed villain!" cried the same violent interrogator. "Where is the assassin's wife? I will confront ye. Seek her out."

At that word the soldiers parted right and left, and in a moment afterwards three of them appeared, with shouts, bringing in the trembling Marion.

"Alas! my lady!" cried Halbert, struggling to approach her, as with terrified apprehension she looked around her; but they held her fast, and he saw her led up to the merciless wretch who had given the orders to have her summoned.

"Woman!" cried he, "I am the governor of Lanark. You now stand before the representative of the great King Edward, and on your allegiance to him, and on the peril of your life, I command you to answer me three questions. Where is Sir William Wallace, the murderer of my nephew? Who is that old Scot, for whom my nephew was slain? He and his whole family shall meet my vengeance! And tell me where is that box of treasure which your husband stole from Douglas Castle? Answer me these questions on your life."

Lady Wallace remained silent.

"Speak, woman!" demanded the governor. "If fear cannot move you, know that I can reward as well as avenge. I

a country village than it is now, and if a man chose to drink bad beer he had only himself to thank for it. There was no such monopoly as there is now. I am inclined to think that there were a very great many more people who sold beer in the country parishes than sell it now, and I am sorry to say that the beer sellers in those days had the reputation of being rather a bad lot. It is quite certain that they were very often in trouble, and of all the offenses punished by fine at the manor courts none is more common than that of selling beer in false measures.

The method of cheating their customers by the beer sellers was, we are told, exactly the contrary plan followed by our modern publicans. Now, when a man gets into a warm corner at the pothouse, they tell me that John Barleycorn is apt to serve out more drink than is good for him; but six hundred years ago the beer seller made his profit, or tried to make it, by giving his customer less than he asked for. Tobacco was quite unknown; it was first brought into England about three hundred years after the days we are dealing with. When a man once sat himself down with his pot he had nothing to do but drink. He had no pipe to take off his attention from his liquor. If such a portentous sight could have been seen in those days as that of a man vomiting forth clouds of smoke from his mouth and nostrils, the beholders would have undoubtedly taken to their heels and run for their lives, protesting that the devil himself had appeared to them, breathing forth fire and flames. Tea and coffee, too, were absolutely unknown, unheard of; and wine was the rich man's beverage, as it is now. The fire waters of our own time — the gin and the rum, which have wrought us all such incalculable mischief — were not discovered then. Some little ardent spirits, known under the name of *cordials*, were to be found in the better-appointed establishments, and were kept by the lady of the house among her simples, and on special occasions dealt out in thimblefuls; but the vile grog, that maddens people now, our forefathers of six hundred years ago had never even tasted.

The absence of vegetable food for the greater part of the year, the personal dirt of the people, the sleeping at night in the clothes worn in the day, and other causes, made skin diseases frightfully common. At the outskirts of every town in England of any size there were crawling about emaciated creatures covered with loathsome sores, living heaven knows how. They were called by the common name of lepers, and

probably the leprosy strictly so called was awfully common. But the children must have swarmed with vermin; and the itch, and the scurvy, and the ringworm, with other hideous eruptions, must have played fearful havoc with the weak and sickly.

As for the dress of the working classes, it was hardly dress at all. I doubt whether the great mass of the laborers in Norfolk had more than a single garment — a kind of tunic leaving the arms and legs bare, with a girdle of rope or leather round the waist, in which a man's knife was stuck, to use sometimes for hacking his bread, sometimes for stabbing an enemy in a quarrel. As for any cotton goods, such as are familiar to you all, they had never been dreamt of, and I suspect that no more people in Norfolk wore linen habitually than now wear silk.

Money was almost inconceivably scarce. The laborer's wages were paid partly in rations of food, partly in other allowances, and only partly in money; he had to take what he could get. Even the quitrent, or what I have called the ground rent, was frequently compounded for by the tenant being required to find a pair of gloves, or a pound of cummin, or some other acknowledgment in lieu of a money payment; and one instance occurs among the Rougham Charters of a man buying as much as eleven and one half acres, and paying for them partly in money and partly in barley. (In the year 1276 halfpence and farthings were coined for the first time. This must have been a great boon to the poorer classes, and it evidently was felt to be a matter of great importance.) Nothing shows more plainly the scarcity of money than the enormous interest that was paid for a loan. The only bankers were the Jews; and when a man was once in their hands he was never likely to get out of their clutches again. But six hundred years ago the Jews had almost come to the end of their tether; and in the year 1290 they were driven out of the country, men, women, and children, with unutterable barbarity, only to be replaced by other bloodsuckers who were not a whit less mercenary, perhaps, but only less pushing and successful in their usury.

It is often said that the monasteries were the great supporters of the poor, and fed them in times of scarcity. It may be so, but I should like to see the evidence for the statement. At present I doubt the fact, at any rate as far as Norfolk goes. On the contrary, I am strongly impressed with the belief that

six hundred years ago the poor had no friends. The parsons were needy themselves. In too many cases one clergyman held two or three livings, took his tithes and spent them in the town, and left a chaplain with a bare subsistence to fill his place in the country. There was no parson's wife to drop in and speak a kind word — no clergyman's daughter to give a friendly nod, or teach the little ones at Sunday school — no softening influences, no sympathy, no kindliness. What could you expect of people with such dreary surroundings? — what but that which we know actually was the condition of affairs? The records of crime and outrage in Norfolk six hundred years ago are still preserved, and may be read by any one who knows how to decipher them. I had intended to examine carefully the entries of crime for this neighborhood for the year 1286, and to give you the result this evening, but I have not had an opportunity of doing so. The work has been done for the hundred of North Erpingham by my friend Mr. Rye, and what is true for one part of Norfolk during any single year is not likely to be very different from what was going on in another.

The picture we get of the utter lawlessness of the whole county, however, at the beginning of King Edward's reign is quite dreadful enough. Nobody seems to have resorted to the law to maintain a right or redress a wrong, till every other method had been tried. Starting with the squires, if I may use the term, and those well-to-do people who ought to have been among the most law-abiding members of the community — we find them setting an example of violence and rapacity, bad to read of. One of the most common causes of offense was when the lord of the manor attempted to invade the rights of the tenants of the manor by setting up a fold on the heath, or *Bruary* as it was called. What the lord was inclined to do, that the tenants would try to do also, as when in 1272 John de Swanton set up a fold in the common fields at Billingford; whereupon the other tenants pulled it down, and there was a serious disturbance, and the matter dragged on in the law courts for four years and more. Or as when the Prior of Wymondham impleads William de Calthorp for interfering with his foldage at Burnham, Calthorp replying that the Prior had no right to foldage, and that he (Calthorp) had the right to pull the fold down. In these cases, of course, there would be a general gathering and a riot, for every one's interest was at

stake ; but it was not only when some general grievance was felt that people in those days were ready for a row.

It really looks as if nothing was more easy than to collect a band of people who could be let loose anywhere to work any mischief. One man had a claim upon another for a debt, or a piece of land, or a right which was denied — had the claim, or fancied he had — and he seems to have had no difficulty in getting together a score or two of roughs to back him in taking the law into his own hands. As when John de la Wade in 1270 persuaded a band of men to help him in invading the manor of Hamon de Clere, in this very parish of Tittleshall, seizing the corn and threshing it, and, more wonderful still, cutting down timber and *carrying it off*. There are actually two other cases of a precisely similar kind recorded this same year, one where a gang of fellows in broad day seems to have looted the manors of Dunton and Mileham ; the other case was where a mob, under the leadership of three men, who are named, entered by force into the manor of Dunham, laid hands on a quantity of timber fit for building purposes, and took it away bodily! A much more serious case, however, occurred some years after this, when two gentlemen of position in Norfolk, with twenty-five followers, who appear to have been their regular retainers, and a great multitude on foot and horse, came to Little Barningham, where in the Hall there lived an old lady, Petronilla de Gros ; they set fire to the house in five places, dragged out the old lady, treated her with the most brutal violence, and so worked upon her fears that they compelled her to tell them where her money and jewels were, and having seized them, I conclude that they left her to warm herself at the smoldering ruins of her mansion.

On another occasion there was a fierce riot at Rainham. There the manor had become divided into three portions, as we have seen was the case at Rougham. One Thomas de Hauville had one portion, and Thomas de Ingoldesthorp and Robert de Scales held the other two portions. Thomas de Hauville, peradventure, felt aggrieved because some rogue had not been whipped or tortured cruelly enough to suit his notions of salutary justice, whereupon he went to the expense of erecting a brand-new pillory, and apparently a gallows too, to strike terror into the minds of the disorderly. The other parceners of the manor were indignant at the act, and collecting nearly sixty of the people of Rainham, they pulled down the new pillory and

utterly destroyed the same. When the case came before the judges, the defendants pleaded in effect that if Thomas de Hauville had put up his pillory on his own domain they would have had no objection, but that he had invaded their rights in setting up his gallows without their permission.

If the gentry, and they who ought to have known better, set such an example, and gave their sanction to outrage and savagery, it was only natural that the lower orders should be quick to take their pattern by their superiors, and should be only too ready to break and defy the law. And so it is clear enough that they were. In a single year, the year 1285, in the hundred of North Erpingham, containing thirty-two parishes, the catalogue of crime is so ghastly as positively to stagger one. Without taking any account of what in those days must have been looked upon as quite minor offenses, — such as simple theft, sheep stealing, fraud, extortion, or harboring felons, — there were eleven men and five women put upon their trial for burglary, eight men and four women were murdered; there were five fatal fights, three men and two women being killed in the frays; and, saddest of all, there were five cases of suicide, among them two women, one of whom hanged herself, and the other cut her throat with a razor. We have in the roll recording these horrors very minute particulars of the several cases, and we know too that, not many months before the roll was drawn up, at least eleven desperate wretches had been hanged for various offenses, and one had been torn to pieces by horses for the crime of debasing the king's coin. It is impossible for us to realize the hideous ferocity of such a state of society as this; — the women were as bad as the men, furious beldames, dangerous as wild beasts, without pity, without shame, without remorse; and finding life so cheerless, so hopeless, so very, very dark and miserable, that when there was nothing to be gained by killing any one else they killed themselves.

Anywhere, anywhere out of the world!

Sentimental people who plaintively sigh for the good old times will do well to ponder upon these facts. Think, twelve poor creatures butchered in cold blood in a single year within a circuit of ten miles from your own door! Two of these unhappy victims were a couple of lonely women, apparently living

together in their poverty, gashed and battered in the dead of the night, and left in their blood, stripped of their little all. The motive, too, for all this horrible housebreaking and bloodshed being a lump of cheese or a side of bacon, and the shuddering creatures cowering in the corner of a hovel, being too paralyzed with terror to utter a cry, and never dreaming of making resistance to the wild-eyed assassins, who came to slay rather than to steal.

Let us turn from these scenes, which are too painful to dwell on; and, before I close, let me try and point to some bright spots in the village life of six hundred years ago. If the hovels of the laborer were squalid, and dirty, and dark, yet there was not — no, there was not — as much difference between them and the dwelling of the former class, the employers of labor. Every man who had any house at all had some direct interest in the land; he always had some rood or two that he could call his own; his allotment was not large, but then there were no large farmers. I cannot make out that there was any one in Rougham who farmed as much as two hundred acres all told. What we now understand by tenant farmers were a class that had not yet come into existence. Where a landlord was non-resident he farmed his estate by a bailiff, and if any one wanted to give up an occupation for a time he let it with all that it contained. Thus, when Alice the divorced made up her mind in 1318 to go away from Rougham, — perhaps on a pilgrimage — perhaps to Rome — who knows? — she let her house and land, and all that was upon it, live and dead stock, to her sister Juliana for three years. The inventory included not only the sheep and cattle, but the very hoes and pitchforks, and sacks; and everything, to the minutest particular, was to be returned without damage at the end of the term, or replaced by an equivalent. But this lady, a lady of birth and some position, certainly did not have two hundred acres under her hands, and would have been a very small personage indeed, side by side with a dozen of our West Norfolk farmers to-day. The difference between the laborer and the farmer was, I think, less six hundred years ago than it is now. Men climbed up the ladder by steps that were more gently graduated; there was no great gulf fixed between the employer and the employed.

I can tell you nothing of the amusements of the people in those days. I doubt whether they had any more amusement

than the swine or the cows had. Looking after the fowls or the geese, hunting for the hen's nest in the furze brake, and digging out a fox or a badger, gave them an hour's excitement or interest now and again. Now and then a wandering minstrel came by, playing upon his rude instrument, and now and then somebody would come out from Lynn, or Yarmouth, or Norwich, with some new batch of songs, for the most part scurrilous and coarse, and listened to much less for the sake of the music than for the words. Nor were books so rare as has been asserted. There were even storybooks in some houses, as where John Senekworth, bailiff for Merton College, at Gamlingay in Cambridgeshire, possessed, when he died in 1314, three books of romance; but then he was a thriving yeoman, with carpets in his house, or hangings for the walls.

There was a great deal more coming and going in the country villages than there is now, a great deal more to talk about, a great deal more doing. The courts of the manor were held periodically, and the free tenants were bound to attend and carry on a large amount of petty business. Then there were the periodical visitations by the Archdeacon and the Rural Dean, and now and then more august personages might be seen with a host of mounted followers riding along the roads. The Bishop of Norwich was always on the move when he was in his diocese; his most favorite places of residence were North Elmham and Gaywood; at both of these places he had a palace and a park; that meant that there were deer there and hunting, and all the good and evil that seems to be inseparable from haunches of venison. Nay, at intervals, even the Archbishop of Canterbury himself, the second man in the kingdom, came down to hold a visitation in Norfolk, and exactly 602 years ago the great Archbishop Peckham spent some time in the county, and though I do not think he came near Rougham or Tittleshall, I think it not improbable that his coming may have had some influence in bringing about the separation between Peter Romayn and Matilda de Cringleford, and the divorce of poor Alice from John of Thyrsford. . . .

And these were the days of old. But now that we have looked back upon them as they appear through the mists of centuries, the distance distorting some things, obscuring others, but leaving upon us, on the whole, an impression that, after all, these men and women of the past, whose circumstances were so

different from our own, were perhaps not so very unlike what we should be if our surroundings were as theirs — now that we have come to that conclusion, if indeed we have come to it, let me ask you all a question or two. Should we like to change with those forefathers of ours, whose lives were passed in this parish in the way I have attempted to describe, six hundred years ago? Were the former times better than these? Has the world grown worse as it has grown older? Has there been no progress, but only decline?

My friends, the people who lived in this village six hundred years ago were living a life hugely below the level of yours. They were more wretched in their poverty, they were incomparably less prosperous in their prosperity, they were worse clad, worse fed, worse housed, worse taught, worse tended, worse governed; they were sufferers from loathsome diseases which you know nothing of; the very beasts of the field were dwarfed and stunted in their growth, and I do not believe there were any giants in the earth in those days. The death rate among the children must have been tremendous. The disregard of human life was so callous that we can hardly conceive it. There was everything to harden, nothing to soften; everywhere oppression, greed, and fierceness. Judged by our modern standards, the people of our county village were beyond all doubt coarser, more brutal, and more wicked, than they are.

Progress is slow, but there has been progress. The days that are, are not what they should be; we still want reforms, we need much reforming ourselves; but the former days were not better than these, whatever these may be; and if the next six hundred years exhibit as decided an advance as the last six centuries have brought about, and if your children's children of the coming time rise as much above your level in sentiment, material comfort, knowledge, intelligence, and refinement, as you have risen above the level which your ancestors attained to, though even then they will not cease to desire better things, they will nevertheless have cause for thankfulness such as you may well feel to-night as you look back upon what you have escaped from, and reflect upon what you are.

MARION'S DEATH AND WALLACE'S VENGEANCE.

BY JANE PORTER.

(From "The Scottish Chiefs.")

[JANE PORTER: An English novelist; born at Durham in 1776, her father being a surgeon in the Dragoon Guards. She passed her life chiefly in or near London. Her first and most popular novel was "Thaddeus of Warsaw" (1803), translated into several languages; followed by "The Scottish Chiefs" (1809), "Duke Christian of Luneburg," etc. She died at Bristol in 1850.]

ELLERSLIE.

HALBERT, entering the room softly, into which Marion had withdrawn, beheld her on her knees, before a crucifix: she was praying for the safety of her husband.

"May he, O gracious Lord," cried she, "soon return to his home. But if I am to see him here no more, oh, may it please Thee to grant me to meet him within Thy arms in heaven!"

"Hear her, blessed Son of Mary!" ejaculated the old man. She looked round, and, rising from her knees, demanded of him, in a kind but anxious voice, whether he had left her lord in security.

"In the way to it, my lady!" answered Halbert. He repeated all that Wallace had said at parting, and then tried to prevail on her to go to rest. . . . She, little suspecting that he meant to do otherwise than to sleep also, kindly wished him repose, and retired.

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Thus musing, he sat on a stone bench in the hall, watching anxiously the appearance of that orb, whose setting beams he hoped would light him back with tidings of Sir William Wal-

lace to comfort the lonely heart of his Marion. All seemed at peace. Nothing was heard but the sighing of the trees as they waved before the western window, which opened towards the Lanark hills. The morning was yet gray, and the fresh air blowing in rather chilly, Halbert rose to close the wooden shutter; at that moment his eyes were arrested by a party of armed men in quick march down the opposite declivity. In a few minutes more their heavy steps sounded in his ears, and he saw the platform before the house filled with English. Alarmed at the sight, he was retreating across the apartment, towards his lady's room, when the great hall door was burst open by a band of soldiers, who rushed forward and seized him.

"Tell me, dotard!" cried their leader, a man of low stature, with gray locks, but a fierce countenance, "where is the murderer? Where is Sir William Wallace? Speak, or the torture shall force you!"

Halbert shuddered, but it was for his defenseless lady, not for himself. "My master," said he, "is far from this."

"Where?"

"I know not."

"Thou shalt be made to know, thou hoary-headed villain!" cried the same violent interrogator. "Where is the assassin's wife? I will confront ye. Seek her out."

At that word the soldiers parted right and left, and in a moment afterwards three of them appeared, with shouts, bringing in the trembling Marion.

"Alas! my lady!" cried Halbert, struggling to approach her, as with terrified apprehension she looked around her; but they held her fast, and he saw her led up to the merciless wretch who had given the orders to have her summoned.

"Woman!" cried he, "I am the governor of Lanark. You now stand before the representative of the great King Edward, and on your allegiance to him, and on the peril of your life, I command you to answer me three questions. Where is Sir William Wallace, the murderer of my nephew? Who is that old Scot, for whom my nephew was slain? He and his whole family shall meet my vengeance! And tell me where is that box of treasure which your husband stole from Douglas Castle? Answer me these questions on your life."

Lady Wallace remained silent.

"Speak, woman!" demanded the governor. "If fear cannot move you, know that I can reward as well as avenge. I

will endow you richly, if you declare the truth. If you persist to refuse, you die."

"Then I die," replied she, scarcely opening her half-closed eyes, as she leaned, fainting and motionless, against the soldier who held her.

"What!" cried the governor, stifling his rage, in hopes to gain by persuasion on a spirit he found threats could not intimidate; "can so gentle a lady reject the favor of England; large grants in this country, and perhaps a fine English knight for a husband, when you might have all for the trifling service of giving up a traitor to his liege lord, and confessing where his robberies lie concealed? Speak, fair dame; give me this information, and the lands of the wounded chieftain whom Wallace brought here, with the hand of the handsome Sir Gilbert Hambledon, shall be your reward. Rich, and a beauty in Edward's court! Lady, can you now refuse to purchase all, by declaring the hiding place of the traitor Wallace?"

"It is easier to die!"

"Fool!" cried Heselrigge, driven from his assumed temper by her steady denial. "What! is it easier for these dainty limbs to be hacked to pieces by my soldiers' axes? Is it easier for that fair bosom to be trodden underfoot by my horse's hoofs, and for that beauteous head of thine to decorate my lance? Is all this easier than to tell me where to find a murderer and his gold?"

Lady Wallace shuddered: she stretched her hands to heaven.

"Speak once for all!" cried the enraged governor, drawing his sword; "I am no waxen-hearted Hambledon, to be cajoled by your beauty. Declare where Wallace is concealed, or dread my vengeance."

The horrid steel gleamed across the eyes of the unhappy Marion; unable to sustain herself, she sunk on the ground.

"Kneel not to me for mercy!" cried the fierce wretch; "I grant none, unless you confess your husband's hiding place."

A momentary strength darted from the heart of Lady Wallace to her voice. "I kneel to heaven alone, and may it ever preserve my Wallace from the fangs of Edward and his tyrants!"

"Blasphemous wretch!" cried the infuriate Heselrigge; and in that moment he plunged his sword into her defenseless

breast. Halbert, who had all this time been held back by the soldiers, could not believe that the fierce governor would perpetrate the horrid deed he threatened; but seeing it done, with a giant's strength and a terrible cry he burst from the hands which held him, and had thrown himself on the bleeding Marion, before her murderer could strike his second blow. However, it fell, and pierced through the neck of the faithful servant before it reached her heart. She opened her dying eyes, and seeing who it was that would have shielded her life, just articulated, "Halbert! my Wallace — to God ——" and with the last unfinished sentence her pure soul took its flight to regions of eternal peace.

The good old man's heart almost burst, when he felt that before-heaving bosom now motionless; and groaning with grief, and fainting with loss of blood, he lay senseless on her body.

A terrific stillness was now in the hall. Not a man spoke; all stood looking on each other, with a stern horror marking each pale countenance. Heselrigge, dropping his blood-stained sword on the ground, perceived by the behavior of his men that he had gone too far, and fearful of arousing the indignation of awakened humanity, to some act against himself, he addressed the soldiers in an unusual accent of condescension: "My friends," said he, "we will now return to Lanark: to-morrow you may come back, for I reward your services of this night with the plunder of Ellerslie."

"May a curse light on him who carries a stick from its ground!" exclaimed a veteran, from the further end of the hall. "Amen!" murmured all the soldiers, with one consent; and falling back, they disappeared, one by one, out of the great door, leaving Heselrigge alone with the soldier, who stood leaning on his sword looking on the murdered lady.

"Grimsby, why stand you there?" demanded Heselrigge; "follow me."

"Never," returned the soldier.

"What!" exclaimed the governor, momentarily forgetting his panic, "dare you speak thus to your commander? March on before me this instant, or expect to be treated as a rebel."

"I march at your command no more," replied the veteran, eying him resolutely: "the moment you perpetrated this bloody deed, you became unworthy the name of man; and I should disgrace my own manhood, were I ever again to obey the word of such a monster!"

"Villain!" cried the enraged Heselrigge, "you shall die for this!"

"That may be," answered Grimsby, "by the hands of some tyrant like yourself; but no brave man, not the royal Edward, would do otherwise than acquit his soldier for refusing obedience to the murderer of an innocent woman. It was not so he treated the wives and daughters of the slaughtered Saracens when I followed his banners over the fields of Palestine!"

"Thou canting miscreant!" cried Heselrigge, springing on him suddenly, and aiming his dagger at his breast. But the soldier arrested the weapon, and at the same instant closing upon the assassin, with a turn of his foot threw him to the ground. Heselrigge, as he lay prostrate, seeing his dagger in his adversary's hand, with the most dastardly promises, implored for life.

"Monster!" cried the soldier, "I would not pollute my honest hands with such unnatural blood. Neither, though thy hand has been lifted against my life, would I willingly take thine. It is not rebellion against my commander that actuates me, but hatred of the vilest of murderers. I go far from you, or your power; but if you forswear your voluntary oath, and attempt to seek me out for vengeance, remember it is a soldier of the cross you pursue, and a dire retribution shall be demanded by Heaven, at a moment you cannot avoid, and with a horror commensurate with your crimes."

There was a solemnity and determination in the voice and manner of the soldier that paralyzed the intimidated soul of the governor; he trembled violently, and repeating his oath of leaving Grimsby unmolested, at last obtained his permission to return to Lanark. The men, in obedience to the conscience-struck orders of their commander, had mounted their horses, and were now far out of sight. Heselrigge's charger was still in the courtyard; he was hurrying towards it, but the soldier, with a prudent suspicion, called out, "Stop, sir! you must walk to Lanark. The cruel are generally false: I cannot trust your word, should you have the power to break it. Leave this horse here — to-morrow you may send for it, I shall then be far away."

Heselrigge saw that remonstrance would be unavailing; and shaking with impotent rage, he turned into the path which, after five weary miles, would lead him once more to his citadel.

From the moment the soldier's manly spirit had dared to deliver its abhorrence of Lady Wallace's murder, he was aware that his life would no longer be safe within reach of the machinations of Heselrigge; and determined, alike by detestation of him, and regard for his own preservation, he resolved to take shelter in the mountains, till he could have an opportunity of going beyond sea to join his king's troops in the Guienne wars.

Full of these thoughts, he returned into the hall. As he approached the bleeding group on the floor, he perceived it move; hoping that perhaps the unhappy lady might not be dead, he drew near; but, alas! as he bent to examine, he touched her hand and found it quite cold. The blood which had streamed from the now exhausted heart, lay congealed upon her arms and bosom. Grimsby shuddered. Again he saw her move; but it was not with her own life; the recovering senses of her faithful servant, as his arms clung around the body, had disturbed the remains of her who would wake no more.

On seeing that existence yet struggled in one of these blameless victims, Grimsby did his utmost to revive the old man. He raised him from the ground, and poured some strong liquor he had in a flask into his mouth. Halbert breathed freer; and his kind surgeon, with the venerable harper's own plaid, bound up the wound in his neck. Halbert opened his eyes. When he fixed them on the rough features and English helmet of the soldier, he closed them again with a deep groan.

"My honest Scot," said Grimsby, "trust in me. I am a man like yourself; and though a Southron, am no enemy to age and helplessness."

The harper took courage at these words: he again looked at the soldier; but suddenly recollecting what had passed, he turned his eyes towards the body of his mistress, on which the beams of the now rising sun were shining. He started up, and staggering towards her, would have fallen, had not Grimsby supported him. "O what a sight is this!" cried he, wringing his hands. "My lady! my lovely lady! see how low she lies who was once the delight of all eyes, the comforter of all hearts." The old man's sobs suffocated him. The veteran turned away his face; a tear dropped upon his hand. "Accursed Heselrigge," ejaculated he, "thy fate must come!"

"If there be a man's heart in all Scotland, it is not far distant!" cried Halbert. "My master lives, and will avenge this

murder. You weep, soldier, and you will not betray what has now escaped me."

"I have fought in Palestine," returned he, "and a soldier of the cross betrays none who trust him. Saint Mary preserve your master and conduct you safely to him. We must both hasten hence. Heselrigge will surely send in pursuit of me. He is too vile to forgive the truth I have spoken to him; and should I fall into his power, death is the best I could expect at his hands. Let me assist you to put this poor lady's remains into some decent place; and then, my honest Scot, we must separate."

Halbert, at these words, threw himself upon the bosom of his mistress, and wept with loud lamentations over her. In vain he attempted to raise her in his feeble arms. "I have carried thee scores of times in thy blooming infancy," cried he; "and now must I bear thee to thy grave? I had hoped that my eyes would have been closed by this dear hand." As he spoke, he pressed her cold hand to his lips with such convulsive sobs that the soldier, fearing he would expire in the agony of his sorrow, took him almost motionless from the dead body, and exhorted him to suppress such self-destroying grief for the sake of his master. Halbert gradually revived, and listening to him, cast a wishful look on the lifeless Marion.

"There sleeps the pride and hope of Ellerslie, the mother with her child! O my master, my widowed master," cried he, "what will comfort thee!"

"Now I am alone in this once happy spot. Not a voice, not a sound. Oh! Wallace!" cried he, throwing up his venerable arms, "thy house is left unto thee desolate, and I am to be the fatal messenger." With the last words he struck into a deep ravine which led to the remotest solitudes of the glen, and pursued his way in dreadful silence. No human face of Scot or English cheered or scared him as he passed along. The tumult of the preceding night, by dispersing the servants of Ellerslie, had so alarmed the poor cottagers, that with one accord they fled to their kindred on the hills, amid those fastnesses of nature, to await tidings from the valley, of when all should be still, and they might return in peace. Halbert looked to the right and to the left; no smoke, curling its gray mist from behind the intersecting rocks, reminded him of the gladsome morning hour, or invited him to take a moment's rest from his grievous jour-

ney. All was lonely and comfortless; and sighing bitterly over the wide devastation, he concealed the fatal sword and the horn under his cloak, and with a staff which he broke from a withered tree, took his way down the winding craigs. Many a pointed flint pierced his aged feet, while exploring the almost trackless paths, which by their direction he hoped would lead him at length to the deep caves of Corie Lynn.

Corie Lynn.

After having traversed many a weary rood of, to him, before untrodden ground, the venerable minstrel of the house of Wallace, exhausted by fatigue, sat down on the declivity of a steep craig. The burning beams of the midday sun now beat upon the rocks, but the overshadowing foliage afforded him shelter; and a few berries from the brambles, which knit themselves over the path he had yet to explore, with a draught of water from a friendly burn, offered themselves to revive his enfeebled limbs. Insufficient as they appeared, he took them, blessing Heaven for sending even these; and strengthened by half an hour's rest, again he grasped his staff to pursue his way.

After breaking a passage through the entangled shrubs that grew across the only possible footing in this solitary wilderness, he went along the side of the expanding stream, which at every turning of the rocks increased in depth and violence. The rills from above, and other mountain brooks, pouring from abrupt falls down the craigs, covered him with spray, and intercepted his passage. Finding it impracticable to proceed through the rushing torrent of a cataract, whose distant roarings might have intimidated even a younger adventurer, he turned from its tumbling waters which burst from his sight, and crept on his hands and knees up the opposite acclivity, catching by the fern and other weeds to stay him from falling back into the flood below. Prodigious craggy heights towered above his head as he ascended; while the rolling clouds which canopied their summits, seemed descending to wrap him in their "fleecy skirts"; or the projecting rocks bending over the waters of the glen, left him only a narrow shelf in the cliff, along which he crept till it brought him to the mouth of a cavern.

He must either enter it or return the way he came, or

attempt the descent of overhanging precipices which nothing could surmount but the pinions of their native birds. Above him was the mountain. Retread his footsteps until he had seen his beloved master, he was resolved not to do — to perish in these glens would be more tolerable to him; for while he moved forward, hope, even in the arms of death, would cheer him with the whisper *that he was in the path of duty.* He therefore entered the cavity, and passing on, soon perceived an aperture, through which emerging on the other side, he found himself again on the margin of the river. Having attained a wider bed, it left him a still narrower causeway, to perform the remainder of his journey.

Huge masses of rock, canopied with a thick umbrage of firs, beech, and weeping birch, closed over the glen and almost excluded the light of day. But more anxious, as he calculated by the increased rapidity of the stream he must now be approaching the great fall near his master's concealment, Halbert redoubled his speed. But an unlooked-for obstacle baffled his progress. A growing gloom he had not observed in the sky-excluded valley, having entirely overspread the heavens, at this moment suddenly discharged itself, amidst peals of thunder, in heavy floods of rain upon his head.

Fearful of being overwhelmed by the streams, which now on all sides crossed his path, he kept upon the edge of the river, to be as far as possible from the influence of their violence. And thus he proceeded, slowly and with trepidation, through numerous defiles, and under the plunge of many a mountain torrent, till the augmented storm of a world of waters dashing from side to side, and boiling up with the noise and fury of the contending elements above, told him he was indeed not far from the fall of Corie Lynn.

The spray was spread in so thick a mist over the glen, he knew not how to advance. A step further might be on the firm earth, but more probably illusive, and dash him into the roaring Lynn, where he would be ingulfed at once in its furious whirlpool. He paused and looked around. The rain had ceased, but the thunder still rolled at a distance, and echoed tremendously from the surrounding rocks. Halbert shook his gray locks, streaming with wet, and looked towards the sun, now gilding with its last rays the vast sheets of falling water.

"This is thine hour, my master!" exclaimed the old man; "and surely I am too near the Lynn to be far from thee!"

With these words he raised the pipe that hung at his breast and blew three strains of the appointed air. In former days it used to call from her bower that "fair star of evening," the beauteous Marion, now departed forever into her native heaven. The notes trembled as his agitated breath breathed them into the instrument; but feeble as they were, and though the roar of the cataract might have prevented their reaching a less attentive ear than that of Wallace, yet he sprang from the innermost recess under the fall, and dashing through its rushing waters, the next instant was at the side of Halbert.

"Faithful creature!" cried he, catching him in his arms, with all the joy of that moment which ends the anxious wish to learn tidings of what is dearest in the world, "how fares my Marion?"

"I am weary," cried the heart-stricken old man: "take me within your sanctuary, and I will tell you all."

Wallace perceived that his time-worn servant was indeed exhausted; and knowing the toils and hazards of the perilous track he must have passed over in his way to this fearful solitude; also remembering how, as he sat in his shelter, he had himself dreaded the effects of the storm upon so aged a traveler, he no longer wondered at the dispirited tone of his greeting, and readily accounted for the pale countenance and tremulous step which at first had excited his alarm.

Giving the old man his hand, he led him with caution to the brink of the Lynn; and then folding him in his arms, dashed with him through the tumbling water into the cavern he had chosen for his asylum. Halbert sunk against its rocky side, and putting forth his hand to catch some of the water as it fell, drew a few drops to his parched lips, and swallowed them. After this light refreshment, he breathed a little and turned his eyes upon his anxious master.

"Are you sufficiently recovered, Halbert, to tell me how you left my dearest Marion?"

Halbert dreaded to see the animated light which now cheered him from the eyes of his master, overclouded with the Cimmerian horrors his story must unfold: he evaded the direct reply: "I saw your guest in safety; I saw him and the iron box on their way to Bothwell."

"What!" inquired Wallace, "were we mistaken? was not the earl dead when we looked into the well?" Halbert replied in the negative, and was proceeding with a circumstantial

account of his recovery and his departure, when Wallace interrupted him.

"But what of my wife, Halbert? why tell me of others before of her? She whose safety and remembrance are now my sole comfort?"

"Oh, my dear lord!" cried Halbert, throwing himself on his knees in a paroxysm of mental agony, "she remembers you where best her prayers can be heard. She kneels for her beloved Wallace, before the throne of God!"

"Halbert!" cried Sir William, in a low and fearful voice, "what would you say? My Marion — speak! tell me in one word she lives!"

"In heaven!"

At this confirmation of a sudden terror, imbibed from the ambiguous words of Halbert, and which his fond heart would not allow him to acknowledge to himself, Wallace covered his face with his hands and fell with a deep groan against the side of the cavern. The horrid idea of premature maternal pains, occasioned by anguish for him; of her consequent death, involving perhaps that of her infant, struck him to the soul; a mist seemed passing over his eyes; life was receding; and gladly did he believe he felt his spirit on the eve of joining hers.

In having declared that the idol of his master's heart no longer existed for him in this world, Halbert thought he had revealed the worst, and he went on. "Her latest breath was spent in prayer for you. 'My Wallace' were the last words her angel spirit uttered as it issued from her bleeding wounds."

The cry that burst from the heart of Wallace, as he started on his feet at this horrible disclosure, seemed to pierce through all the recesses of the glen, and with an instantaneous and dismal return was reëchoed from rock to rock. Halbert threw his arms round his master's knees. The frantic blaze of his eye struck him with affright. "Hear me, my lord; for the sake of your wife, now an angel hovering near you, hear what I have to say."

Wallace looked around with a wild countenance. "My Marion near me! Blessed spirit! Oh, my murdered wife! my unborn babe! Who made those wounds?" cried he, catching Halbert's arm with a tremendous though unconscious grasp; "tell me who had the heart to aim a blow at that angel's life?"

"The governor of Lanark," replied Halbert.

"How? for what?" demanded Wallace, with the terrific glare of madness shooting from his eyes. "My wife! my wife! what had she done?"

"He came at the head of a band of ruffians, and seizing my lady, commanded her on the peril of her life, to declare where you and the earl of Mar and the box of treasure were concealed. My lady persisted to refuse him information, and in a deadly rage he plunged his sword into her breast." Wallace clenched his hands over his face, and Halbert went on. "Before he aimed a second blow, I had broken from the men who held me, and thrown myself on her bosom; but all could not save her: the villain's sword had penetrated her heart!"

"Great God!" exclaimed Wallace, "dost thou hear this murder?" His hands were stretched towards heaven; then falling on his knees, with his eyes fixed, "Give me power, Almighty Judge!" cried he, "to assert thy justice! Let me avenge this angel's blood, and then take me to thy mercy!"

"My gracious master," cried Halbert, seeing him rise with a stern composure, "here is the fatal sword: the blood on it is sacred, and I brought it to you."

Wallace took it in his hand. He gazed at it, touched it, and kissed it frantically. The blade was hardly yet dry, and the ensanguined hue came off upon the pressure. "Marion! Marion!" cried he, "is it thine? Does thy blood stain my lip?" He paused for a moment, leaning his burning forehead against the fatal blade; then looking up with a terrific smile, "Beloved of my soul! never shall this sword leave my hand till it has drunk the lifeblood of thy murderer."

"What is it you intend, my lord?" cried Halbert, viewing with increased alarm the resolute ferocity which now, blazing from every part of his countenance, seemed to dilate his figure with more than mortal daring. "What can you do? Your single arm——"

"I am not single — God is with me. I am his avenger. Now tremble, tyranny! I come to hurl thee down!" At the word he sprang from the cavern's mouth, and had already reached the topmost cliff when the piteous cries of Halbert penetrated his ear; they recalled him to recollection, and returning to his faithful servant, he tried to soothe his fears, and spoke in a composed though determined tone. "I will lead you from this solitude to the mountains, where the shepherds of Ellerslie are tending their flocks. With them you

will find a refuge, till you have strength to reach Bothwell Castle. Lord Mar will protect you for my sake."

Halbert now remembered the bugle, and putting it into his master's hand, with its accompanying message, asked for some testimony in return, that the earl might know he had delivered it safely. "Even a lock of your precious hair, my beloved master, will be sufficient."

"Thou shalt have it, severed from my head by this accursed steel," answered Wallace, taking off his bonnet, and letting his amber locks fall in tresses on his shoulders. Halbert burst into a fresh flood of tears, for he remembered how often it had been the delight of Marion to comb these bright tresses and to twist them round her ivory fingers. Wallace looked up as the old man's sobs became audible, and read his thoughts: "It will never be again, Halbert," cried he, and with a firm grasp of the sword he cut off a large handful of his hair.

"Marion, thy blood hath marked it!" exclaimed he; "and every hair on my head shall be dyed of the same hue, before this sword is sheathed upon thy murderers. Here, Halbert," continued he, knotting it together, "take this to the earl of Mar: it is all, most likely, he will ever see again of William Wallace. Should I fall, tell him to look on that, and in my wrongs read the future miseries of Scotland, and remember that God armeth a patriot's hand. Let him act on that conviction, and Scotland may yet be free."

Halbert placed the lock in his bosom, but again repeated his entreaties, that his master would accompany him to Bothwell Castle. He urged the consolation he would meet from the good earl's friendship.

"If he indeed regard me," returned Wallace, "for my sake let him cherish you. My consolations must come from a higher hand: I go where it directs. If I live, you shall see me again, but twilight approaches — we must away. The sun must not rise again upon Heselrigge."

Halbert now followed the rapid steps of Wallace, who, assisting the feeble limbs of his faithful servant, drew him up the precipitous side of the Lynn, and then leaping from rock to rock, awaited with impatience the slower advances of the poor old harper, as he crept round a circuit of overhanging cliffs, to join him on the summit of the craigs.

Together they struck into the most inaccessible defiles of the mountains, and proceeded, till on discerning smoke whiten-

ing with its ascending curls the black sides of the impending rocks, Wallace saw himself near the object of his search. He sprang on a high cliff projecting over this mountain valley, and blowing his bugle with a few notes of the well-known *pibroch* of Lanarkshire, was answered by the reverberations of a thousand echoes.

At the loved sounds which had not dared to visit their ears since the Scottish standard was lowered to Edward, the hills seemed teeming with life. Men rushed from their fastnesses, and women with their babes eagerly followed, to see whence sprung a summons so dear to every Scottish heart. Wallace stood on the cliff, like the newly aroused genius of his country: his long plaid floated afar, and his glittering hair, streaming on the blast, seemed to mingle with the golden fires which shot from the heavens. Wallace raised his eyes — a clash as of the tumult of contending armies filled the sky, and flames, and flashing steel, and the horrid red of battle, streamed from the clouds upon the hills.

"Scotsmen!" cried Wallace, waving the fatal sword, which blazed in the glare of these northern lights, like a flaming brand, "behold how the heavens cry aloud to you! I come, in the midst of their fires, to call you to vengeance. I come in the name of all ye hold dear, of the wives of your bosoms, and the children in their arms, to tell you the poniard of England is unsheathed — innocence and age and infancy fall before it. With this sword, last night, did Heselrigge, the English tyrant of Lanark, break into my house, and murder my wife!"

The shriek of horror that burst from every mouth, interrupted Wallace. "Vengeance! vengeance!" was the cry of the men, while tumultuous lamentations for the "sweet Lady of Ellerslie" filled the air from the women.

Wallace sprang from the cliff into the midst of his brave countrymen. "Follow me, then, to strike the mortal blow."

"Lead on!" cried a vigorous old man. "I drew this stout claymore last in the battle of Largs. *Life and Alexander* was then the word of victory: now, ye accursed Southrons, ye shall meet the slogan of *Death and Lady Marion.*"

"Death and Lady Marion!" was echoed with shouts from mouth to mouth. Every sword was drawn; and those hardy peasants who owned none, seizing the instruments of pasturage, armed themselves with wolf spears, pickaxes, forks, and scythes.

Sixty resolute men now arranged themselves around their

chief, Wallace, whose widowed heart turned icy cold at the dreadful slogan of his Marion's name, more fiercely grasped his sword, and murmured to himself, "From this hour may Scotland date her liberty, or Wallace return no more! My faithful friends," cried he, turning to his men, and placing his plumed bonnet on his head, "let the spirits of your fathers inspire your souls; ye go to assert that freedom for which they died. Before the moon sets, the tyrant of Lanark must fall in blood."

"Death and Lady Marion!" was the pealing answer that echoed from the hills.

Wallace again sprang on the cliffs. His brave peasants followed him; and taking their rapid march by a near cut through a hitherto unexplored defile of the Cartlane Craigs, leaping chasms, and climbing perpendicular rocks, they suffered no obstacles to impede their steps, while thus rushing onward like lions to their prey.

Lanark Castle.

The women, and the men whom age withheld from so desperate an enterprise, now thronged around Halbert, to ask a circumstantial account of the disaster which had filled all with so much horror.

Many tears followed his recital; not one of his auditors was an indifferent listener; all had individually, or in persons dear to them, partaken of the tender Marion's benevolence. Their sick beds had been comforted by her charity; her voice had often administered consolation to their sorrows; her hand had smoothed their pillows, and placed the crucifix before their dying eyes. Some had recovered to bless her, and some departed to record her virtues in heaven.

"Ah! is she gone?" cried a young woman, raising her face, covered with tears, from the bosom of her infant; "is the loveliest lady that ever the sun shone upon, cold in the grave? Alas, for me! she it was that gave me the roof under which my baby was born; she it was who, when the Southron soldiers slew my father, and drove us from our home in Ayrshire, gave to my old mother, and my then wounded husband, our cottage by the burnside. Ah! well can I spare him now to avenge her murder."

The night being far advanced, Halbert retired, at the invi-

tation of this young woman, to repose on the heather bed of her husband, who was now absent with Wallace. The rest of the peasantry withdrew to their coverts, while she and some other women whose anxieties would not allow them to sleep, sat at the cavern's mouth watching the slowly moving hours.

The objects of their fond and fervent prayers, Wallace and his little army, were rapidly pursuing their march. It was midnight — all was silent as they hurried through the glen, as they ascended with flying footsteps the steep acclivities that led to the cliffs which overhung the vale of Ellerslie. Wallace must pass along their brow. Beneath was the tomb of his sacrificed Marion! He rushed forward to snatch one look, even of the roof which shrouded her beloved remains.

But in the moment before he mounted the intervening height, a soldier in English armor crossed the path, and was seized by his men. One of them would have cut him down, but Wallace turned away the weapon. "Hold, Scot!" cried he, "you are not a Southron, to strike the defenseless. This man has no sword."

The reflection on their enemy, which this plea of mercy contained, reconciled the impetuous Scots to the clemency of their leader. The rescued man joyfully recognizing the voice of Wallace, exclaimed, "It is my lord! It is Sir William Wallace that has saved my life a second time!"

"Who are you?" asked Wallace; "that helmet can cover no friend of mine."

"I am your servant Dugald," returned the man, "he whom your brave arm saved from the battle-ax of Arthur Heselrigge."

"I cannot now ask you how you came by that armor; but if you be yet a Scot, throw it off and follow me."

"Not to Ellerslie, my lord," cried he; "it has been plundered and burnt to the ground by the governor of Lanark."

"Then," exclaimed Wallace, striking his breast, "are the remains of my beloved Marion forever ravished from my eyes? Insatiate monster!"

"He is Scotland's curse," cried the veteran of Largs. "Forward, my lord, in mercy to your country's groans!"

Wallace had now mounted the craig which overlooked Ellerslie. His once happy home had disappeared, and all beneath lay a heap of smoking ashes. He hastened from the sight, and directing the point of his sword with a forceful action toward Lanark, reëchoed with supernatural strength, "Forward!"

With the rapidity of lightning his little host flew over the hills, reached the cliffs which divided them from the town, and leaped down before the outward trench of the castle of Lanark. In a moment Wallace sprang so feeble a barrier; and with a shout of death, in which the tremendous slogan of his men now joined, he rushed upon the guard that held the northern gate.

Here slept the governor. These opponents being slain by the first sweep of the Scottish swords, Wallace hastened onward, winged with twofold retribution. The noise of battle was behind him; for the shouts of his men had aroused the garrison and drawn its soldiers, half naked, to the spot. He reached the door of the governor. The sentinel who stood there flew before the terrible warrior that presented himself. All the mighty vengeance of Wallace blazed in his face and seemed to surround his figure with a terrible splendor. With one stroke of his foot he drove the door from its hinges, and rushed into the room.

What a sight for the now awakened and guilty Heselrigge! It was the husband of the defenseless woman he had murdered, come in the power of justice, with uplifted arm and vengeance in his eyes! With a terrific scream of despair, and an outcry for the mercy he dared not expect, he fell back into the bed and sought an unavailing shield beneath its folds.

"Marion! Marion!" cried Wallace, as he threw himself towards the bed and buried the sword, yet red with her blood, through the coverlid, deep into the heart of her murderer. A fiendlike yell from the slain Heselrigge told him his work was done; and drawing out the sword he took the streaming blade in his hand. "Vengeance is satisfied," cried he: "thus, O God! do I henceforth divide self from my heart!" As he spoke he snapped the sword in twain, and throwing away the pieces, put back with his hand the impending weapons of his brave companions, who, having cleared the passage of their assailants, had hurried forward to assist in ridding their country of so detestable a tyrant.

"'Tis done," cried he. As he spoke he drew down the coverlid and discovered the body of the governor weltering in blood. The ghastly countenance, on which the agonies of hell seemed imprinted, glared horrible even in death.

Wallace turned away; but the men exulting in the sight, with a shout of triumph exclaimed, "So fall the enemies of Sir William Wallace!"

"Rather so fall the enemies of Scotland!" cried he: "from this hour Wallace has neither love nor resentment but for her. Heaven has heard me devote myself to work our country's freedom or to die. Who will follow me in so just a cause?"

"All! — with Wallace forever!"

The new clamor which this resolution excited, intimidated a fresh band of soldiers, who were hastening across the court-yard to seek the enemy in the governor's apartments. But on hearing the noise they hastily retreated, and no exertions of their officers could prevail on them to advance again, or even to appear in sight, when the resolute Scots with Wallace at their head soon afterwards issued from the great gate. The English commanders seeing the panic of their men, and which they were less able to surmount on account of the way to the gate being strewn with their slain comrades, fell back into the shadow of the towers, where by the light of the moon, like men paralyzed, they viewed the departure of their enemies over the trenches.

BANNOCKBURN.

Robert Bruce's Address to his Army.

Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
  Or to victorie!

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power —
  Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
  Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
  Let him on wi' me!

By oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they *shall* be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or die!